LATER YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB

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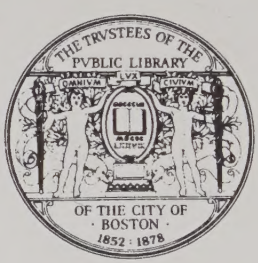

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BEATTY ESTATE

LATER YEARS
OF THE SATURDAY CLUB
1870–1920

LATER YEARS
of the
SATURDAY CLUB
1870-1920
Edited by M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Charles William Eliot
About 1870

LATER YEARS
of the
SATURDAY CLUB
1870–1920

Edited by M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

1927

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ERRATA IN "THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB"

Page xii: *Omit last sentence.*
Page 13, line 7: *For* Cholmondely *read* Cholmondeley.
Page 21: *At end of second paragraph insert* Dana, nominated by Grant for the English mission, did not refuse, but, through the machinations of General Butler, was rejected by the Senate.
Page 44, l. 2: *For* Spencer *read* Spenser.
Page 58, l. 7: *For* watched *read* matched.
Line 9: *For* them *read* him.
Page 115, l. 9: *For* Union Club *read* Union League Club.
Line 2 from bottom: *For* Brillat de Savarin *read* Brillat-Savarin.
Page 122, line 2 from bottom: *For Recollection read Recollections.*
Page 127, line 2 from bottom: *For* back *read* forward.
Last line: *For* 1871 *read* 1861.
Page 129, Note 1: *For* September *read* November.
Page 139, line 8 from bottom: *For* Kelly's Ford *read* New Hope Church.
Page 141, lines 6 and 5 from bottom: *For* pneumonia *read* peritonitis.
Page 214, line 9 from bottom: For George Ticknor *read* William D. Ticknor.
Page 226: *At foot insert* E. W. E.
Page 250, line 18: *Omit* blue.
Page 304, line 2: *For* minds *read* mind.
Page 327, lines 14 and 15: *For* vacations in the years 1860 and 1861 *read* vacation in the year 1861.
Lines 19 and 20: *For* Charles L. Brooks *read* Charles T. Brooks.
Page 392, line 4 of verse: *For* though *read* through.
Page 422, l. 8: *For* younger *read* elder.
Page 444, lines 14–18: *For* After . . . Reservoir. *read* After their simple marriage ceremony, at the bride's home at Beverly Farms, Mr. Gurney and his wife returned to Boston, and, it is said, thence walked out to pleasant Shady Hill, where the Nortons during their absence allowed them to make their first home.
Page 464, line 12: *For* Jourdin *read* Jourdain.
Page 467, line 15 from bottom: *For* This was about 1859. That same year *read* This was in 1861. Two years earlier.

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Of the portraits reproduced in this volume it should be said that many have been provided by the families of the persons commemorated; others have been found in the collections of the Boston Athenæum. Some of the photogravure plates have been used in the *Proceedings* of the Massachusetts Historical Society, some in books published by Houghton Mifflin Company. For all the coöperation resulting in their present assemblage the Editor would make grateful acknowledgment.

INTRODUCTION

WHEN 'The Early Years of the Saturday Club' was published in 1918, it was the intention of Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, its maker, to follow it with at least one more volume, continuing the history of the Club. To that end he had begun to assemble material — indeed he had already written several memoirs for inclusion in it — when the state of his health obliged him to lay the task aside. The notes he made indicate that he intended to pursue the plan on which 'The Early Years' was constructed — namely, to write a series of papers on the successive years through which the Club has lived, and after every such paper to present brief memoirs of the members, no longer living, who were elected in each of the years thus reviewed. In 1870, the last year with which Dr. Emerson's published volume concerned itself, two members were elected — Charles Francis Adams, Sr., and Charles William Eliot. As President Eliot was still living, happily in full vigor, in 1918, the volume was brought to a close with a memoir of Charles Francis Adams.

No other member of the Club was so well equipped as Dr. Emerson, through his background of associations and memories, to deal with the beginnings of the Club and with that Olympian group of his father's friends who constituted its membership. Nor was any present member of the Club so well qualified, even had he been willing, to undertake the labor of producing, so nearly single-handed as Dr. Emerson in the production of the first volume, a second constructed upon any such general plan. The difficulty of relating the life of the Club to each year of the half-century ending in 1920 might have been overcome — as it has been in the following pages — simply by ignoring it altogether. The difficulty of finding any individual possessed of the requisite knowledge and command of his time to deal at all adequately with any considerable number of the more than fifty former members of the Saturday Club awaiting commemoration in accordance with the programme framed by Dr. Emerson was a difficulty not so easy to sur-

mount. If a second volume was to be produced at all, it became clear that some alternative plan must be devised. The plan adopted was for the present editor to assume a general supervision of the undertaking, to secure some editorial assistance — which Mr. A. Emerson Benson has most helpfully provided — and to distribute the writing of the several memoirs (increased in number from fifty-two to fifty-six by deaths that have occurred while the work was in progress) among members of the Club, chosen with obvious or obscurer reference to the special adaptation, in each instance, of author to subject.

This course has been pursued, with the result that after more than a year of immediate preparation the book is ready for the printer. The memoirs are arranged, as in the earlier volume, in the order in which the persons commemorated were elected to the Club — the years of election being indicated by separate dated pages. To his fellow members of the Saturday Club the editor would render warm acknowledgments for coöperation, as follows: to Mr. Moorfield Storey, president of the Club since the resignation of President Eliot, for five memoirs; to Bishop Lawrence and Mr. G. R. Agassiz for three memoirs each; to Dr. W. T. Councilman, the Rev. Dr. S. McC. Crothers, Judge Robert Grant, Professor L. J. Henderson, President Lowell, Professor Bliss Perry, and Professor T. W. Richards for two each; to Professor A. C. Coolidge, Mr. C. A. Coolidge, Dr. Harvey Cushing, Mr. E. W. Forbes, the Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, the Rev. Dr. G. A. Gordon, Professor C. H. Grandgent, Mr. Joseph Lee, Professor G. F. Moore, President H. S. Pritchett, and the late Professor C. S. Sargent, for one each. The material assembled before the present editor took up the book has yielded six memoirs by Dr. Emerson himself, and one each by the late J. F. Rhodes and W. R. Thayer, members of the Club. All of these papers, and four by the editor, are signed in the following pages with the names of their authors. Of the unsigned papers, the chief authorship of one, prepared at Dr. Emerson's request by Mr. R. H. Dana, is acknowledged in the text; the seven others prepared by Mr. A. Emerson Benson, in some instances by acknowledged condensation of existing memoirs, have received certain additions and emendations by members of the Club. Twenty-

two living and three recently deceased members of the Club have thus made their contributions to this book — a generous representation of a membership of hardly more than thirty.

The nest-egg of material which came to the editor from his predecessor afforded a valuable start towards the present volume. It was thought advisable, however, in view of the large 'setting' which must surround the nest-egg, to invite contributions of a smaller average length than those which Dr. Emerson had written and assembled. The contributors have made their responses in varying measure, more often surpassing than falling below the suggested limits. Though a general scheme of treatment was pro posed, there has been considerable diversity in the methods pursued. The editor, compelled here and there to make some abridgments, has nevertheless recognized the advantages of variety, and has not exercised his editorial function in any attempts at standardization, even with respect to length. There was some temptation to annotate all the memoirs with references to sources, but this too has been resisted. Where published biographies of the several subjects have been used, it will generally be found that they are mentioned in the text. Other sources — beyond those of individual memory — are those for which a seeker would naturally look, as, for frequent example, in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

But the structure and mechanics of this second volume are not its only aspects of which a word of introduction may properly be said. Why was it necessary to proceed at all beyond 'The Early Years'? Within a very few years I have encountered in a book of some critical pretensions — its title and author elude remembrance — the obituary statement that the Saturday Club has ceased to be. If this is a prevalent opinion, why correct it by any token of continued existence? Well, it would be a pity, for one thing, to leave Dr. Emerson's designs for a sequel quite unrealized: the instinct of completion is not to be ignored. For another, the Saturday Club, after more than seventy years of life, is a legitimate subject for a chapter in the social history of Boston, and two volumes about it will make no excessive provision of material for such a distillation.

The members of the Club, moreover, having put some of the memoirs that follow to the test of reading aloud at recent meetings, hope that they are worthy of a somewhat larger audience.

Besides all this, the Saturday Club may be regarded as typical of many social organizations in Boston. Lacking a house of its own, holding its monthly meetings first for many years in the ancient Parker House and now for many more in the house of a larger club in Park Street, it is not one of those domiciled bodies that proclaim a member's death by flying the club flag at half-mast over the front door. It is quite unrelated to Professor Grandgent's recent remarks about the oft-repeated newspaper headline, 'Death of Prominent Clubman.' It was not with such associations in mind that he went on to say, 'Have you ever seen the notice of "Death of Obscure Clubman"? Not once in your life. They never die. Become, then, a mute, inglorious clubman, and devote your life to a vain but worthy attempt to get the worth of your dues out of as many clubs as there are days.'

This counsel of immortality applies rather to the members of clubs with houses and banners of their own. There is another order of clubs in Boston, large in number — the order with which the Saturday must be counted — which may perhaps be best defined as subcutaneous. There is nothing on the surface of the social life of the place to show for them. The old song, 'What is the properest day to drink?' with its rollicking lines of rejoinder enumerating every day in the week, might easily be modified, especially in these abstemious days, to catalogue the evenings for which a long and outwardly silent procession of clubs is named. Were any one man a member of them all, his leisure hours, his digestion, and his social endurance would be put to a test which only a superman could meet. In addition to these quotidian companies there are the scores of dinner clubs that bring together groups of men with the same professional and business interests — lawyers, doctors, Indian Chiefs. In Cambridge the men of learning, deprived in the evening hours of the opportunity to instruct the young, assemble to address each other in 'shop-talk.' Nor have the men of our community any monopoly of such gregariousness. The women, inveterate frequenters of the 'Thursday Lectures' in Colonial days,

still assemble to improve their minds by discussion and otherwise. The 'sewing circles,' made up of the successive crops of 'buds' in Boston society have held together, for purely friendly purposes, the same groups of older women from 'Papanti's' to the grave.

Obviously it would be both impertinent and superfluous to attempt any enumeration of the invisible clubs of Boston, even of the masculine variety. It is enough in this place merely to suggest their existence. The honeycomb of pipes and wires beneath a city street, of nerves and veins under every skin, needs no more to be described in detail. Most of us are content with occasional reminders that it is there. If, then, this book of the Saturday Club, prepared primarily for its members, shall happen to interest a few others, let it be as a fragment of local history, a pious attempt on the part of the living to honor the dead, a recognition of the value that may lie in carrying into a confused and changing present some savor of a past which derived its qualities best worthy of preservation from individual character and personality.

M. A. DeW. H.

Boston, 15 *June*, 1927

LATER YEARS
OF THE SATURDAY CLUB
1870

LATER YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB

* * *

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

1834–1926

IN 1870, in his thirty-sixth year, Charles William Eliot was elected a member of the Saturday Club. He was then much younger than most of the members who elected him, and nearly a generation the junior of Charles Francis Adams, Sr., who was chosen at the same time. Although Eliot was the first chemist to be enrolled on the list of membership, he probably owed his election only indirectly to his scientific attainments. Every one knows that in the preceding year he had been made President of Harvard University. Of course this office by no means carried with it *ex-officio* membership in the Club; nevertheless, Eliot's remarkable qualities must have been brought to the attention of the members by his new high position. He remained for fifty-six years (longer than any one else) an ardent upholder of the Club, was its president from January, 1906, to April, 1925, and always interested himself greatly in its meetings and prospects. No one was more regular in attendance at its informal gatherings; he came, indeed, several times even during his ninety-first year. Without his dignified, courteous presence the company seemed incomplete. In the meetings he sometimes brought questions of public import before the members for discussion. Needless to say, his own clearly expressed opinions were awaited with keen interest; as a rule he took an active part in conversation.

Greatness, like genius, is difficult to appraise. Nevertheless, there is general agreement that during the last part of his life Eliot was one of the most influential of contemporary Americans; and many acute appraisers of character have proclaimed that he was for years not only the greatest of university presidents, but also the

greatest of all our living private citizens. Even in a brief essay such as this the basis of his undisputed preëminence and usefulness is worth setting forth. It will be seen that his power was developed from the reaction of experience on a receptive, sane, wise, well-balanced, and constructive mind. The biography of his early years brings evidence in plenty of the progressive nature of his mental growth.

Going back to the beginning of his presidential career, one finds in his Inaugural Address (1869) passages which really formed the *leit-motif* of his endeavors:

'This University recognizes no real antagonism between literature and science, and consents to no such narrow alternatives as mathematics or classics, science or metaphysics. We would have them all, and at their best. To observe keenly, to reason soundly, and to imagine vividly are operations as essential as that of clear and forcible expression; and to develop one of these faculties, it is not necessary to repress and dwarf the others. . . .

'The only conceivable aim of a college government in our day is to broaden, deepen and invigorate American teaching in all branches of learning. . . .

'In education, the individual traits of different minds have not been sufficiently attended to. Through all the periods of boyhood the school studies should be representative; all the main fields of knowledge should be entered upon. But the young man of nineteen or twenty ought to know what he likes best and is most fit for. If his previous training has been sufficiently wide, he will know by that time whether he is most apt at language or philosophy or natural science or mathematics. If he feels no loves, he will at least have his hates. . . . When the revelation of his own peculiar taste and capacity comes to a young man, let him reverently give it welcome, thank God, and take courage. Thereafter he knows his way to happy, enthusiastic work. . . .

'The elective system fosters scholarship because it gives free play to natural preferences and inborn aptitudes, makes possible enthusiasm for chosen work, relieves the professor and the ardent disciple of the presence of a body of students who are compelled to an unwelcome task, and enlarges instruction. . . .'

These wise pronouncements were not unconsidered dogmas of superficial thought, but rather represented profound conviction based upon his own individual experience as student and teacher, as well as upon a more intimate knowledge of European methods than was possessed by other American educators. He had himself pursued, as a member of the Harvard Class of 1853, the rigid curriculum of the Harvard of that day. Josiah P. Cooke's elementary course on chemistry (which all undergraduates were obliged to take) had inspired the young man with an intense interest in the subject, but he found that no opportunity for pursuing it through personal experience was regularly offered by the College. Most of his leisure was, however, by special dispensation spent in Cooke's little laboratory in University Hall; he was, I suppose, the first Harvard undergraduate to be allowed the privilege of laboratory work. Thus at first hand he had opportunity to perceive vividly the value of the experience denied to others. Doubtless even then the feeling must have been aroused in him that the College should have made provision for an intellectual taste and aptitude of this kind. Eminent scientific men — Agassiz, Cooke, Gray, and Wyman — were already there; but they could not expand their usefulness, because the College Faculty failed to recognize the opportunities afforded by their presence.

After holding a preliminary tutorship, at the age of twenty-four Eliot was made Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry in the Lawrence Scientific School, and during his incumbency must have thought deeply on educational values; for after five years of service (a rival candidate having been appointed to the Rumford Professorship) he went to Europe in order to study methods of academic training there (1863–65). In Germany and France he found a much deeper and wider conception of education than existed in the typical (and at that time, provincial) American college; and on returning to Boston he put into practice (as Professor of Analytical Chemistry in the Institute of Technology, 1865–69) some of the knowledge gained. At the same time, in conjunction with his colleague, Frank H. Storer, he wrote a textbook upon elementary chemistry (which soon, in an abridged edition, became the standard of that day), as well as a Manual of Qualitative Analysis.

He spent the winter of 1867–68 in renewed educational studies in France, and came home more and more convinced that chemistry is especially useful as part of a liberal education — partly because, as he said long afterward, 'its successful pursuit involves so much exercise of the imagination.'

Such varied educational experience as student and teacher was the foundation on which, shortly after his return from Europe, he based the conclusions expressed in his Inaugural Address. Not only in formulating the educational doctrine, but also in carrying its premises to a logical conclusion, did Eliot show himself to possess a highly constructive mind. The reform of American education was applied not only to the college, his first concern, but also to the professional schools, and later was extended to the elementary and preparatory schools allied with Harvard University. Of course the inevitable antagonism on the part of the conservatives was not lacking. The resulting battles were always fair and above-board on his part; he always fought as a gentleman, but he was a very persistent gentleman. Not only did he convince the Corporation and Faculty of Harvard College that a broader scheme of study than that hitherto existing was wise, but also, even before this end was fully accomplished, he reformed the professional schools and established the beginning of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. At the time of his resignation in 1909, all the members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences had received their permanent appointments under his administration, and only one, Charles Loring Jackson, had held even an assistantship which antedated his inauguration. During the forty years of his presidency the dominating influence in the leading American university was Charles William Eliot.

Christopher Columbus Langdell was appointed to a professorship of law in 1870. Even the laity knows well the profound change in legal instruction wrought by this unusual mind whose power the new head of the University had perceived. Langdell's famous 'Case System' — an inductive system of legal study — added to the already great renown (due largely to Joseph Story and Simon Greenleaf) of the Harvard Law School. Soon afterwards the instruction there was richly amplified by John Chipman Gray, James Barr

Ames, and James Bradley Thayer, who were also chosen by Eliot.

In the Medical School the change, although not exactly of the same nature, was equally fundamental. Eliot himself has given among his published reminiscences a humorous account of the introduction here of adequate teaching to adequate students. In 1870 (according to Dr. H. J. Bigelow) some medical students could not write well enough to pass a written examination, and although some others (mainly by their own efforts) acquired good training, many of them went out into the world utterly unprepared for any sort of intelligent medical service. He changed all that. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's tale of Eliot's perturbing attendance at the Medical Faculty meetings is well known. After a while one of the older professors rather angrily inquired the meaning of all the proposed innovations which ran so counter to tradition, and Eliot replied, 'I can answer Dr. Blank's question very easily: — there is a new president.' Thus in the Harvard Medical School as well as in the Harvard Law School he led the way toward higher professional standards. His interest in medicine intensified as the years passed; and he lived to dedicate the magnificent new Harvard Medical buildings to the service of humanity.

Not less important for learning at large was the founding of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, which, under the title 'Graduate Department,' came into being in 1872. Probably a Graduate School, as a logical continuation of his educational scheme, had long been a part of Eliot's programme, but such a School appears to have been formulated at first in his mind chiefly as a means of securing advanced instruction, rather than of initiating young men into research and independent original investigation. This latter object was more energetically sought by Johns Hopkins in the years following 1876, when the first courses in that University opened. Afterwards Eliot became an ardent upholder of the conquest of new knowledge, thus exhibiting anew his power of growth. Although the new Department at Harvard was at first not completely organized, the plan bore immediate fruit, for in 1873 three men, C. L. B. Whitney, W. E. Byerly, and John Trowbridge, and, in 1875, Nathaniel Shaler, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy or Science. Robert Grant, the first member of the Saturday

Club to be thus distinguished, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1876.

The extraordinary growth of Harvard University in depth and breadth, as well as in size, during his régime is the best concrete evidence of President Eliot's power. But all this, as well as much more, especially the story of his profound influence upon secondary education, and his far-reaching interest in American statecraft and world affairs is well known.

Well known, too, were his stately, tall figure, dignified presence, and beautiful, deep voice. Less familiar is the more intimately human and sympathetic side of this outwardly austere personality. He was indeed a man warmly devoted to those near him in spirit, and found deep happiness in his domestic life. His optimistic interest in the coming generation was strengthened by his affection for his eleven grandchildren, all of whom grew to maturity. Sympathy and kindliness, as well as educational wisdom, were intensified by experience; for his life, although lived in a fortunate environment, was by no means free from serious trials. He was born with a handicap, a conspicuous birthmark, which in his childhood seemed to many a fatal bar to success. With the help of wise and strong parents he was able at an early age to subdue any consequences which might have arisen from this purely superficial circumstance. While a weaker spirit would perhaps have been crushed by it, his strong and brave nature was made yet stronger and braver by victory over the psychological effect of the ineradicable blemish. Abnormal near-sightedness not only prevented him from recognizing people on the street, and thereby added to the apparent reserve with which he was credited, but also often hampered reading. No oculist was able to give him perfect vision. In his early manhood a financial catastrophe overtook the parental family, but he rose wholly above it. In private life, after marriage, he bore 'without intermission considerable responsibilities, both family and professional, which involved anxiety, a sense of risk. . . .' With fortitude he lived through the illness and early death of his first wife Ellen D. Peabody, to whom he was deeply attached, the tragic taking of his elder son, and later the protracted infirmity and death of his second wife, Grace M. Hopkinson, who was the

beloved and sympathetic companion of his active middle life and waning years. Any one knowing Mr. Eliot intimately, especially during these times of trial, must have realized fully that his outward austerity concealed deep human feeling, and that he entered with keen appreciation, affection, and solicitude into the lives of all about him. Parents especially understand the satisfaction which he must have had in the highly successful lives of his two children. The elder son, Charles, although dying in the prime of life, had acquired eminence as a landscape architect; and the second son, Samuel A. Eliot, became the official head of the Unitarian Churches of America. To this organization their father was always devoted. True to his spiritual inheritance and his own impulse, President Eliot consistently advocated the liberal doctrines of Unitarianism which animated his life and work and found expression in more than one of his addresses.

His own appreciation of the character of others is perhaps best seen in two books: the touching tribute to his son Charles, and the straightforward account of the life of John Gilley. The subjects of these two biographies, so different in heredity, environment, mentality, physique, and temperament, he equally understood — entering sympathetically into the mental attitude of each personality.

Unbending as he seemed to superficial observers, he could relax, and believed in sane relaxation. Himself a successful oarsman, daring pilot and skipper, and competent horseman and bicyclist, he advocated the cultivation of all possible kinds of skill — of brain, hand, eye, and ear. His discussion of the evils of contemporary football was quite compatible with interest in sane outdoor sport, and still commends itself to sensible people. Often he regretted that, although he was fond of music, his technical knowledge of it, as well as that of the fine arts, was almost negligible. Consistently, on many occasions he advised others to practise themselves in music and drawing, as well as to train every sense and other faculty to the fullest possible extent. He contended always for the 'durable satisfactions of life.' Any cause, educational, social, or political, which in his opinion tended toward the betterment of human life, received his warm support.

A few authentic anecdotes concerning special occasions will serve

to give a more vivid picture of his manner of thought and action. First may well come the tale of my own initial meeting with him, over forty years ago. Before coming to Cambridge from another college I had studied with profit his book on elementary chemistry, and on entering Harvard attended his address to new students; so that even then I had acquired great respect (bordering upon awe) for his power and wisdom, and wondered when it might be my privilege to meet him face to face. As it happened, that autumn Professor Cooke had decided upon conducting one of his advanced courses in the following rather novel manner: each of the six students in rotation had to give a lecture upon some special topic selected by the professor. To the students giving the lectures this practice was a highly valuable one; to the listeners the outcome was perhaps less fortunate. At any rate, in the late autumn, it fell to my lot, for a second time, to lecture in this course. For sufficient reasons, which need not be detailed, the youthful lecturer was not very well prepared; and the special topic of the day was uninteresting. Therefore at the appointed hour, somewhat anxiously he awaited with the other students the coming of Professor Cooke. The latter was late, but when he came he brought with him President Eliot! The President's kind and reassuring words to the now literally trembling neophyte brought balm to a suffering soul and made possible the execution of the lecture without the collapse of the lecturer. It appeared afterward that Eliot was interested in Cooke's plan, and wished to see how the scheme worked in practice. Nothing could have been more characteristic of his interest in educational methods and of his desire to discover at first-hand the merits of each idea.

His personal kindness noted in the foregoing incident appeared under a different guise in his solicitude for the health of his friends. Not infrequently, before the days of the Stillman Infirmary, he took ill professors or even students into his own house so that they might have good care. His interest in young men, and his ever-present appreciation of the fact that it is they who are to be the standard-bearers of the future, were often manifest in yet another way. Not only in the University, but also in the several clubs and societies to which he was partial (especially the Saturday Club) his

earnest concern about young new members to take the place of those passing away was always striking, and his comments on individual character and fitness were particularly illuminating.

As an example of his extraordinary directness of mind the following incident is worth quoting. A quarter of a century ago a certain assistant professor received a rather tempting call to another university. Such things add spice to one's academic existence and sometimes have, as will be evident, a highly beneficial effect. In this particular instance, the recipient of the call had not brought the case to the President's attention, but was still thinking it over, when he received a message from the President asking him to be good enough to call at once. Dr. Eliot was at Asticou in Mount Desert, and the other was living not far distant. The young man, complying straightway, found the President on the broad veranda of his house. Immediately on seeing him, Eliot said in his calm, deep, gracious voice, after a brief, pleasant greeting, 'Professor Blank, you have ridden fast and are warm. The wind is cold. Please take a seat here out of the draft.' And then with a kindly smile: 'I have heard from X—— that you have received this call. It is a very pleasant affair for everybody concerned. I have always thought that an occurrence of this kind is chiefly useful as an opportunity to improve one's situation at home. Now, what do you want?' After a brief conversation, the President spoke to this effect: — 'You are reasonable, and if possible, your wishes shall be granted. I will telegraph to the other members of the Corporation and you shall have definite assurance to-morrow. Those people at the other university deserve a prompt answer.' The next morning assurance came which kept the young professor at Harvard. In the President's following annual report he took the incident as a text for an illuminating discussion of the conditions desirable for a teacher who wishes also to be an original investigator.

Dr. Eliot's power of getting immediately at essentials was shown in all his dealings in academic affairs. For six years under his presidency I frequently had occasion to go to him with matters concerning the relation of the Division of Chemistry to the Corporation, to the Faculty, and to individual students. A patient and attentive listener, he showed in all these many interviews remarkable clear-

ness of mind and quick perception of the essential features of each case; moreover, he brought a keen sense of justice, honor, generosity, and insight to the judgment. His intellectual straightforwardness led him sometimes to use blunt words, but he always expected others to be as outspoken and honest as he was himself. His clearness of mind, and his devotion to justice and truth, found expression in his written as well as in his spoken concise and vivid literary style.

The appreciation of his ability and power was not merely local and national; it extended also to European and Asiatic centres of intellectual life. Two years before President Eliot's resignation, Dr. Althoff, the Ministerial Director of Education in Prussia, in asking the then officiating Harvard 'Exchange' Professor in Berlin to write, for a new international weekly, a life of President Eliot, stated that in the Royal Library all the President's works and everything that had ever been written about him were available. Probably as much could be said of but few Americans. Another evidence of his world-wide renown is the fact that six foreign governments decorated him: he was made Commandeur de la Légion d'Honneur of France, and Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy, besides receiving the crosses of important Orders of Japan, Prussia, Belgium, and Serbia. This is an unusual record for an American civilian, and it speaks for itself.

Near the end of his life Dr. Eliot, after reviewing philosophically in conversation his increasing infirmities, spoke to this effect: 'This illness has been an instructive experience. I have come to the conclusion from my talks with friends that in the past my physical constitution has been somewhat different from that of most men. Especially have I been different in my ability to sleep. Even after the most heated discussion or after a controversial address in the evening I have never had any difficulty in going to sleep the instant my head touched the pillow. Apparently that is not the case with many people. How is it with you?'

As he himself has written in one of the papers in the collection entitled 'A Late Harvest,' the splendid physical constitution and nervous equilibrium inherited from his ancestors must have played a very important part in his remarkable vitality. But these innate

physical characteristics could, of course, have accomplished nothing by themselves. They provided him with an admirable physiological machine as a foundation for the thought and endeavor which bore such rich fruition.

A combination of many qualities is needed for the fullest development of one's usefulness. The authentic stories and anecdotes just recounted enable one to form a picture of the almost unique combination of helpful mental and physical characteristics possessed by President Eliot. Among these characteristics were first of all, as has been said, a constructive mind, clear-sighted vision, and a character of uprightness beyond reproach. He always went at once to the heart of the matter in hand, and wasted no time or energy in fruitless side issues. Withal he possessed the courage of his convictions and tireless patience, together with great personal kindness and tolerance for conflicting opinions. Sound physical health and unusual nervous stability enabled him to exercise these sterling qualities to their fullest extent.

President Eliot was greatly touched by the expressions of sincere affection which poured in upon him on the memorable celebration of his ninetieth anniversary, March 20, 1924. During the years of his controversies such expressions had not been frequent; and he had then come to look upon himself in another light. He died peacefully, quite prepared to go, at his beloved summer home overlooking Northeast Harbor, on Sunday, August 22, 1926, in his ninety-third year; and was buried at Mount Auburn.

He was a mighty but gentle standard-bearer, worthy to carry the banner of 'Veritas.' His message to American civilization was inestimably far-reaching. To those of high aspiration and good deeds he was a true friend. Is it any wonder that his memory is for us to-day a blessing and an inspiration!

THEODORE W. RICHARDS

1871

CHARLES CALLAHAN PERKINS[1]

1823–1886

IN the fifties of the nineteenth century New England was just awakening to an interest in contemporary European art, particularly that of Germany and France. The Athenæum, on top of Beacon Hill in Boston, not only offered hospitality to letters, but provided a picture-gallery expectant of purchases, gifts, and loans. Busts of honored Bostonians and other Americans found a home there; the casts of the best Greek statues began to adorn the reading-room, and exceptionally brave New-Englanders were learning to tolerate their unabashed beauty; and in an early exhibition Page had had the courage to hang there a Venus — at which visitors glanced hastily, quickening their steps.[2] But there were few masters of the arts in Boston, the study of art was not generally respected, and a young man seriously interested in it could seek his education only across the ocean.

Charles Callahan Perkins, son of James and Eliza Green (Callahan) Perkins, was born on Pearl Street in Boston on March 1, 1823. He was a half-brother of Bishop Doane of Albany and of Mgr. Doane of Newark, New Jersey. His father, a distinguished merchant of Boston, was well known for his public spirit, which manifested itself in extensive public charities; his grandfather founded the Perkins professorship of mathematics at Harvard College, and

[1] In substance and partly in form this sketch is drawn chiefly from the 'Memoir' by Samuel Eliot in the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society* for February, 1887.

[2] Dr. R. W. Hooper, for thirty years a Trustee of the Boston Athenæum, sitting one day in the reading-room, saw the door open and a young man bashfully look in. The Doctor kindly rose and asked if he could do anything for him. The young rustic asked in a low voice, 'Is this respectable, sir?' and the Doctor then perceived a young woman standing a little apart. 'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'entirely so. Bring your young friend in. These are celebrated statues from the antique, dug up in Greece. Let me show them to you.' They passed among the alcoves, seeing Athene, Artemis, the Discobolus, and the Gladiator rather uneasily, until they came to the statue of Uncle Toby removing the mote from the widow's eye. The young man, relieved at seeing the figure clothed and bewigged, exclaimed, 'Oh, that's General Washington! Was *he* dug up?' 'No,' replied the Doctor, 'that is Uncle Toby in Sterne's story.' 'Oh, your uncle!' said the young man, 'I ask your pardon, sir. I don't believe I ever saw your uncle.'

was one of the originators of the Boston Athenæum; and his uncle, Thomas H. Perkins, founded and richly endowed the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Charles C. Perkins received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Harvard College in 1843, and that of Master of Arts three years later. As a boy he had shown an inborn love of music, and great skill in the use of his pencil; and shortly after leaving Cambridge he went to study painting and music in Europe, where he became a pupil of Ary Scheffer in Paris. Except for occasional returns he spent the next ten years abroad developing his own powers. He was married (in 1855) to Frances D. Bruen, daughter of the Reverend Matthias Bruen of New York.

In 1847 and 1848 he was studying both music and painting in Rome, where as a member of the art colony his interests extended to other students less fortunate than himself. In letters to his friends he constantly expressed hopes of some day seeing an Academy of Fine Arts in Boston, and upon his return for a three years' stay at home the contrast between our unadorned, somewhat colorless life and the advantages of Europe struck him so forcibly that the great scheme of his chosen work took still more definite shape. But it was the success of his lectures on the rise and progress of painting, delivered at Trinity College, Hartford, that definitely turned him from composition and performance in music. He returned to Europe for another prolonged stay of about a decade, during which he began his beautiful books on Tuscan and Italian sculpture, illustrated by etching, which until his return to the United States had been practically an unknown art in this country. His reputation abroad as a writer won him so much honor, and his nature and manner so many friends, that he might well have been excused for staying there as an author or a dilettante. France recognized his zeal for the Fine Arts by making him Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and a Corresponding Member of the Institut de France; but his interests were with American culture, and his other honors were destined to come from his own country.

His return was timely. A Boston Museum of Fine Arts had been projected, and he came at the moment of its founding. It was a great joy to him to find such an enterprise begun, and to be welcomed to a share in it; and doubtless it convinced him more than

anything else could have done that the ground was ready for the seed. He was elected Honorary Director, and for the rest of his life the Museum was his object and his recompense. It is gratifying to read in a Report for the year 1886 that his generosity, devotion, and success were well rewarded by the appreciation of his associates. The Museum of Fine Arts was his greatest interest; but idleness was never a temptation to him, and as art critic, President of the Boston Art Club from 1869 to 1879, a member of the City School Board from 1870 to 1883, President of the Händel and Haydn Society from 1875 to 1876, a Fellow of the American Academy, and a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, he turned his time and his means steadily and effectively to useful account. It is pertinent to note that in the election of 1884 the political party then in power dropped his name as a candidate for the School Board from the party ticket, so that, in spite of his nomination on other tickets, his service to the City came to a disappointing end. Such were the penalties of 'independence' in the Blaine campaign. His achievements were due to elevated tastes combined with untiring industry and native qualities of rare purity. One of his friends has observed that his life is a clear answer to the riddle which puzzles so many of our social critics: what is the proper career for our young men of fortune?

If the Museum may be regarded as in part a memorial of him, the Normal Art School building also may be so regarded. Perhaps the most revealing token of Perkins's character is the high-mindedness with which he was able to correct any overestimate he may once have placed upon his own talents, especially as these were by no means mediocre. He had made earnest and protracted efforts to perfect himself; but when he found that his best work lay in perfecting others he turned quietly away from what had been so full of hope and inspiration to him, and consecrated himself to the diffusion of the arts he loved. His work on the School Committee in establishing the system of art instruction in the public schools against the opinions of some of his friends in art vividly illustrates his independence of character.

Perkins's work, after all, is but a corollary of his character. He worked as though conscious of a special call: to bring to his coun-

try the treasures he had found, and to teach his countrymen how to enjoy them; hence no understanding of his accomplishment can be had without insistence on his belief in his own country. This is evident by his personal sacrifices and by the free bestowal of his cultivation and industry on the poorest and least fortunate of the children in the public schools, and by the surer testimony that his own children were brought up as good Americans while abroad. When the shocking disaster of a carriage-accident at Windsor, Vermont, on August 25, 1886, brought his life to a sudden close in the full vigor of noble powers, the sorrow of those who could appreciate his natural endowments, cultivated tastes, elevation and grace of character and of manner was mitigated only by the realization that the work he had done was of the kind which endures.

1873

FRANCIS PARKMAN

1823–1893

IN the 'Life of Francis Parkman,' by Charles Haight Farnham, it is related of him that 'he had an especial fondness for the Saturday Club, where he met a few intimate friends in the freest and most informal intercourse.' Mr. Farnham's excellent biography touches with more detail upon Parkman's social instincts and qualities. 'He lacked the overflowing geniality and magnetism needed to set the social currents flowing in a large company or club, as well as the special talents required in a successful diner-out.' Yet 'people regarded him as a "good fellow"' — which nobody would think of denying in the light of the following words from Mr. Farnham's book: 'He used to tell of a visit he made to a court-room, where one of his friends sat on the bench, arrayed in his robes and stiffened with official grandeur. Parkman winked at him on entering, and enjoyed immensely the pompous immobility of his old friend in failing to respond. He knew and remembered everything which affected those with whom he was intimate; knew their children and grandchildren by name and character, and never forgot to inquire after them.'

The ready accessibility of the biography of Parkman renders a detailed memoir of him in this place superfluous. In its stead it is the good fortune of the following pages to present for the first time within the covers of a book the text of an address written by Professor Bliss Perry for the Parkman Centenary Celebration of 1923 in Montreal, printed in the *Yale Review* of April, 1924, and reprinted here by special permission of that quarterly.

SOME PERSONAL QUALITIES OF FRANCIS PARKMAN

It is thirty years since Francis Parkman died. A few elderly Bostonians recall that gallant crippled figure, with the keen gray eyes and the chin thrust forward, as he marched rapidly with his two canes along Chestnut or Charles Street, stopping every few rods

to rest against a fence. It was agony for him to walk, it was a worse agony to sit still. Yet his proud face gave no sign. He had a smile for an old friend and for every child, and if there were roses in any window, his eye quickened, but he hobbled on, through those streets already submerged by the tide of alien immigrants, a patrician, a Puritan of the Puritans, remote, inscrutable, indomitable.

Thanks to the autobiographical fragments which Parkman left to the keeping of the Massachusetts Historical Society, thanks to that Society's remarkable collection of his note-books and manuscript sources, and to Farnham's painstaking biography, we may know this reserved and secretive man better than did his contemporaries. We know now the history of that athletic but wrongly disciplined body, that passionate but hard mind, that unbroken will which made him choose his life-work at eighteen and follow it until he pencilled on a few slips of orange-colored paper, in his seventieth year, his last notes for a revised edition. It is impossible here to tell the detailed story of his life or to weigh carefully his merits as a historian. Nevertheless, one may venture to point out a few personal qualities which entered into the very texture of his books.

Enough has been made of Parkman's boyish passion for the woods as related to his later development, but not enough has been made of his early reading in its relation to his task as a historian. The young Parkman was a Romantic. He tells us in an autobiographical sketch that his first ambition was to be a poet, then a novelist, and that he turned to history as a third choice. He read Byron, Scott, Chateaubriand, Cooper. I find the trace of Byron everywhere in his earliest books, such as 'The Oregon Trail' and 'Vassall Morton.' When Quincy Shaw offered him three books to read at Fort Laramie in 1846 — the Bible, Shakespeare, and Byron — Parkman chose, he says, 'the worst of the three,' and 'Childe Harold' happened to be the last book he read before his death. In 'The Oregon Trail' and 'Vassall Morton' you will find the very image of the Byronic wanderer and outlaw, the Byronic clash of the Primitive against the Civilized. Doubtless the middle-aged Parkman felt that there was too much Byronic rebellion and self-revelation in 'Vassall Morton,' and was glad to

suppress his unsalable novel. But Byron had taught him much. I have the greatest respect for the certificated professional historians of the present day, but I submit that some of them might still learn a little something from the art of the great poets and novelists.

One scarcely needs to say how much Parkman owed to Sir Walter Scott. Here was his pattern for portrait-making, for picturesque grouping, for dramatic narrative. From 'The Oregon Trail' to the 'Half-Century of Conflict' how many a forceful personage, how many a march, a bivouac, an attack, are painted in the Scott manner! But I think that Parkman learned from Scott a more significant historical lesson than the mere art of picturesque narrative; namely, the secret of dispassionate fairness. For the Wizard of the North was a very soundly documented wizard; an antiquarian who knew the value of personal narrative and family papers and government archives; a lawyer who could sift evidence; a historian who could weigh Jacobites and Presbyterians, kings and commoners, in the scales of equal justice. When Parkman came to his extraordinarily delicate task of comparing English and French civilizations, of appraising the merits of Jesuit and Puritan, of explorer and soldier, I think his judgment was all the more finely balanced, his sense of human values all the more penetrating, for his early training in Sir Walter's school. If you and I are ever tried for murder, we may well wish to have a Parkman and a Scott upon the jury; for if these gentlemen vote that we deserve hanging, we should be quite content to be hanged.

But Francis Parkman was far other than a mere reader of books. More than most historians, he coveted first-hand experience. He must see for himself. Even as a college student he followed on foot the old trail of Rogers the Ranger; he tramped back and forth across Northern New England studying the topography, the waterways and the battle-fields of the Seven Years' War. To understand how his personal qualities affected his literary methods, the indispensable document is 'The Oregon Trail,' dictated when he was twenty-three. He wanted a key to that 'history of the American forest' to which he had already devoted himself, and he found it in the Far West of 1846. That journey gave him the clue

to the Indian character, to the hunter, the bush-ranger, the pioneer. The college boy who had built his own raft to float down the flooded Magalloway had already learned some of the obstacles that confronted Tonty and La Salle. Long days of enforced idleness in Dakota wigwams helped him to understand the Jesuit Relations and the French archives. Henceforth he could check up his sources by what his own eyes had seen. That journey to the Black Hills may have fatally impaired his health, but its wholesome influence upon his mind can be traced in every one of his later books. Just as Charles Dickens's boyhood gave him the key of the London streets, Parkman's boyhood gave him the key of the wilderness.

The name of Dickens suggests another curious parallel between a writer's physical endowment and his chosen theme. The bodily and mental restlessness of Dickens, his sense of life as motion, as struggle, gives his novels their flashing, pulsing energy. Parkman's physical and mental energy was subjected to a more rigid control, for he was told that his sanity and even his life depended upon mastery of his emotions, and he never failed to keep himself in hand. It was the irony of his career that his disease increased this inner urge to action, while forbidding — often for years at a time — any real mental or physical exertion. The irony is not lessened, if we believe, with Dr. George M. Gould, who has made Parkman's case the subject of closest professional study, that the chief trouble was originally a peculiar form of eye-strain, which proper glasses would have relieved, or removed entirely. But whether his malady was curable or not, it certainly intensified his abnormal inner excitement in the presence of his material. He wanted to tell the thrilling story of the struggle of two empires for the control of a continent — a struggle typified by racing ships, forced marches, Indian raids, swift reversals of fortune — the drama of clashing, changing civilizations. That this drama was enacted in the lonely forest only increased its fascination to a man who knew, as Parkman did, the secret of the woods. That secret is *expectancy*. You have in the woods, even more than in the great cities, the sense of 'something evermore about to be.'

The motion-picture was unknown in Parkman's day, but this new art of our time suggests something of the fashion in which that

restless forest-drama unrolled itself before his picture-making, his story-weaving imagination. If you can fancy a 'movie' without sentimentality, a 'movie' firmly documented, unwaveringly just, with every landscape sharply focussed, every portrait clear, every action motivated, then I submit that you would have something like the effect which Parkman's twelve volumes convey. And his nerves paid the price of his self-absorption in his theme. 'The poet writes the history of his own body,' said Thoreau. But so does the historian, and every artist who puts himself into his books. It is as true of Tacitus and Carlyle as of Dickens and Victor Hugo. Parkman lived passionately with his characters for fifty years. With every instinct urging him to a life of action rather than contemplation, he was forced to sit for long years in his wheel-chair and see that splendid swift procession of his heroes pass — priests and soldiers, statesmen and savages, against a background of eternally living Nature where the woods break into leaf and then turn to gold or scarlet, where the pitiless rains fall and the snow-drifts melt into the floods of spring — pageantry all, passing, passing, with men withering like leaves and newer generations pressing on, pageantry and heroism and martyrdom and dreams of empire, until that stormy September morning upon the Plains of Abraham when the dying General Wolfe knew that he had won.

To have had his first glimpse of that unforgettable story-picture in boyhood, to keep it steadily in focus through the tortured years of manhood, patiently adding his pitiful five or six lines a day, but never yielding to despair, never abandoning his theme — I maintain that that achievement of a motor-minded cripple was as gallant and glorious an exploit as anything achieved by any of Parkman's heroes.

Francis Parkman belonged, no doubt, to what New-Englanders were once fond of calling 'the old dispensation.' He could not have accommodated himself to some twentieth-century conceptions. He distrusted democracy, and democracy is in the saddle, though here and there a dictator may be leading the horse. He disliked woman suffrage. He hated sentimentality, and sentimentality engulfs us. There is a demand just now in the United States that American history should be rewritten, not in the interest of

Truth, but in the interest of some racial or religious or ancestor-worshipping group. I should enjoy hearing Parkman's comments on this contemporary insolence; for he commanded, in his rare moments of unrepressed indignation, a vigorous, not to say profane, vocabulary.

But it may likewise be true that Parkman would be deaf to some of the finer voices of the twentieth century, as he was certainly deaf to the more spiritual accents of seventeenth-century mysticism. It would have been hard for him to think internationally for he had, I imagine, less faith in World Courts and Leagues of Nations than he had in the sword, held by firm and able hands. Parkman was a Stoic, in philosophy as in life. He would perhaps retort that his life-work was not to dream of a new heaven and a new earth, but to give the actual record of the American wilderness. And we may say for him, what he would have been too modest — or too proud! — to say for himself, that he told that story as no other man could have told it, and that he served his generation best by living — as the dying Henry Thoreau said quietly — in 'one world at a time.'

Bliss Perry

ALEXANDER AGASSIZ

1835–1910

The story of the little boy who, sleeping under haystacks and living on black bread and cheese, trudged from Freiburg to Neuchâtel to visit his Swiss relations and became the eminent man of science and the highly successful man of affairs, would read like a fairy tale, were it not shadowed by a very human cloud of ill-health and sorrow. It is impossible in a few pages even to touch on all of Alexander Agassiz's varied activities, or more than to hint at the tenderness and depth of feeling that underlay a reserved and retiring personality which did not conceal his integrity, ability, and charm.

The fact that he and his father belonged to distinctly different types, can be clearly traced to the inheritance of the son. Louis Agassiz, the descendant of a long line of Protestant ministers, sprang full-fledged from the brain of Jove. From his father Alexander derived his love of science, his great energy and vast capacity for work. But his mother Cécile, sister of Alex Braun, the German botanist, was shy, sensitive, reserved, and artistic; from her he inherited his temperament and outlook on life. Nor was his executive ability in practical affairs, a quality conspicuously absent in the make-up of the father, by any means lacking in the son's descent. His uncle, Auguste Agassiz, founded a successful and extensive watch factory, while one of his mother's brothers, Max, was a well-known mining engineer.

Louis Agassiz, robust, enthusiastic, and optimistic, was constantly getting into financial straits along the path of everyday life; Alexander, sensitive and foreboding, had a singularly clear eye for the shoals ahead, and mapped his course, far in advance, to steer well to windward of them. The elder Agassiz, unrivalled as a teacher, had a voice that kindled enthusiasm as readily in the market-place as in the halls of learning. He was a born intellectual leader, and rejoiced in spreading the gospel of science. His son, reserved and indifferent to popular acclaim, though he prized the

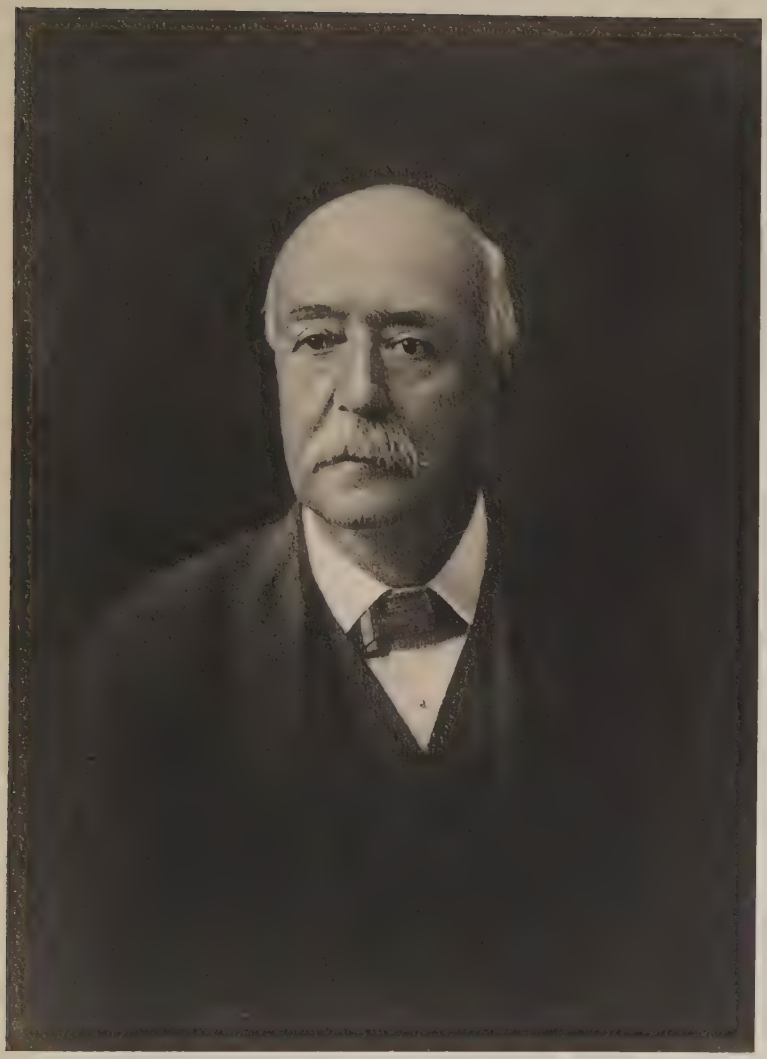
recognition of his scientific peers, led his intellectual life in the retirement of a research investigator. It is needless to state which man won the greater popular recognition; but in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, Alexander made more lasting contributions to pure science than his father.

Alexander Agassiz was born in 1835, in a small apartment in Neuchâtel, a bit of French Switzerland then under Prussian rule. There his father was professor of natural history; and there the boy passed his first years. He appears to have been a serious and thoughtful little chap, with the bewitching smile that he retained through life.

Louis Agassiz's meagre salary was quite insufficient to support his family, publish his scientific work, and maintain the staff of assistants that he managed to somehow keep about him. After he had exhausted the resources of his community, he started, in 1846, on a scientific exploration of the United States, under an appointment from the King of Prussia, suggested by Humboldt. On his departure Mrs. Agassiz settled in Freiburg, with her boy and two girls, to be near her brother. It was a pathetic little household of slender means: Mrs. Agassiz was an invalid, Alex did the marketing, kept the tiny accounts, and looked after the family. Although still a mere child, he responded to the influence of two such inspiring teachers as his Uncle Alex Braun and von Siebold, from whom he got his first training in science.

When he was thirteen his mother died, and his father, then installed as Professor at Harvard, sent word that his son should join him in America. A curious Bohemian establishment received the little foreigner; for Louis Agassiz had gathered about him a miscellaneous assortment of zoölogical live stock, crowded in with assistants and hangers-on, one of whom was supposed to do the housekeeping. In 1850 the elder Agassiz brought home his second wife, Elizabeth Cary. She won order out of chaos, sent for the two daughters in Europe, took the motherless children to her heart, and made for them a happy home in the New World. The close and enduring friendship of Alexander and his step-mother lasted nearly through the span of his own life.

He graduated from Harvard in 1855. That he was barely in the



first third of his class was due chiefly to his lack of interest in the hair-splitting system of philology then in vogue in America, partly to his extra-curriculum work with his father, and perhaps somewhat to the fact that he rowed bow in the University boat. On leaving college, warned by his father's example of the financial pitfalls in the path of a zoölogist, he had no intention of embracing the life of a naturalist. So he took a course in Engineering in the Scientific School, where he received a *summa cum laude*. He then obtained a position as assistant on the Coast Survey, and spent a year charting the shores of the Northwest. Finding that this work did not offer a promising outlook, and that the call of heredity was strong in his blood, he came back to his father's Museum, which was ever afterward his headquarters.

In 1860 he married Anna Russell, the sister-in-law of his classmate and friend Theodore Lyman. Being too poor to have a home of their own, the young couple lived with Louis Agassiz and his wife. The following years were undoubtedly the happiest of Alexander's life. He was absorbed in his work, with a large and pleasant family circle and hosts of friends, and the simple ways of that time did not entail the narrow existence that scanty means would now enforce. Theodore Lyman wrote of those days — 'I do not know of any married man who could look back on better years, except the money.'

During this period he established the foundation of his zoölogical investigations, and did a great amount of original research, working chiefly on jellyfish, and the embryology and early development of starfishes and sea-urchins.

But it was not long before he found that his salary was entirely inadequate to maintain a growing family, to say nothing of continuing his scientific work and publication. Looking about for something more lucrative, he secured the presidency of a coal mine, which he contrived to look after for a time, without giving up his work at the Museum. Meanwhile Quincy A. Shaw, whose wife was Pauline Agassiz, one of the sisters who had followed Agassiz from Switzerland, had become involved in some copper mines in Northern Michigan. The venture was not prospering; the copper-bearing rock was different from any hitherto mined,

and experts said it could not be worked at a profit. The property was mismanaged, and threatened disaster to all concerned. As a forlorn hope, Alexander Agassiz was sent to attempt to rescue a desperate venture.

Before leaving, he ran across a young instructor at the Technology, who had rowed with him on the Harvard crew, Charles W. Eliot. Agassiz told Eliot that he was going to Michigan to make money if he could, in order to be able to continue his scientific life and publish his work. How seldom do the dreams of youth hold so true, and mature to such abundant fulfilment!

Agassiz and his wife lived at Calumet in an impossible apology for an hotel, on the edge of the forest. The baby was kept in a crib to avoid the wind whistling through the cracks in the logs. When Mrs. Agassiz went for a walk with her little boy she wore a pistol.

Keweenaw Peninsula, but lately ceded to the government by the Chippeway Indians, was then virtually a wilderness. Inaccessible at all seasons, in winter it was cut off from the world. There, with many hands against him, and looked on with distrust as an outsider, Agassiz put the Calumet and Hecla Mines on their feet. In less than two years he rectified the mistakes of his predecessors, built a railroad to Torch Lake, dredged a channel to navigable waters, developed and equipped both mines, and got them working smoothly at a profit, launched on their long and wonderfully successful career.

He remained the President of Calumet and Hecla to the end of his life, going up to the mines twice a year; and with few exceptions arranged his scientific expeditions so as not to interfere with these visits. He was able to see conditions at Calumet as they would be years ahead, and plan for them far in advance. Thanks to this foresight and efficiency the mines developed into such vast proportions as they eventually attained.

More important to him was the welfare of the workers. He saw to it that the miners were well paid and well housed; helped them build their churches, and established the best of schools, hospitals, libraries, and recreation halls. He created an aid fund; and above all arranged that any one in trouble, or with a grievance, should have ready access to responsible authorities.

Once, when suffering from a fever, which his physician thought might have been contracted at Calumet, he made arrangements, while at the height of the illness, to have the drainage and water supply of the mine thoroughly overhauled, lest his employees might suffer. His efforts to improve the living conditions, and broaden the lives of the workmen and their families, furnish an object lesson of what can be done in the growing problem of the relations between labor and capital, when the matter is handled with intelligence, sympathy, and understanding.

The fight won at Calumet, he returned to the more congenial labors of the scholar. But anxiety and overwork had sapped his strength. This resulted in a severe illness, from the effects of which he never recovered. He went abroad for a time with his family, and partially regained his health; but the buoyancy of his youth was gone, and always afterward, whenever possible, he spent his winters in less rigorous climates than New England. On this journey, his first return to Europe, he laid the foundation of his wide acquaintance and friendships among European men of science, ties which held him with increasing value as the years advanced.

Not long before his father's death he published his 'Revision of the Echini,' which was at once recognized as the classic on the subject, and established the author's position in the scientific world. The elder Agassiz's delight in the work was touching; for, perhaps puzzled by his son's success in another field, he had hitherto looked on Theodore Lyman as his probable successor at the Museum.

In December, 1873, Agassiz's father and his wife died within ten days. The blow was lasting. Though a permanently saddened man, he took up his life bravely, turned to his work, and in intellectual effort at length found solace and peace.

Shouldering the burden of the direction and development of the Museum from filial piety, he crystallized his father's ideas in brick and mortar, and enriched the collection with masses of material from all quarters of the globe, much of it gathered by himself in every ocean of the world; while to realize his father's dream, he poured out his fortune so lavishly that at his death he was Harvard's most liberal benefactor.

He was a member of the Corporation of the University, and a

strong advocate of a thorough scientific training as a possible alternative for those who preferred it to the regular classical curriculum. But he would have been the first to deplore the present utilitarian tendencies of so-called higher education in America.

His long series of oceanic explorations began in 1877: first for a number of years in the Coast Survey steamer Blake on the Atlantic and the Caribbean; and later in the Fish Commission ship Albatross on the Pacific; supplemented by a number of voyages in chartered vessels to Australia, the Indian Ocean, and the South Seas. Thanks to his experience as a mining engineer, he devised new methods for hoisting the dredge, and new apparatus for collecting; he also adopted the latest methods of sounding, thus greatly increasing the efficiency and revolutionizing the equipment of vessels intended for oceanographic work. The many collections gathered on these expeditions were sent to the specialists all over the world best qualified to describe them; Agassiz reserving for his own study the material in his special fields.

In the attention to the mass of detail that inevitably envelops such explorations, he never lost sight of the fundamental problems underlying the study of the sea. Sir John Murray, the British authority on oceanography, says that Alexander Agassiz has done more than any other man to enrich our knowledge of the ocean.

During his later years he was much interested in the study of the formation of coral atolls and barrier reefs. Darwin thought that an atoll was formed by the gradual accumulation of coral growth on a slowly subsiding island. Agassiz's conclusions did not accord with this view. He never published his proposed book on coral reefs, and at his death the material was not in a form to be edited by another. But one may gather from a careful perusal of a number of his publications the various causes to which he attributed the formation of atolls, and these have been summarized in his 'Letters and Recollections.'

Darwin when a young man founded his theory on a visit to one atoll; it has nothing whatever to do with his views on evolution. Alexander Agassiz, after having visited most of the coral regions of the world, never saw an atoll or barrier reef that he thought could be satisfactorily explained by subsidence. The site of the

boring on Funafuti, made by the Royal Society to settle the question, was most unfortunately chosen. It settles nothing, and only complicates the issue.

Undoubtedly Alexander Agassiz received more adequate recognition as a naturalist in Europe than he did in America. Many a man who knew him as the efficient president of a singularly successful mining company would have been surprised, and probably but little interested, to learn that he was one of the foremost scientific men of his generation. For we as a nation place little value on what does not lead directly to material ends. With every honor that the scientific world had to give, a man who would have been a familiar figure at any learned meeting in Europe, Agassiz walked unrecognized through the streets of Cambridge, and was content to have it so.

There have been more widely known naturalists, and there have been more conspicuous men of affairs. But as a combination of man of science and creative executive, Alexander Agassiz stands in a class by himself. For no one of such eminence in science ever brought so vast a practical enterprise to so successful an issue.

In the park overlooking Calumet, his statue, by Paul Bartlett, a bronze figure of classic beauty seated in academic robes, serene, dignified, and tinged with the mystery of death, keeps silent watch over a prosperous and contented city, hewn from the wilderness by his wisdom and grit. The pedestal bears this inscription:

ALEXANDER AGASSIZ
1835–1910
A Man of Science
who
Developed a Great Mine
and
Wrought the Welfare of Its People

G. R. Agassiz

RICHARD HENRY DANA, Sr.

1787–1879

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was among the founders of the Saturday Club, and is commemorated in 'The Early Years.' The anomaly of finding that his father was enrolled as a member seventeen years after the founding, when he was himself eighty-six years old, is explained by the following passage from the diary of R. H. Dana, Jr., found in the second volume of his biography by Charles Francis Adams, Jr. The year in which it was written was 1873:

'(October 28.) Yesterday my father had a great success and pleasure. I took him to the club to dine. We had Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Charles Francis Adams, Sumner, Holmes, Judge Hoar, President Eliot, and others, our usual set; and after a while, Emerson rose and asked a moment's attention and said: "We are gratified to-day, by the presence of Mr. Dana. He has a higher as well as older claim on the respect and honor of men of letters and lovers of literature than any of us here, and we must not let the occasion go by without an expression of our feeling towards him. I propose that, instead of nominating him for election as a regular member of the club, which we would gladly have done years ago, we unanimously declare him an honorary member and permanent guest of the club," etc., etc. Agassiz put the question, and they all rose to their feet in response, and gave him a hearty cheer. It was very gratifying, touching, and in the best possible taste.

'After this, he talked with several members, and among others with Agassiz, whom he had never talked with, and against whose views he was prejudiced; and was delighted with him, especially with the opinions Agassiz expressed about liberal education and the classics, and as to the intuitive as essential to a discoverer, etc. Agassiz said he would never, if he could prevent it, allow a man to begin work in his museum, or in physical science, until he had been through college, and trained and enlarged and elevated his mind by literary studies and philosophy and modes of reasoning applicable to moral science, as well as in those peculiar to the

exact sciences or to physics, etc. Indeed he did talk wisely and very well.'

The fact is that R. H. Dana, Sr., was — even in the earliest days of the Saturday Club — a survivor of a group far antedating the company of bookish friends to which the son belonged. From that later company sprang the *Atlantic Monthly*. The elder Dana was not quite old enough to have been, like his brother Edmund, a member of the Anthology Society, formed in 1805 to unite the chief contributors to a short-lived magazine, the *Monthly Anthology;* but out of that grew the *North American Review* in 1815, and before 1820 the elder Dana had held and relinquished an editorial connection with the venerable quarterly.

It was as a figure from the past that he came with his son to the Saturday Club in 1873, and was so enthusiastically elected an honorary member and permanent guest. The tradition of his prime was then far less remote than it seems to-day. How commanding a tradition it was may be inferred from these words in Griswold's 'Poets and Poetry of America,' published in 1842: 'All the writings of Dana belong to the permanent literature of the country. His prose and poetry will find every year more and more readers.'

In the material assembled by Dr. Emerson for the sequel to 'The Early Years' the editor of this volume has been happy to find an unpublished memoir of the elder Dana by his grandson, Richard Henry Dana, third of the name. To this work of filial piety the following pages are devoted with gratitude.

On Dana Hill, in one of the two or three houses east of Harvard College in the Town of Cambridge, a mansion much like the Longfellow House on Brattle Street, was born on November 15, 1787, the fifth child of Judge, afterwards Chief Justice, Francis Dana. He was christened Richard Henry. The mother of this Richard was Elizabeth Ellery, daughter of William Ellery of Rhode Island, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The end of what John Fiske calls 'The Critical Period of American History' was near at hand. Before the little Richard Henry was a year old, his father had taken a leading part in the Massachusetts Conven-

tion called to consider the new Constitution of the United States drafted at Philadelphia in 1787. He worked in favor of its adoption, which was carried only by a close vote after a hard contest. The result in Massachusetts was the turning-point in the history of the Constitution, which, adopted in 1788, ended this 'critical period.'

Judge Dana was the most important member of the branch of the Dana family to which he belonged. During Richard's youth the country was poor in art, architecture, and literature. Excepting for political and theological writings, there were no native works deserving the name of literature, unless we apply that term to the poems of Governor Dudley's daughter Anne Bradstreet, the 'Tenth Muse,' an ancestress of Richard, to such verses as Norton's Funeral Elegy upon her, and to the novels of Charles Brockden Brown. The general state of literature at that period may be gathered from Dana's criticism of this writer in the *United States Review and Literary Gazette* of 1827: 'To the speculative mind, it is a curious fact, that a man like Brown should of a sudden make his appearance in a new country, in which almost every individual was taken up in the eager pursuit of riches, or the hot and noisy contests of party politics; when every man of talents, who sought out distinction, went into one of the professions; when to make literature one's main employment was held little better than being a drone; when almost the only men who wrote with force and simplicity were some of the leaders amongst our active politicians; when a man might look over our wide and busy territory, and see only here and there some self-deluded creature seated, harping, on some weedy knoll, and fancying it the efflorescent mount of all the Muses.'

At the time of Dana's birth the great Victorian writers of England were not born, and Wordsworth and his contemporaries were infants. Not one of the 'American Victorians' had seen the light of day, and Washington Irving was a babe in arms. In such a time was born this boy, destined to be among the first American poets, an early editor of the *North American*, our first permanent review, and a pioneer in our literature.

Richard Henry grew up in a family whose head had seen foreign

countries, in a house where there were books, and where he had intercourse with his elder brother, Edmund, with Edward Tyrrel Channing and Washington Allston, afterwards his brother-in-law, all with literary tastes and associations. Edmund Dana and Allston, who counted Coleridge among his friends and correspondents, had both lived abroad. Richard's father and grandfather were both graduates of Harvard College. He himself went through the same college in the Class of 1808, not receiving his degree, however, until 1866 when an old man, having been, with his whole class, involved in the 'Rotten Cabbage Rebellion.'

He studied law in Providence, Rhode Island, and there fell in love with the charming Miss Ruth Charlotte Smith, one endowed with poetical instincts, and a writer of verses, and a member of the family that endowed the Smith Professorship of Belles Lettres at Harvard. She was one of the noble and useful profession of school teachers, but Richard's father objected to the match on account of her occupation, and he himself was packed off to Baltimore to finish his legal studies there. He continued faithful, however, and after admission to the bar, and when established in practice, he married her, May 11, 1813, two years after the death of his father.

Richard Henry had been brought up in what was, for those days, a wealthy family, but his father, Judge Dana, had become unwittingly involved in large financial ventures, chiefly canal companies, which failed, and nearly the whole family property, including real estate, now of immense value, was sacrificed to make good the losses.

This and another incident had a great effect upon his future career. That happening occurred during the fearful epidemic called 'black death' that raged in New England in 1817. A physician came to Richard Dana and his brother Edmund, appealing for help to put a plague-smitten man into a hot bath, as the only hope of saving his life. No others were found willing to run the risk of contagion. Both consented and Richard Henry took the disease. He survived, but never fully recovered his strength and vigor.

Though poetical in temperament, Richard Henry had practical ability. He was chosen as assessor in 1816 and 1817 and a Repre-

sentative in the Legislature in 1819. His wife died in 1822, less than nine years after their marriage. From this time he and his sisters lived together, and they looked after him and his three motherless children. A fourth child had died when quite young.

At one time he was much involved in the religious polemics on the orthodox Trinitarian side against the Unitarians. He afterwards wrote, 'Too much was sharply said on both sides in that contest.' Later, in 1850, he became an Episcopalian.

The great work of Dana's life was his influence upon the literary development of the country. This was felt both through the model of his own writings, prose and poetry, and by his criticisms and lectures. American attempts at literature had, before him, been unreal in sentiment and florid in style. His influence was for vigor of thought, sincerity, and simplicity in expression. Writing of 'Old Times' in 1817, he deplored the loss of a 'rough and honest manliness which dared at times to be a boy.' The political failings of his own day, the exaggerated strivings for 'equality,' the prevalence of a utilitarian view of life, the sentiment of chivalry towards women, the value and beauty of poetry as an element in living — such were his themes. Looking forward to a day when an improved taste would attend a growth in wealth, he ventured to predict 'that we shall, one day, buy pictures as well as looking-glasses, and that in good time, an author will be set as much by as an Argand lamp or an imported chimney-piece.' [1]

Perhaps the greatest work of Dana lay in his oft-repeated lectures on literature, including several on Shakespeare. Introductory subjects were 'The Effect of our Daily Life upon our Feelings and Perceptions in Relation to Literature,' and 'The Effect of Literature on our Character and Daily Life.' These lectures were delivered in numerous cities, towns, and colleges, and many a one has testified that he owed his first real understanding and love of literature to the inspiration received at those addresses.

Dana's sensitiveness, with all his talk of being natural and direct, made him seem reserved; but this arose from a feeling, expressed in his criticism on the 'Sketch Book,' against 'laying open to the

[1] His reception by the Saturday Club in 1873 might well have seemed to him a fulfilment of this prophecy. — *Editor.*

common gaze and common talk feelings, the very life of which is secrecy.'

When aroused by anything that seemed mean or underhand, his moral indignation was intense. He was sometimes severe, but usually was kindly and courteous, gentle, and obliging. He was fond of music, and greatly encouraged his daughter in her singing; was one of the founders of the Harvard Musical Association, and attended the Symphony Concerts and the Händel and Haydn oratorios from their foundation to the last year of his life.

Though usually reserved, he had a strong sense of humor, and I have heard many a peal of laughter from him. Indeed, when the family were together, and his sons (R. H. Dana, Jr., and Edmund), his sister Elizabeth, and his daughter Charlotte were present, the talk was of a very high order, such as one rarely hears now, going into philosophy, literature, art, history, mythology, or music with an ease and delight that were fascinating. And even on such lofty subjects I hardly remember such a gathering without an accompaniment of fun, or rapid thrust of wit that would bring down the house.

His love of nature was great. He was the first Boston resident who bought a place and built on the beautiful north shore of Massachusetts Bay.[1] There, at his Manchester home, he loved to stay late into the autumn and wander about the woods, walk back and forth on the beach in sunshine or storm, and at night look out upon the moonlit waters and distant lighthouses.

As I remember Longfellow once said to me when I was in college, his poems were only too few. 'The Buccaneer' is the most dramatic, 'The Little Beach Bird' the most commonly known. Apropos of his writing so little poetry, James Russell Lowell, in his 'Fable for Critics,' says:

> 'Here comes Dana, abstractedly loitering along,
> Involved in a paulo-post-future of song,
> Who'll be going to write what'll never be written
> Till the Muse, ere he thinks of it, gives him the mitten,
> Who is so well aware of how things should be done,
> That his own works displease him before they're begun.'

[1] He bought May 22, 1845. Henry Lee bought October 24, 1845.

There is no doubt that self-distrust and over-criticism of himself had much to do with his not producing more poetry, but two things had a direct bearing. One was his want of sufficient means. No poems in his early day were remunerative to the writer in this country. Dana was brought up with a dread of debt, and into debt his publications were bringing him. Moreover, his natural delicacy and refinement of thought were almost morbidly increased at times by the ill-health which followed him ever after his brave act during the plague in his early manhood. An edition of almost all his poems was published in England and there met, it is reported, greater financial success than his publications in America. In this profit, however, Mr. Dana did not share from the lack of any international copyright laws or treaties.

His three novels, printed in *The Idle Man*, were short. 'Edward and Mary' was a sweet and simple love story. The plots of 'Tom Thornton' and 'Paul Felton' were horrible, and much after the manner of Charles Brockden Brown. The thoughts were clear, the style direct, the morals high, and the whole entirely free from the prolixity of better-known novelists. Mr. Dana was very fond of the best acting, as is shown by his essay on Kean's representations of Shakespeare.

In 1867 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Williams College. He lived to his ninety-second year, in the full possession of all his faculties, dying February 2, 1879.

WOLCOTT GIBBS

1822–1908

To the writings of three eminent chemists [1] who had been the pupils and the friends of Dr. Gibbs I owe the materials of the following sketch of his life and work.

Oliver Wolcott Gibbs [2] was born in New York, February, 1822, of a scientific family. His father, Colonel George Gibbs, who had a large estate on Long Island, was an enthusiastic mineralogist. His collection, later sold to Yale College, became the nucleus of the great cabinet there. The ancestors of his mother, whose maiden name was Laura Wolcott, had been men of mark either in the establishment of the Republic, the Cabinet, Congress, the Courts, or as Governors of Connecticut. The house in New York was a gathering place of cultivated people, and the boy, during five years' schooling in Boston, and in summer vacations, found in Mount Vernon Street (or Newport in vacation) a kindly welcome at the home of Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing, with whom his family were connected by marriage. He prepared in New York for Columbia College, and graduated there in 1841. At his father's country place at Sunwick he had pursued science in boyish ways, and when a junior in college, in the period when the rudiments of science were sparingly conveyed by textbooks and a few lectures, the boy did original work and published an account of a new form of galvanic battery, using carbon as the inactive plate.

On graduating, he went to Philadelphia as assistant in the laboratory of Professor Robert Hare, to fit himself for teaching chemistry; then entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and received its degree as Doctor of Medicine. He never practised, but his training in anatomy, physiology, and, later, surgery and therapeutics, came to his aid in his researches as to the

[1] Professor Frank Wigglesworth Clarke, Charles Loring Jackson, and Theodore W. Richards.

[2] 'Oliver' was early dropped from the name.

effect of chemical agents on the animal organism. Then, searching out the best places in Germany and France to pursue his studies, he 'became a chemist in the largest sense; and not a mere sub-specialist.'

Returning from Europe, Dr. Gibbs soon was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Free Academy of New York, and, as a biographer says, 'there found himself'; became associate editor of the *American Journal of Science*, which he greatly helped by his clear abstracts of important foreign work; with Professor Genth gave new knowledge to the world about the ammonio-cobalt bases; and in 1863 was called to the Harvard chair of 'Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts.' He was also to take charge of the chemical laboratory of the Lawrence Scientific School. Socially his position was pleasant, for Agassiz and Peirce appreciated his qualities, and he made friends among the scientific men and in Cambridge society.

By his students, men who were not taking chemistry as part of the collegiate course, but had come with earnest purpose to get instruction from the best masters on subjects connected with science, he was much valued. For the teaching in the Scientific School was far from the methods obtaining in the college curriculum. Students worked things out themselves, under the eye of the master, who did not need examinations to know where they stood; and the foolish, iron-clad traditions prevailing among undergraduates in the regular college course — that students must never have any but the strictest official relations with their instructors, lest they be deemed 'toadies' of their natural enemies — had no standing there. In producing this happy change in the relation of teacher and student Gibbs and Agassiz were pioneers, and are gratefully remembered by their pupils. 'It was really the German University method.'

Dr. Gibbs's usefulness as a teacher was much diminished by the consolidation of the Scientific School Laboratory with that of the College, which left to him only the Rumford Professorship. Fortunately his private means enabled him to pursue chemical research in a laboratory of his own, and he now had more time for such work. After this change in 1873 he lectured on the spectro-

scope and thermo-dynamics to students until 1887, when, as Professor Emeritus, he retired and went to his Newport home.

But he did not cease from earnest and important work in his private laboratory there. 'The entire field of electro-chemical analysis was thrown open by him.' As early as 1877, and thereafter for years, he was publishing results of his researches upon the complex inorganic acids. Professor Clarke says that 'with regard to these extraordinary substances Gibbs was a pioneer making pathways into a tangled wilderness. But the ways are now open and he who wills may follow.' All this work was done in his small private laboratory, with but one assistant. He wrote no books nor gave popular lectures, and in company had a certain shyness; hence his fame was only among men of science. Suggested, no doubt, by Agassiz, he was chosen a member of the Saturday Club in 1873. He was the only American ever chosen honorary member of the Geneva Chemical Society.

Professor Charles Loring Jackson pays this tribute to Gibbs's character:—'I wish I could draw him as he was—a delightful friend, a useful citizen, an inspiring teacher, and a great character. . . . The enthusiasm and affection which he inspired in his students make one regret that more did not have the opportunity of profiting by contact with this great mind, but this loss in teaching was a gain in chemistry, as it turned almost the whole of his overflowing energy into scientific work. In spite of his devotion to his science he was not bounded by the walls of his laboratory. His interests were broad, and his public spirit strong. He always held his knowledge, chemical or horticultural (he was a wonderful gardener) at the service of the Government; and during the Civil War he was one of the principal managers of the Sanitary Commission.'

The Union League Club of New York, organized to bring together the more patriotic citizens of that city, was founded at a meeting in his house, and is to-day a strong social institution. Professor Jackson mentions with some regret that, in 1871, a 'reorganization of the Chemical Department consolidated the laboratory of the Lawrence Scientific School with that of Harvard College, and relegated Dr. Gibbs to the Department of Physics,

where he taught a small advanced class in light and heat.' This assignment 'was justified on the score of economy, but its wisdom may be doubted, as it deprived the chemical students of the university of the teaching of the best chemist in the country, and diminished the volume of his original work, since up to a certain point the amount of chemical production is directly proportional to the number of hands at the disposal of the master. Yet . . . when his time was occupied by the administration of a laboratory and more elementary teaching, he did not produce those extended researches on which his fame principally rests, as these date from the earlier and later periods, when his whole energy was concentrated on work of his own with, in the later period, one skilled private assistant.'

Gibbs's heroic devotion to his work, as described by Professor Jackson, rivals that of the greatest masters in science from Archimedes down: 'His two earlier important investigations had to do with subjects so abstruse and difficult that most chemists would have shuddered at the idea of attacking them, but, as he once said, he was a pioneer, and seemed to enjoy nothing more than breaking a way through these tangled jungles on the frontier of the science. Accordingly he next took up a field of work — the complex acids of tungsten and molybdenum — even more terrible, for here it takes courage merely to read his papers, and follow his footsteps through the bewildering maze of series after series of compounds. What then must it have been to find the necessary clue to this labyrinth, and to establish the nature of these numerous compounds, especially since in doing this it was necessary for him to work out some of the most difficult problems of analytical chemistry, as the separation of many of the elements involved had never been attempted before! In this great investigation over fifty new series of compounds were discovered by him, and the old series fully investigated and put on a solid foundation.' 'Gibbs was, before all else, an experimentalist,' says Professor Jackson. 'He imbued his students with the enthusiasm and spirit of original work; and they felt the greatest admiration and affection for him. The only instruction I received from him was a single voluntary lecture in my senior year. In this his ideas came hurrying out with

an impetuous speed, as if there were too many to be forced into the narrow limits of an hour.'

Professor Jackson used to visit Dr. Gibbs in his later years, at his beautiful home in Newport. He says: 'I wish I could bring before the reader the picture which I like best to remember, when I think of him. The tall, handsome man brimming over with warm, cordial welcome as he hastened to meet you on your arrival at his house, and, later, on the piazza overlooking the garden and the sea, the long inspiring talks, which kept you in a high, clear country far above anything mean or questionable, and sent you back to your work with renewed energy and enthusiasms; his vivid enjoyment in the pursuit of his experiments in the laboratory; or best of all, to see him wandering from bed to bed in his sunny garden, rejoicing in each rare and beautiful plant in his rich collection.'

Professor Theodore W. Richards, his pupil and one of his successors at Harvard, says of Gibbs when he began at twenty-six to teach: 'His eager and energetic spirit, and his thorough training under the inspiring guidance of Rose, Rammelsberg, Liebig, Laurent, Dumas, and Regnault, had given him an insight into the possible future of chemistry which forbade his contentedly settling down into the mere routine of teaching. Thus at once he joined the then pitifully small bands of Americans who sought to advance the bounds of knowledge. . . . Attaining the age of over eighty-six years, he had been for a long time almost the sole survivor of the pioneers of American chemistry. He was one of the founders of the National Academy of Sciences in 1870. . . . For over a decade he had headed in academic seniority the list of the faculties of Harvard University. He served there as Rumford Professor for twenty-four years, and in honorable retirement bore the title of Rumford Professor Emeritus for twenty-one years more. The infirmity due to his increasing years had withdrawn from him the privilege of contributing to the growth of his beloved science; but his interest in the work of others remained keen and enthusiastic until the end had almost come—until pain had driven away all the joy of life.'

A year after the death of Professor Gibbs, in 1908, two brothers, Dr. Morris Loeb and Mr. James Loeb, offered to the authorities of Harvard University a large sum for the building of a much needed

research laboratory, provided an equally large sum could be raised by subscription within a year. As the second half was deficient, the time was extended, and thus the amount was completed; and since 1913 the building has served its valuable purpose. The original movers and principal givers made two conditions, the first that the building should be called 'The Wolcott Gibbs Memorial Laboratory'; the second, that it should be used for research work only.

One more tribute by an early pupil, and later a distinguished man of science, Frank Wigglesworth Clarke, to the native nobility of character of this great chemist must be given: 'Wolcott Gibbs was a man of striking personality, tall, erect, and dignified. As with most men of positive character, he had strong likes and dislikes, but the latter never assumed unworthy form. To his friends he was warmly devoted, and always ready to help them in their work with manifold suggestions. His breadth of mind is indicated by the range of his researches, and his liberality by the way in which he encouraged his students to develop his ideas. More than one important investigation was based upon hints received from him, and was carried out under his supervision, to appear later under another name. Gibbs never absorbed the credit due even in part to others, nor failed to recognize the merits of his assistants in the fullest way. Had he been more selfish, his list of publications would have lengthened, but his sense of justice was most keen, and therefore he held the esteem and confidence of his co-workers. No man — not even among his opponents, for such there were — could ever accuse him of unfairness. He deserved all honor, and his name will live long in the history of that science to which his life was given.'

Edward W. Emerson

HORACE GRAY

1828–1902

HORACE GRAY was born in Boston on March 24, 1828, and died on September 15, 1902. He graduated at Harvard in 1845, and from the Harvard Law School in 1849, was admitted to the bar of Massachusetts in 1851, was employed to report the decisions of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for a year or two during the illness of the Reporter, Mr. Cushing, and succeeded him as Reporter in 1854. He held this position until 1861, when he resigned, and for a few years after 1857 he practised law, for a part of the time in partnership with Judge Hoar and Edward Bangs. He was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts August 23, 1864, and became Chief Justice of that Court on September 5, 1873. He left the Massachusetts Bench to become an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States on January 9, 1882, which position he held for more than twenty years, until his death in 1902. Such is the brief chronological outline of a distinguished career.

His was a life of rich endowment and great opportunities used faithfully and well. His grandfather William Gray was the largest ship-owner in the country, and a very prominent man before and after the war of 1812. His father, Horace Gray, inherited a fortune, and engaged in the business of manufacturing iron, in which for a while he so prospered that his son was brought up in the natural expectation that, relieved from the necessity of earning his living, he would be free to follow his own bent. He was only thirteen when he entered Harvard, and seventeen when he graduated, so that he was young to have any settled views as to his career, but his taste was for natural history, and for a while he devoted himself to the study of butterflies and birds. He was travelling in Europe when his father's failure in business recalled him to Boston and changed his whole future. He turned to the law as a profession, and at the age of nineteen entered the Harvard Law School. At the age of twenty-three he was admitted to the bar, and his professional life

therefore began early; but his thirst for knowledge and his extraordinary industry had given him a store of learning which fitted him to improve the great opportunity offered him when Mr. Cushing asked him to help him in his work as Reporter. It gave him not only an acquaintance with the bench and the bar all over the State, such as seldom falls to the lot of so young a man, but also a chance to show his fitness to succeed the Reporter. His appointment to that office when he had been only three years at the bar was an endorsement of his capacity by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and he thus at the outset of his professional life acquired a standing which most successful men struggle for years to attain. Richard Olney bore testimony to the result of his service when he said, 'What was seen in him was unusual learning and extraordinary power of investigation and research, absolute absorption in the law to the exclusion of all other interests, and that passionless temperament and that perfect purity of thought and motive which would be no respecter of persons, but would insure to every suitor his just due under the law.' From that time to the end his pathway was smooth, and his progress to an assured place in the judicial history of his country was uninterrupted.

This is not the place to analyze his qualities as a lawyer and a judge. His ambitions were for judicial preferment; as he wrote to Judge Hoar when the latter's nomination was pending, 'The Supreme Court has always seemed to me the greatest judgment seat in the world.' His tastes and his abilities fitted him for the bench, and he won a great reputation. In the words of his intimate friend Senator Hoar: 'Among the great figures that have adorned the Massachusetts bench the figure of Judge Gray is among the most conspicuous and stately. . . . Judge Gray had from the beginning a reputation for wonderful research. Nothing ever seemed to escape his industry and profound learning. . . . But while all his opinions are full of precedent and contain all the learning of the case, he was I think equally remarkable for the wisdom, good sense, and strength of his judgments. . . . He was an admirable Nisi Prius judge. I think we rarely have ever had a better. He had the rare gift, especially rare in men whose training has been chiefly upon the bench, of discerning the truth of the fact in spite of the appar-

ent weight of the evidence. . . . He took his place easily among the great judges of the world.' These passages are selected from a long memoir, but they contain in a few words the opinion of an eminent lawyer about a magistrate whom he knew well.

Judge Gray felt the dignity of the judicial offices which he filled, and he upheld it rigidly, having little toleration for any slovenly practices by the lawyers who appeared before him. Those who felt his criticism sometimes were inclined to regard him as too severe, but the wiser opinion is that the courts of Massachusetts are better for the standards which he enforced, and that we owe him a debt of gratitude for what he did.

He was, on the other hand, remarkably patient of outspoken criticism, if uttered in good faith and with serious purpose, as the writer had occasion to observe. As a pleasant instance of his quality on the bench the following anecdote taken from the writer's experience may perhaps find a place here. One summer a certain lawyer tried a case before him and lost it. He appealed from Judge Gray's decision, but did not ask him to make any report of the case, so that the facts might be before the Supreme Court. Just before the case was reached in the Supreme Court he came to Judge Gray and asked him to make a report. Judge Gray replied: 'Mr. A, if you had wanted me to make a report in this case you should have asked me at the time. If I am not asked to make a report I discharge the facts from my memory, and it would be impossible to do my work if I did not do so. I cannot and do not clog my memory with the facts of the cases which I have tried after I have made my decision unless I am asked to make a report.' Mr. A replied, 'You will perhaps remember that you fell from your horse this summer and broke your arm shortly after this case was heard, and I felt at the time that it would be indelicate for me to trouble you with any request for a report, and therefore I waited.' Judge Gray replied, 'Mr. A, that accident happened a year ago last summer and not last summer, which only shows how difficult it is to remember facts after a lapse of time.'

Charles Francis Adams the younger thus describes him as he was in the late fifties: 'To me there was something at that time very attractive and sympathetic about Horace Gray. A certain

brusqueness of manner and roughness of occasional speech, which caused him then and later to be criticised by many, were not apparent to me. Very tall, but not yet heavy in frame, active of limb and quick in mind — both mentally and physically alert — there was a frankness, geniality, and friendliness of manner about him, an apparently outspoken enjoyment of life and companionship which appealed strongly.'

He was from the first a very handsome and very commanding figure wherever he was, capable of impressing every one who met him with his power, and of enforcing obedience wherever he had the right to command. But Mr. Adams is right in speaking of his 'enjoyment of life and companionship.' The writer first met him when he was a guest of Charles Sumner in Washington during the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, and for a day or two sat side by side with him on the floor of the Senate while he watched the proceedings. He was full of fun, and responded cordially and with evident enjoyment to jokes of the sort which young men just out of college are ready to make. His geniality was very winning, and the delightful experience was the beginning of very pleasant relations, which continued during his life, except as they were clouded by his condemnation of 'Mugwump' activities and opposition to the Republican party, which, like his friends Judge and Senator Hoar, he always cordially supported. It may be doubted, however, whether he was as unsparing in his judgment as was the Senator, who in a public speech during the Blaine campaign denounced the Republicans who supported Cleveland as 'the vilest set of political assassins that ever disgraced this or any other country.'

In society and at the dinner-table he always shone, for he was interested in many subjects, talked well himself, and brought out the best in others, thus making the company feel that enjoyment of companionship of which Mr. Adams speaks. It was always a pleasure to be with him, and whether in Boston or Washington he found the fires of life burn bright and enjoyed their warmth.

His social qualities and his high position naturally led to his election as a member of the Saturday Club, and he became a member in 1873. After he was called to Washington his attendance at

the dinners of the Club was naturally infrequent, and as he seems to have left no diary and his papers are inaccessible, we can only assume that he was always welcome at its meetings and enjoyed them as much as his associates enjoyed him.

He was by nature conservative, and remained a bachelor until June 4, 1889, when he married Jane Matthews, daughter of Mr. Justice Matthews, and began a very happy married life. No better words can end this sketch than those with which Senator Hoar concluded his memoir: 'Certainly, certainly, his life was fortunate. It lasted to a good old age. But the summons came to him when his eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated. He drank of the cup of the waters of life while it was sweetest and clearest, and was not left to drink it to the dregs. He was fortunate, also, almost beyond the lot of humanity, in that by a rare felicity the greatest joy of youth came to him in an advanced age. Everything that can make life honorable, everything that can make life happy — honor, success, the consciousness of usefulness, the regard of his countrymen, and the supremest delight of family life — all were his. His countrymen take leave of him as another of the great and stately figures in the long and venerable procession of American judges.'

MOORFIELD STOREY

EDWARD NEWTON PERKINS

1820–1899

Unlike the laborious days of many of his associates of the Saturday Club, but the same in the spirit of unselfishness and devotion to his fellow-men, was the life of Edward Newton Perkins, brother of Charles Callahan Perkins. He was born on Pearl Street, Boston, on April 18, 1820, the son of James Perkins, Jr., and Eliza Green (Callahan) Perkins. His father, grandfather, and uncle, and their many charitable and public-spirited interests, have already been mentioned in this volume, and his brother Charles's generous and devoted interest in promoting the culture of music and the fine arts has also been recorded. The traits of disinterested citizenship and public spirit were hereditary in the family; and Edward Perkins's own contributions to the tradition, though modestly made and without claims of leadership, formed one of the chief interests of his life. The love of art, native in him and cultivated in Europe, made him a helpful and valued member of the community at a time when it was eminently valuable in New England; for until the publication of his brother Charles's books, and the revival of culture to which they contributed, art and music in New England had been popularly regarded as unworthy of the average man's serious interest or attention. As one of Perkins's classmates writes, he became a useful and honorable citizen because he was a wise and generous steward of the wealth which had come into his hands.

He went to school in Cambridge for a short time, and then was so well tutored at home that he was able to enter the Class of 1841 in the sophomore year. Entering late, he had none of the usual first-year opportunities for forming associations with his classmates, and, moreover, his tastes and interests were somewhat maturer than those of the average college boy; but, though for a time he lived somewhat apart from the current of his class, his winning manners, courteous bearing, attractive smile, and constant gener-

osity soon commanded the respect of all, and of some a love and esteem that endured for fifty years.

Upon leaving college his tastes and desires led him to travel extensively and at leisure abroad. His first trip was in 1844. At one time or another he visited nearly all the countries of Europe; and an adventure which caused a long diplomatic correspondence, with characteristic results, befell him while he and his wife, sister, and mother were in Perugia in 1859. The town was attacked by the Papal troops, and was in the hands of rioters, who were sacking and burning it, and he and those with him were in danger of being murdered. An Italian soldier who spoke English secreted them and helped them to escape. For this service Perkins bought the soldier's release from the army, brought him and his family to this country, and after entertaining them under his own roof bought him a house and established him in business.

In Jamaica Plain Perkins owned extensive tracts of land, a large portion of which is now embodied in the Boston park system. The first house in which he lived there was built by a Frenchman, Le Money. Most of the stone and part of the wood used in its construction was brought from Europe, and the house, with many false panels, concealed stairways and hidden closets, was regarded as one of the best at its time. Of its destruction by fire, Bishop Lawrence has the following remembrance: 'His house, Pine Bank, on Jamaica Pond was full of beautiful things brought by him from Italy. As a boy, I was at its burning, was in the house after the fire had destroyed most of it, and recall the men ripping out a beautiful marble mantel and carrying it out. A wine cellar was beneath, and men got drunk below while the fire raged above, for it started at the roof and burned slowly. These were the days of the old order — or disorder — at fires.' This house was immediately replaced by the mansion now occupied by the Children's Museum of the City of Boston. Here he lived for many years, one of the most esteemed citizens of Jamaica Plain, busied with his charitable and literary interests, an official for many years of the Jamaica Plain Episcopal Church, now known as Saint John's, with the affairs of which he was closely identified; a trustee of the Boston Athenæum, of St. Paul's School of Concord, New Hampshire,

and of the Perkins Institution for the Blind. He was one of the body of men who subscribed for the purchase of part of the library of George Washington for the Athenæum. He was interested also in the formation of societies for the improvement of agriculture and horticulture. During the last few years of his life he made his home with his niece, Miss E. C. Cleveland, at the corner of Perkins and Chestnut Streets, where, after three years of ill-health which took the form of mental depression, he died on September 12, 1899.

Edward N. Perkins was in disposition gentle and amiable, and in demeanor invariably kind and courteous. Retiring, but richly endowed with humor, he has been described by those who knew him personally as thoroughly charming, with the manners of the old school. Bishop Lawrence describes him as 'of delicate appearance physically, of very refined tastes, with a manner somewhat like that of Samuel Eliot, who was President of Trinity College.'

Longfellow gives in his diary the following attractive picture of festivities at Jamaica Plain in the rural days. The occasion was that of Perkins's marriage to Mary Spring in 1846: '*June* 10th. In the evening drove to Pine Bank, where Edward Perkins gave a superb *fête champêtre*, on the occasion of his marriage. The evening, the blue lake, the boat with its white sail; the music, the dance on the greensward; the broad-spreading tent, "like a morning-glory inverted"; the crowd, well-dressed, and fair to see; the gleam of lamps through the gathering twilight, the procession to supper — the young bride led on by the white-haired Mr. Otis — all made a picture in my mind of great beauty. Then followed fireworks; and as we drove away the broad moon rose over the trees.'

A lover of beauty, a lover of life, Edward Perkins was not merely the conventional benefactor. He used his wealth in giving, but he was at heart, like his brother, an artist, and lived close to his ideals. Thus his community of friends profited by more than the money he so freely gave where it was most needed. His wealth had given him the liberty to do as he pleased; but his nature drew him irresistibly to beauty and to service.

1874

ASA GRAY

1810–1888

IN 1718 some Londonderry Presbyterians came to Boston, among them the Gray family, and were sent to reinforce the population of the exposed village of Worcester. Ninety-two years later, sprung from this stock, in Sauquoit, Oneida County, New York, was born Asa Gray. His father was a tanner, and Asa's first usefulness was to drive the old horse in the mill-round, grinding bark. His education began at three years; he was an ambitious scholar; work was easy to him because of a wonderful memory. Mineralogy and chemistry first interested him. He decided to study medicine, and, about the time he entered Fairfield Medical College, he chanced on a botanical work and impatiently waited for April to bring flowers.

He took his medical degree in 1831. His friend and assistant, our former member Dr. William G. Farlow, said, 'The opening of his office marked the beginning and the end of his medical career.' His life work took him far away from his birthplace, but, writing in his old age to Sir Joseph Hooker, of a family meeting there, he affectionately tells of 'the pretty country, the upper valley of the Mohawk, . . . the beautiful, rolling hills, and valleys well cultivated, more like much of rural England than anything else you saw over there.'

Having early begun a botanical correspondence with leading botanists, while lecturing in the Fairfield Medical College, he was, in 1833, called to New York by Professor Torrey as his assistant in chemistry and botany. Having published his 'Elements of Botany' in 1836, he was appointed botanist of the United States Expedition under Lieutenant Wilkes to explore the Southern seas, but resigned this position in 1837, and was appointed Professor in the University of Michigan, stipulating for a year's travel and study in Europe, where he was to purchase books for its library.

Dr. Gray's first visit to Europe was a wonderful success. He

met Sir William Hooker in Glasgow and his son (later Sir Joseph), with both of whom he formed fast friendships and in whose herbaria he diligently worked, then, and often in future years. On the Continent he made acquaintance and friendship with the celebrated botanists of each country that he visited. The Doctor's cordial directness, quick and open mind, his knowledge, eager zeal and generosity were his permanent passport among the scientific brotherhood, and they corresponded and helped one another thereafter. During 1839 the happy botanist covered an immense amount of ground from the Adriatic and Upper Danube, through Northern Italy, the Tyrol, Austria, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Holland, largely on foot, collecting and conferring with fellow enthusiasts.

At this period Linnæus's provisional theory of classification of plants, based on their sexual system, was giving way to the natural system to which he looked forward, when collections from a world-wide range should give the material. Jussieu and de Candolle had made a good beginning, based on affinity. Dr. Gray with Dr. Torrey followed up in this their first volume of the 'Flora of North America,' published in 1838, a work which they soon found must be delayed until the flood of new material coming in from all regions could make their decisions safer.

Dr. Gray, returning at the end of the year to keep his appointment with the University of Michigan, found that the hard times resulting from the financial crisis of 1837 must postpone his engagement there. But well content thus to gain time he explored the North Carolina mountains, and studied and wrote until his first visit to Boston in the winter of 1841–42.

In January he dined with President Quincy of Harvard College, who, at once recognizing in him a valuable man, soon offered him the positions of Fisher Professor of Natural History and Curator of the Botanic Garden. Although the salary was low, Dr. Gray accepted the offer, making the condition that the zoölogy was to be separated from the duties involved. Before his call to Cambridge, Gray had been chosen into the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He became a zealous member; winter storms could not keep him from the meetings, all engagements had to give way,

Asa Gray

and soon he inspired it with new life. Within a year he was invited to give a course in the Lowell Institute. This gratifying offer rather alarmed the young 'Westerner' of that period. When Dr. Gray proposed, instead of lectures in the regular course, to give a collateral scientific course with a small admission fee, Mr. Lowell at once offered to engage him for two or three years. 'But I told him,' wrote the modest Doctor, 'he had better wait to see how I succeeded.' When Mr. Lowell told him that he was treating with President Wayland to lecture on Natural Theology, and with Faraday and Owen for scientific courses, the young botanist could hardly have helped being proud of his classing.

Before good botanical work could be done in the Garden and in teaching, it was necessary to have books and specimens. Dr. Farlow wrote of his friend, 'A salary of one thousand dollars, which was all that he received for some years, would not now seem to afford much opportunity for such purchase. But Gray had been trained to be frugal, and he soon managed on this scanty income, and with absolutely no property of his own, to bring together a large library, and to collect an admirable herbarium.'

The Doctor took a zealous part in the forming of a Scientific Club in Cambridge with the professors and other friends as members. 'Many of the new interests in science were here first presented by him.' In its distinguished or accomplished membership it numbered Agassiz and Peirce, and must have included Wyman.

Dr. Gray was most happily married to Miss Jane Loring shortly after he settled in Cambridge.

I recall with a little sadness this charming man in the classroom. He never accepted, as, unhappily, many of the Faculty seemed to accept, the 'natural enemies' theory of instructors and college boys, the miserable heritage from the past. He, friendly and natural as an unspoiled child, and loving his theme, had always in the group that 'took botany' many idle and unmannerly boys. His subject was one he loved, and he began with fresh zeal; but he was not a fluent speaker, and of course was disturbed at the frequent inattention and slight disorder. Yet he was always respected by all, and much valued by the few who cared for the subject. At the Garden he was kindness itself, was like a good uncle to any one who

came for knowledge. He was childless, but liked young people. When, in after years, he met any student who had shown any interest, he greeted him with a cordiality that could not but be considered a great compliment. To be admitted to his home and the presence of Mrs. Gray was a privilege long to be remembered.

There was in Dr. Gray a youthful freshness of character shown in his pleasant face, his quick, direct speech, and in the motions of his body, all through life. His heart and his mind were open, but his eyes were wide open too. Cheating by idle boys went on in recitation, but he did not deign to correct it. As one of his earlier students said:[1] 'The Professor's idea was that we were old enough to know what was good for us, and ought to be above childish negligence and tricks. . . . All the wiser ones he would take to his garden; . . . how much that meant! . . . I think we had no teacher whom we at the last regarded more affectionately or approached more closely; and many an indolent one was won to warm interest and diligence.

'Those were the days when the older science was rocking to its foundations in a re-shaping at the hands of new and brilliant men, . . . Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and the rest. . . . Here all unconsciously we were in contact with a man who was in the thick of the new scientific movement, the friend and partner in the strivings of the daring new interpreters of the ways of God to men, and who was to have recognition as a specially effective apostle of the new dispensation. Abraham himself entertained his angel no more unawares than we, but gleams of fine radiance sometimes broke through even to our purblind perceptions.'

In the early summer of 1850 Dr. Gray and his wife sailed in a packet ship for Europe. In England they were everywhere welcomed. He worked there with English *confrères* for months classifying and often naming the plants brought home by the United States Exploring Expedition, which had been sent westward over the Atlantic for that purpose. Then he spent the winter in hard work in Sir William Hooker's herbarium.

[1] I quote here, as in several other places in this volume, from the interesting book called *The Last Leaf*, written by Dr. James Kendall Hosmer of the Class of 1855, Harvard. (G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.) S. W. E.

The beauty of the English private gardens must have delighted him. Everywhere, travelling or visiting, his eager intelligence, natural manners, and kindly face made friends for Dr. Gray among persons even of other fame and interests. On the Continent he had met Agassiz's brother-in-law Braun and his other Swiss friends Godet, Brissier, and Alphonse de Candolle; in Holland, De Vries and Miguel,[1] and, on his return to England he found Dr. Joseph Hooker just back from the Himalayas, and Thomas Thompson, the East Indian explorer. But it was a day for a red mark when he was invited to the Hookers' to meet Charles Darwin, already famous for his exploring expeditions the whole world over. It was eight years before Darwin's startling 'Origin of Species' was to appear, but Gray's studies were quietly enlightening him, a faithful orthodox Christian, through actual sight of a Creation going on under his eyes later to stand the surprise without serious shock.

In the spring of 1851 the Grays went to Paris for two months. There the Doctor rejoiced in renewing his acquaintance with the botanists. His wife records, 'And here to meet him came old Michaux' (the younger, then eighty-one) 'who had walked from home (fifteen leagues) for the pleasure of seeing Dr. Gray. And it was at Dr. Gray's request that both Michaux and Jussieu sat for their daguerreotypes for him, the only satisfactory likenesses of either.' This was François André Michaux, who, sent out by the French government in 1785 to study and report on American forest trees, devoted himself to that work for seven years, returning fourteen years before Gray was born.[2]

In this absence of more than a year Dr. Gray everywhere combined with travel and social pleasures an immense amount of work. Science and the garden were enriched by his collections and new facts. His relations with foreign botanists brought equal advantages to them, and his own teaching on his return was relieved by interesting and almost affectionate correspondence with them.

The advance sheets of his friend Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' so

[1] After seeing at Ghent, the best garden in Belgium, Dr. Gray was well pleased to find it 'by no means so rich or half so well kept as ours in Cambridge.'

[2] François's father, André Michaux, came out with his son, and during the same period studied our plants from Florida to Hudson's Bay, and established botanical gardens in Charleston and New York.

startling to his generation, reached Gray in the latter days of the year 1859, and, at the same time, a letter of high praise for it from Dr. Joseph Hooker. In answering this Gray writes: 'It is done in a masterly manner. It might well have taken twenty years to produce it. It is crammed full of most interesting matter, thoroughly digested, well expressed, close, cogent; and, taken as a system, it makes out a better case than I had supposed possible. I will write to Darwin when I get a chance. . . . He and you shall have fair play here.' He adds that he shall write a review of Darwin's book for *Silliman's Journal*, 'the more so that I suspect Agassiz means to come out upon it. . . . I doubt if I shall please you altogether. I know I shall not please Agassiz at all.'

Gray was as good as his word. Darwin wrote to him for aid in protecting his book from piracy in America, which Gray exerted himself to give. Darwin also asked for his criticism. I quote some sentences from Gray's generous letter with its wise reservation of immediate entire verdict: 'The best part, I think, is *the whole*, that is, its plan and treatment, the vast amount of facts and acute inferences, handled as if you had a perfect mastery of them. . . . Then your candor is worth everything to your cause. It is refreshing to find a person with a new theory who frankly confesses that he finds difficulties insurmountable, at least for the present. I know some people who never have any difficulties to speak of. . . . The moment I understood your premises, I felt sure you had a real foundation to hold on. . . .

'My review of your book does not exhibit anything like the full force of the impression the book has made on me. Under the circumstances, I suppose I do your theory more good here by bespeaking for it a fair and favorable consideration, and by standing noncommitted as to its full consideration than I should if I announced myself; nor could I say the latter with truth. . . . I am free to say that I never learnt so much from one book as I have from yours. . . .'

This devout Christian had no fear of anything that trained eyes and straight thinking could show man in the universe. His religion was so simple — love for God and man, and not for man-made dogmas — that Evolution doctrines, when they should be proved, did not trouble him. The great, benign First-Cause was

behind all the wondrous methods. To show the friendly relation of two great and genial men of science belonging to Harvard, in the days when the new doctrine was still a firebrand — both of them reverent and religious — I give the following. Writing in January, 1859, to his friend and ally, John Torrey, about a social meeting of the American Academy, Gray says: 'I am going to hold forth for nearly an hour upon Japan botany in its relation to ours and the rest of the northern temperate zone, and knock out the underpinnings of Agassiz's theories about species and their origin; show, from the very facts that stumbled De Candolle, the high probability of single and local creation of species, and turn some of Agassiz's guns against him. I introduced it here at Club [1] last month, and Agassiz took it very well.'

The clergy, the men of science, and the laity met in rancorous discussion through the press *in re* Darwin *vs.* Genesis. Dr. Gray kept his head, stoutly and sanely stood for fair play, and denounced the gross misstatements of the new doctrine. Dr. Gray was reared in orthodox environment. His intimate searchings into living plants increased his faith in conscious design and beneficent power, but he had found no trace of a jealous and pitiless Jehovah. Dogmas dropped away; the instinct of grateful worship always remained, and he loved to join in its offices.

Darwin's book by no means disturbed Gray; he accepted natural selection as far as it went, but saw that it was insufficient to explain variation, and, though Darwin laid all emphasis on the former, Gray recognized, what Lamarck had taught an earlier generation, the manifest effects of environment. Yet the relations between the English and the American scientist were always most friendly, and Darwin considered Gray the best expounder of his views. Gray especially saw with delight beneficial variations, and behind these the Creator helping the little plant. Dr. Gray delighted in the efforts and instincts (I don't know whether he used those words) of plants to help and secure themselves, as, for instance, their ingenuity and success in climbing. Dr. Farlow writes how, in 1866, his study was much occupied by climbers, and notes were constantly taken of their times of revolution. 'Dr. Gray

[1] Presumably the Scientific Club mentioned above, p. 61.

hardly ever passed in or out of the herbarium without stroking (patting them on the back by way of encouraging them, it almost seemed) the tendrils of the climbers on the walls and porch.' The amazing and successful devices of Sundew (Dionæa) and others of their kind, to lure, intoxicate, secure, and digest unwary insects, and set the trap again, was also a favorite study. Good-natured as he was, Dr. Farlow says, 'he loved to prick the bubble of pomposity. . . . On listening to a lecturer who had the habit of saying little in a great many words, he said to me, "Don't ever lecture about botany. When you lecture, say something."'

At the outbreak of the Rebellion Dr. Gray was fifty years old, but his spirit was stirred, and he at once joined and faithfully drilled with an emergency company of Cambridge men who could not immediately go to the front, specially gathered to guard the Cambridge Arsenal. In October he wrote to the younger professor of botany at Yale, 'You are happy in being able to do something direct. Find me a useful place in the army, and I will go at once. My wife and I have scraped up $500, all that we can scrape, and lent it to the United States. I am amazed that people do not come forward with their money — those that can't go to fight. I wish I could do both.' On the subject of the war Dr. Gray never hesitated to speak or write bravely and frankly to his friends here or in Europe.

To Darwin he wrote soon after the Secession had occurred: 'I imagine it is now universally felt here that, if we do not do it [i.e., carry on the fighting], we shall have to eat much dirt; that the establishment of a rival power on our long Southern line of the free States, to be played off against us, is not to be submitted to, if it can be prevented at any sacrifice. God help us, indeed, if our honorable existence is to have no better safeguard than the generosity or sense of justice of more powerful nations!' The wisdom of this word of the brave botanist the twentieth century has proved. Then, speaking of the resentment felt here at England's unfriendly attitude, he goes on: 'The feelings of others, who have been exceedingly fond of England — and these are mine — are, that we must be strong to be secure and respected — natural selection quickly crushes out weak nations.' The good Briton was slow to understand the real quarrel and situation, but, to the credit of

both, their friendship and their respect one for the other held out through the strain. Gray's kind but plain-spoken words had an enlightening effect. Scientific interchange was unbroken, through the letters. At the end of 1862 Dr. Gray writes, 'No, dear Darwin, we don't scorn your joining in the prayer that we daily offer that "God would help our poor Country," and I know and appreciate your honest and right feeling.'

Writing to De Candolle on Christmas Day, 1863, Dr. Gray tells him of the relief and the pleasure that the year has brought him. Anxious for the safety from destruction, by fire or other causes, of his own herbarium, the collection gathered through years, he had offered it as his gift to Harvard University together with his botanical library, if a fireproof building were built in the Botanic Garden for their keeping and a small fund assured for its maintenance. To his delight, a generous Boston banker provided the building, and friends gathered the funds needed for its support. Dr. Gray said, 'To secure this I gladly divest myself of the ownership of collections which have absorbed most of my small spare means for the last thirty years, and which are valued at $20,000 or more.'

Dr. Gray continued his instruction at the college with no assistant until 1871, when he offered his resignation; but he was induced to remain, and soon afterwards was relieved of part of his work by Dr. Goodale and Dr. Farlow. With occasional trips, in which his recreation was mainly the gain to his botanical knowledge, Dr. Gray bore steadily in mind the completion of his great work, 'The Flora of North America.' Though genial and of wide interests, he was a great worker all his days. Absolutely loyal to truth, as he and others seemed to find it, at a time when world-wide exploration was fast increasing, and when theories, unheard of before, were on trial, his work not only grew enormously on his hands, but required frequent revision. This his delicate conscience exacted from him, yet he did not allow himself to be discouraged. He was singularly free from scientific jealousies, and rejoiced in others' work.

Dr. Gray was elected into the Saturday Club in 1873, at the same time as Mr. William D. Howells. His qualities made him an admirable member.

When the Doctor was nearly seventy years old, he wrote to a friend, 'I like an article to begin or end with a snapper.' The following lines shall serve, written to him on his seventy-fifth birthday by Lowell:

'Just Fate, prolong his life well-spent,
Whose indefatigable hours
Have been as gaily innocent
And fragrant as the flowers.'

EDWARD W. EMERSON

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

1837–1920

Dr. Emerson in his 'Early Years of the Saturday Club' quotes the following passage from a letter by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1865 to John Lothrop Motley, then our Minister to England: 'Mr. Howells from Venice was here not long ago . . . This is a young man of no small talent. In fact his letters from Venice are as good travellers' letters as I remember since Eothen.' The young man thus lauded was not elected to the Saturday Club until nine years later, but in 1865 he was not wholly strange to Boston and he had already met in the flesh and even lunched with the great and kindly Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. The later Dean of American Letters, as he came to be termed, has set down for us most engagingly how he broke into the august literary circles of Boston and Cambridge when but twenty-two on the strength of self-introduction and two poems printed in a single number of the *Atlantic*. He has told us that, wearing in his breast pocket next his heart the little note which James Russell Lowell, the editor, had written him about them, he forayed forth from the Western Reserve where he had lived from youth as a printer and newspaper correspondent and which was still a wildernesss to the imagination of Boston, and penetrated to the old Tremont House, the 'groves of academe' at Harvard Square, and 'Old Harvard's scholar factories red.' Thence he proceeded, with proper awe, to Elmwood, where the author of the 'Biglow Papers' and 'Sir Launfal,' notwithstanding 'a certain frosty shyness, a smiling cold, as from the long, high-sunned winters of his Puritan race,' made him free of his whole heart, and at parting invited him to dine at the Parker House.

'I could not keep my eyes from those beautiful eyes of his, which had a certain starry serenity, and looked out so purely from under his white forehead, shadowed with auburn hair untouched by age; or from the smile that shaped the auburn beard, and gave the face in its form and color the Christ-like look which Page's portrait has flattered in it.' Such was the reverent memory of ardent

youth. But 'age' forsooth! For, as the ardent youth admits, Lowell was then but forty-one and did not reach 'the height of his fame' until 'thirty years after.' There was no fly in the ointment of the reception unless in the gentle correction 'when I said I had tried hard to believe that I was at least the literary descendant of Sir James Howels,' that I meant 'James Howel,' and his taking down the 'Familiar Letters' from the shelves behind to prove me wrong. This was always his habit, as I found afterwards. I, too, can add a gloss upon that practice, for I never felt more irate in my life than when a callow youth, yet not so young as I looked, and very sophisticated as to how polite society is clothed, I called on Lowell in London while he was Minister to England, and also was invited to dinner. But as I rose to end my call he felt constrained to add, 'You know we always dress for dinner here. It was on the tip of my tongue, and still lingers there, to reply, 'I was aware of that before you were born.'

At Parker's in a little upper room and at the old-fashioned Boston hour of two, the dinner table was laid for four. Besides Lowell and his guest there were Dr. Holmes and James T. Fields. It was at this introduction that the Autocrat, leaning over towards his host, said 'with a laughing look at me,' so the ardent youth records, 'Well, James, this is something like the apostolic succession; this is the laying-on of hands.' Sweet and caressing irony, according to the modest visitor, but veritable words of prophecy, nevertheless. Destiny had already in reserve, and not far away, as the chief lineal heir and successor to the genius and distinction of the great New England group then in its flower the guest of this occasion from the Western Reserve and son of a Swedenborgian, then partaking of 'the first dinner served in courses that [he] had ever sat down to.' Already he had faced the senior partner of Ticknor and Fields, the publishers of the *Atlantic*, in the little room at the back of the store, with its window looking upon School Street, who asked him if he had been paid for one of his poems, and, when 'I confessed that I had not, . . . got out a chamois leather bag and took from it five half-eagles in gold and laid them on the green cloth top of the desk in much the shape and of much the size of the Great Bear.' The dazzling lavishness of this twenty-five dollars,

set off by Mr. Ticknor's benediction, 'I always think it is pleasant to have it in gold,' stood out for ever as largess in the imagination of the poet not yet ready to condescend to become a novelist. We find his own averment of his ambition at the time on the first page of his 'Literary Friends and Acquaintance': 'If there was any one in the world who had his being more wholly in literature than I had in 1860, I am sure I should not know where to find him. . . . I had been for three years a writer of news paragraphs, book notices, and political leaders on a daily paper in an inland city and I do not know that my life differed outwardly from that of any other young journalist. . . . But inwardly it was altogether different with me. Inwardly I was a poet, with no wish to be anything else, unless in a moment of careless affluence I might so far forget myself as to be a novelist.'

The moment arrived eleven years later, in 1871, with the appearance of 'Their Wedding Journey,' that delicately humorous and charmingly intimate excursion into commonplace reality, the instant vogue of which among the discerning of that day determined its author's career. From this time forth Howells's desires to be either poet, critic, or literary humanitarian were subordinated to his fecundity as a novelist, though he continued to pursue all three of these avocations, the last of them so intensively that in some of his latest novels he seems more eager to blaze the path for a new social order than to add to the gallery of everyday heroes and heroines, exemplars of his own period, whose national verisimilitude is to my mind his crowning distinction. I inquired of him once in his declining years — very likely at a luncheon of this club — how firm a hold he used to have upon his characters. His incisive answer came like a flash — 'The grip of a bull dog.' All familiar with 'A Modern Instance' and 'Silas Lapham,' where his discerning genius reached high-water mark in the combination of graphic force with his ever delicious presentment of everyday Americans other than of the spreadeagle, cowboy, or proudly ungrammatical varieties, must feel the truth of this.

Following the laying-on of hands at the dinner at Parker's the rise of Howells was rapid for one so modest; though, to be sure, his quiet self-reliance led him, but in vain, to propose himself in 1860

to James T. Fields as assistant editor of the *Atlantic*. Indeed his early circuit of the shining lights of New England resulted in occasional disappointment. He tells us that Thoreau 'tried to place me geographically after he had given me a chair not quite so far off as Ohio, though still across the room, for he sat against one wall, and I against the other.' They did not hit it off together. Emerson too, who came to the door when he called, 'stood on the threshold with the card in his hand, and looking from it to me with a vague serenity.' But though the younger critic thought the great poet's smile the very sweetest he had ever beheld, he did not find what he had to say about the West 'very accurate or important.' Emerson invited him to stay to dinner, and after it 'we walked about in his pleached garden.' Yet when the conversation turned to certain criticisms on current poetry and the visitor instanced those of Poe, '"Oh," [Emerson] cried out after a moment, as if he had returned from a far search for my meaning, "*You mean the jingle man.*"' Yet despite this disillusion Howells gladly, though still modestly, accepted the post of consul at Venice, where from 1861 to 1865 his studies in the language and literature of Italy resulted in the papers, 'Venetian Life,' printed in book form in England. These were much admired. On his return he formed connections with the New York *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Nation*, only to be recalled to Boston in 1866 and realize his earlier ambition to become assistant editor of the *Atlantic*. James T. Fields bargained with him for fifty dollars per week, ten dollars more than he was getting in New York. They closed upon these terms on Howells's twenty-ninth birthday, and he was now in the traditional line of preferment. He succeeded Fields as editor-in-chief in 1872, and held the position until 1881. By this time his literary star was well in the ascendant, and, desirous of more time for writing his novels, he moved to New York to accept a niche with the Harpers, and in 1900 to assume the revived editorship of George William Curtis's department, 'The Easy Chair,' in their monthly magazine. For twenty years he was its incumbent, becoming and continuing to be the charming yet independent and suggestive mentor for the thoughtful public. In almost his last 'Easy Chair,' his seat in which he held until his death, he reviewed with a reminiscent pen

'The Early Days of the Saturday Club' just published, and recalled the worthies to most of whose distinction he himself, still modest, had succeeded.

The twin planets of the new American orbit of fiction — to-day already old-fashioned — were Howells and Henry James. Even the parrot-like in the late seventies and early eighties used as the catchword of culture, 'Howells and James.' At the Memorial public meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters following the death of Howells I said:

'From the point of view of strict analysis, there were of course marked dissimilarities between the two, dissimilarities which widened with time, though they were warm friends and mutual admirers to the end. Each became a master in his line, but even in that first period when they were most alike, Mr. James seemed bent on explaining his countrymen and countrywomen to Europe with furtive apologies, while the soul of Mr. Howells was set on explaining Americans to themselves. His goal from the outset was to interpret our social civilization or lack of it in terms of everyday human nature. . . .

'One way of approach to the greatness of Howells as a novelist is to picture the loss to American letters if his thirty or more novels, portraying the familiar types who lived, moved, and had their being during the half-century following the Civil War, had never been written. Where is there such another continuous portrait gallery of recognizable Americans? Not, to be sure, of Americans who made a show of shirt sleeves, bowie knives, or bluster, but of nearly all the rest. It has no rival in sequence or comprehensiveness. Compared with it, the work of others in the same period seems episodic. In any estimate of individual influence on the development of American fiction, Howells stands forth preëminent as the one creditor of our day to whom all writers and most readers feel eternally indebted. He is the chronicler incarnate of our manners and customs, of our intimate thoughts and involuntary class reactions. Through the conduct and speech of the heroes and heroines of his pages, conveyed with never-failing grace of style and delicate humor, he has familiarized us with our undistinguished selves, poking fun with unsparing but ever gentle irony at

our shortcomings and foibles, yet charming us into reverence for the springs of action underlying his atmosphere of commonplaceness. Never too obviously, but inevitably, life's drama hinges on the moral suasion innate in the New England soul, from the spell of which he was never free.'

If this estimate seem excessive, it is at least sustained by a passage in a letter from Rudyard Kipling read at the same Memorial Meeting as follows:

'A short time after I came across the "Venetian Letters," and while I was still in India, "A Modern Instance" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham" were read aloud in a family that took a keen interest in books and was fairly conversant with American literature. Here, to us, was a new world altogether — a large, undoctored view into lives which did not concern or refer themselves for judgment to any foreign canon or comparison, but moved in their proper, national orbit, beneath their own skies and among their own surroundings.... He was concerned and passionately concerned with the springs, spiritual and mental, of the life of his own land, at a time when, as I see it, that land, recovering from the upheaval of the Civil War, and not yet subjected to any vast invasion of unrelated aliendom, had developed into the full individuality that he interpreted to its people and all the world without.

'Taking the twenty years of his work that lie between "Their Wedding Journey" (1872) and "The Quality of Mercy" (1892) one sees now how genuine, how loyal and reverent was that interpretation. His realism — his even, objective attitude and deliberate avoidance of psychological analysis — is a world removed from what is called realism to-day, and perhaps for that very reason likely to endure the longer. His charm by which, without splendor of words or forcing of manner, he wrought upon men in remote countries to admire and respect the apparently commonplace with which he veiled his intention, was his own secret; and that he saw deeply into the possibilities of the future for America his "Hazard of New Fortunes" will testify.'

With his sensitive gift for discrimination, Norton, in the last years of his life ('Letters of Charles Eliot Norton,' by Sara Norton and M. A. DeW. Howe, Vol. II, p. 360), wrote: 'I rejoice in the un-

abated power of work in a man like Howells, nearing the end of youth. What an incomparably sweet and delightful nature he was blessed with, and how faithful he has been to it! I never can cease to regret for his own sake that he had so late a coming into his rights as a novelist. He should have been born into the purple of the kingdom of good letters. Neither he nor Henry James has been as good as they would have been if they had been trained with some acquaintance in childhood with Homer and Virgil and the historic stream of imagination in literature.'

On the other hand a great contemporary and close friend, Mark Twain, rejoiced in print in Mr. Howells's writing thus:[1]

'For forty years his English has been to me a continual delight and astonishment. In the sustained exhibition of certain great qualities — clearness, compression, verbal exactness, and unforced and seemingly unconscious felicity of phrasing — he is, in my belief, without his peer in the English-writing world. *Sustained.* I entrench myself behind that protecting word. There are others who exhibit those great qualities as greatly as does he, but only by intervaled distributions of rich moonlight, with stretches of veiled and dimmer landscape between; whereas Howells's moon sails cloudless skies all night and all the nights.

'In the matter of verbal exactness Mr. Howells has no superior, I suppose. He seems to be almost always able to find that elusive and shifty grain of gold, the *right word.* Others have to put up with approximations, more or less frequently; he has better luck. To me, the others are miners working with the gold-pan — of necessity some of the gold washes over and escapes; whereas, in my fancy, he is quicksilver raiding down a riffle — no grain of the metal stands much chance of eluding him. . . . Whenever we come upon one of those intensely right words in a book or a newspaper the resulting effect is physical as well as spiritual, and electrically prompt; it tingles exquisitely around through the walls of the mouth and tastes as tart and crisp and good as the autumn-butter that creams the sumac-berry. . . .'

And citing a passage from Howells's paper on Machiavelli, Mr.

[1] Thanks are here given to Messrs. Harper and Brothers for leave to use the quotations which follow.

Clemens goes on: 'You see how easy and flowing it is; how unvexed by ruggednesses, clumsinesses, broken meters; how simple and — so far as you or I can make out — unstudied; how clear, how limpid, how understandable, how unconfused by cross-currents, eddies, undertows; how seemingly unadorned, yet is all adornment, like the lily-of-the-valley; and how compressed, how compact, without a complacency-signal hung out anywhere to call attention to it.'

I have already mentioned that Howells was elected to the Saturday Club in 1874. He was then editor-in-chief of the *Atlantic Monthly* and living in Cambridge. From the 'carpenters' box' on Sacramento Street where in 1866, as Mr. Firkins reminds us, 'the young couple began their participation in the favored life of Cambridge, "that life so refined, so intelligent, so gracefully simple" that Mr. Howells doubts if the world could show its parallel,' he had removed to a larger house near Harvard Square. His impression of that vicinity is contained in a reference to Longfellow that 'when he appeared in Harvard Square he beatified if not beautified the ugliest and vulgarest looking spot on the planet outside of New York.' Still later he removed to Belmont, and for three years, which include the year 1886, he was all but next-door neighbor to Dr. Holmes 'in that part of Beacon Street whither he removed after he left his old home in Charles Street.'

Howells's own record of attendance at the Saturday Club prior to 1906 does not appear to be available. But from his references here and there to the attendance of its illustrious members, one gathers that it was fairly constant. After moving to New York, he rarely if ever came, as was inevitable, until 1906, when he attended twice. There is a gap until 1913 when he appeared at three luncheons and at the same number in 1914. So on occasionally, including the meeting of October, 1919, the autumn of the year before his death. For one winter he had an apartment on Mt. Vernon Street. My own delightful personal memories of him date chiefly from these later years. When I might have had the privilege of seeing something of him between 1872 and 1881, as did a few of my contemporaries with a larger bump of reverence, I had, though an absorbed reader of his novels, too many irons of my own in the

fire to be sensitive to the privilege of trying to meet even the editor of the *Atlantic*, unless it were by chance, especially if he lived in Cambridge.

Later on I came to know him well, though not intimately, and grew increasingly appreciative of his charm, and the inherent gentleness of his nature so entirely consistent with firmness of opinion. He was always sympathetic with those who dabbled in his own stream, and he liked to praise if he could. Though so much of a 'Traveler from Altruria,' at this period the influence of Tolstoi's philosophy was far less evident in his conversation than in his writings. Perhaps he found me too conventionally mundane for such confidences. His talk savored neither of omniscience nor dogmatism, yet offered a bubbling challenge to the complacency of a world of which he still liked to think well. I can see him arrive at the Saturday Club, perhaps a little late, self-effacingly shrink away from the head of the table as though he were of no importance, quietly seat himself next to some one he knew — for he was not void of method in his modesty — and gladden him with that charming smile. If that member happened to be I, as once or twice by good fortune it was, I felt myself much to be envied; for at least to his admirers, his wistful face in those later years was a shy but pellucid mirror of all the gentle though ever keen discriminations by which he had been able to portray to the life everyday yet mainly self-respecting American men and women of his time.

Robert Grant

1875

EDMUND QUINCY

1808–1877

THERE is a Boston story about a titled English visitor to the house of George Ticknor at the corner of Park and Beacon Streets, looking out of a front window one day, and seeing two passers-by so distinguished in mien and carriage that he abandoned his native reserve long enough to exclaim upon their appearance and even to ask who they were. 'Wendell Phillips and Edmund Quincy,' was his host's reply. It is not strange that the visitor had not already met the handsome kinsmen — for such they were through Quincy's grandmother, born Abigail Phillips — and it is not likely that Ticknor summoned them to any entertainment in his visitor's honor, since at this time, before the Civil War, they were both — as antislavery agitators and reformers at large — in ill repute with the highly conservative circle of which George Ticknor was a shining ornament.

When the war ended, Phillips turned his reforming zeal into other channels of agitation, of which woman suffrage was one, and consequently remained somewhat outside the Boston circle to which he naturally belonged. It was well after the war, to be sure, that his extraordinary gifts as a speaker won him an invitation to appear at Harvard as a Phi Beta Kappa orator; but the late Dr. E. H. Bradford used to tell his father's experience as one of Phillips's hearers on this occasion — to the effect that, finding himself carried away, against his will, by the orator's power, he was yet sufficiently himself (and perhaps sufficiently representative of many other Bostonians of his time) to murmur, as he smote his palms together in violent applause, 'The damned old liar, the damned old liar!'

Unlike Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, no less committed to a great variety of reforms in his earlier days, regarded the abolition of slavery as the achievement of the object nearest his heart, and, when the war was done, laid aside his activities as a crusader, contenting himself for the rest of his life, and delighting a large

circle of friends and kinsfolk, with his rôle of a charming and talented man of the world, witty, urbane, distinguished. In his young manhood he had studied law, which he never practised — and he enjoyed calling himself a 'reformed lawyer.' In his later life he might have been designated a reformed reformer. It was in this stage of his existence, in 1875 — only two years before his death — that he became a member of the Saturday Club, as Wendell Phillips never did, and was also elected an Overseer of Harvard College.

From that institution he graduated in 1827, two years before his father, Josiah Quincy, became its President. He was born in Boston, February 1, 1808, the second of his father's two sons. They, and their five remarkable sisters, lived long and actively enough — though falling short of their father's ninety-four fruitful years — to make both an individual and a collective impression upon their community. Edmund Quincy departed more than any of them from the conventional paths of his time and place. His beginnings were conventional enough — at Phillips Academy, Andover, where he was repelled by the ways of orthodoxy, at Harvard College, where he gave full play to his social instincts, and in the study of law, which he abandoned early. Finding himself in command of a sufficient income, he adopted the course thus described by his friend James Russell Lowell: 'Early in life he devoted himself deliberately to the somewhat arduous profession of gentleman, and certainly in the practice of it he achieved as great success as is possible in a country where we have busyness in the blood, and where leisure is looked upon as the larceny of time that belongs to other people.'

This course in itself was fairly unconventional for a Bostonian of Quincy's type. He rendered it vastly more so by employing his leisure not merely in literary pursuits, but also in the activities of an extreme reformer. Among his writings two books call for special mention — 'Wensley, a Story without a Moral,' published in 1854, and characterized by Whittier as 'the most readable book of the kind since Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance,"' and by Howells in the words, 'it came so near being a first-rate novel'; and the Life of his father (1868), which Lowell regarded as 'clearly the best

piece of biographical work that has been done in America and worthy to rank with the best of other countries.' Fashions in fiction change more rapidly than in biography, and the rather stately felicities of 'Wensley' seem to-day of quite another age without attaining that quality of permanence which overshadows the period of a book's production. The Life of Josiah Quincy, on the other hand, still stands as a biography of great interest and value regardless of its period.

The great mass of Edmund Quincy's writing, however, held by no means so respectable a place in the eyes of his contemporaries. This was because it lay rather in the field of controversial journalism, peculiarly irritating to disbelievers in unpopular causes. Quincy's chief cause was antislavery, into which he found himself impelled, according to the memoir of him which his nephew, Josiah Phillips Quincy, prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society, by a realization of the true significance of the atrocious murder of Lovejoy. His devotion to this cause found expression especially in his work through many years as Boston correspondent of the *Antislavery Standard* and New York *Tribune*. There were, moreover, many fugitive contributions to the press — Garrison's *Liberator*, the *Independent*, and other periodicals, including the *Atlantic Monthly*, for which Quincy and his fellows had to wait till 1857. His article 'Where will it end?' in the second issue of that magazine was, by the way, but one of nine articles in the same number by present and future members of the Saturday Club.

Of Quincy's letters to the *Tribune* Howells once wrote that they 'dealt frankly, in the old antislavery days between 1850 and 1860, with other persons of distinction in Boston, who did not see the light so clearly as Quincy did, or who, at least, let their interests darken them to the ugliness of slavery. Their fault was all the more comical because it was the error of men otherwise so correct, of characters so stainless, of natures so upright; and the Quincy letters got out of it all the fun there was in it.' Howells also remarked, 'Quincy affected me as the finest patrician type I had ever met. He was charmingly handsome, with a nose of most fit aquilinity, smooth-shaven lips, "educated whiskers" and perfect glasses; his manner was beautiful, his voice delightful, when, at

our first meeting, he made me his reproaches in terms of lovely kindness for having used in my "Venetian Life" the Briticism *directly* for *as soon as*.'

If this Saul among the prophets had confined himself to one reform he might have been tolerated, odious as his Garrisonian associates were to the conventionally minded. But he espoused the further causes of temperance and woman suffrage, and was even among those who broke away from the moderate policies of the American Peace Society and signed a Declaration of Sentiments adopted in 1833 by the New England Non-Resistance Society — a pacifistic document so extreme in its condemnation of all military interests that had its counterpart appeared some eight or ten years ago all of its signers would have found themselves at Leavenworth. Quincy showed the sincerity of his adherence to the extreme peace programme by becoming an editor of *The Non-Resistant*, the official organ of the New England Society, and by returning to Governor Everett his commission as justice of the peace on the ground that he could not consistently profess allegiance to a government which resisted evil by force. In short, through this period of his life he made the veritable prophetic appearance of a Tolstoian Christian. The liberality of his religious views blinded the eyes of his critics to the essential spirituality of his thought. His nephew even tells that when once he visited Vermont on an Abolitionist mission with Garrison and Phillips, there was a serious question about receiving him into the evangelical household in which the reformers were to pass the night — on the score that he was an 'infidel.' The scruples of the family were somehow overcome, and in the morning before the visitors moved on Phillips, asking why the hostess had so feared to admit Edmund Quincy within her doors, received the startling explanation, 'Of course we expected that he would curse and swear all the time.'

Quincy himself was quite alive to the impression his independence was creating, and in 1850 wrote these words, here borrowed from his nephew's memoir: 'I have had my share of slander and abuse for a man no more conspicuous than I am in my time. I have heard that I keep two mistresses . . . that I abuse my wife; that I make her do the family work; that I make her cook for

twelve niggers and afterwards wait upon them at table; that I brought two negro wenches to the house and make her associate with them . . . that my character in Dedham is so bad that not a soul will trust me for a cent. I have been called the Prince of Bigots, His Anti-Slavery Highness, an aristocrat, a hyena, and a squash; and I have possessed my soul in patience.'

Edmund Quincy's nephew, in the excellent memoir which provides the best available account of the subject of this brief sketch, makes the remark that 'no man who has lived to any purpose will feel bound to defend at sixty all the positions which he deemed impregnable at thirty.' This is so true that there is no occasion to regard Quincy as a renegade from his earlier principles if, as his nephew says again, 'he was frequently found,' in his later days, 'at dinner-tables from which wine was not banished, and offered very good claret at his own.' Lowell himself, one of Quincy's lifelong and closest friends, lost nothing in the estimation of the world by mitigating the ardors of his anti-slavery spirit as the cause neared and achieved its triumph. It is fitting, therefore, that Lowell, in his 'Bankside' sonnets — named for Quincy's Dedham place of which the poet wrote, 'I christened you in happier days' — should have characterized his friend in memorial terms which bring his image vividly to mind:

> 'The face alert, the manners free and fine,
> The seventy years borne lightly as the pine
> Wears its first down of snow in green disdain:
> Much did he, and much well; yet most of all
> I prized his skill in leisure and the ease
> Of life flowing full without a plan;
> For most are idly busy; him I call
> Thrice fortunate who knew himself to please,
> Learned in those arts that make a gentleman.'

This tribute, like the nephew's memoir, should be read entire. Each will be found to supplement the other. 'Thrice fortunate' they will indeed show him to have been. Yet he was not immune from the common lot of sorrows, and his nephew declares that 'the loss of two very promising boys and a wife who commanded his devoted attachment left ineffaceable marks upon his life.' His

wife, Lucilla P. Parker, a daughter of Daniel P. Parker, died in 1860, leaving him a son Edmund and a daughter Mary, neither of whom married, and a son Henry Parker Quincy, whose widow, a daughter of the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, our Civil War minister to Great Britain, has survived to the present. Yet, to revert to his bereavements — and for the last time to his nephew's memoir — there is no reason to believe that the feeling about death which he expressed in the years of his fullest vigor were modified as losses befell him and his own end drew near. 'Death, it seems to me,' he wrote in 1842, 'should be regarded as the greatest of earthly blessings — the accomplishment of our previous state of semi-spiritual existence. I enjoy this life highly — few more so; and few have more circumstances to make it pleasant to them; but it seems to me nothing to be compared with death as a thing to be desired.' It came to him as he might have wished, unheralded, at his house in Dedham, in the night of May 17, 1877, after a busy day in Boston and Cambridge, followed by the delivery of a lecture on 'Colonial Times' to his Dedham fellow-townsmen.

In considering the life of this member of the Saturday Club with reference to that organization, it need only be said that the Club appears to have been the loser in carrying his name upon its active roll for only two years.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

1831–1902

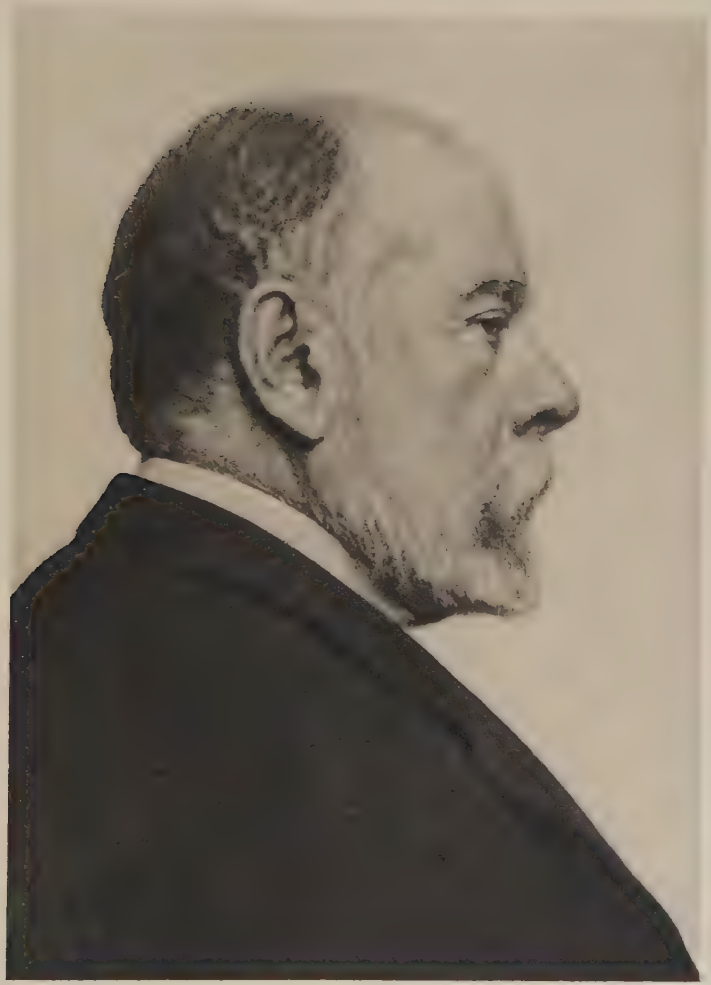
Edwin Lawrence Godkin was born at Moyne, County Wicklow, Ireland, October 2, 1831.[1] He came of English stock which settled in Wexford in the twelfth century and turned Protestant at the time of the Reformation. His father, a Presbyterian minister and an editor, ardently supported Home Rule in his later days. The boy attended a grammar school near Wakefield, England, and then went to Queen's College, Belfast, where he was graduated in 1851, having been chiefly interested there by the works of Mill, Grote, and Bentham. He began his editorial work very early, being on the staff of the school paper at Wakefield and writing for *Cassell's Magazine* before he left college. Looking forward to the law as his profession, he entered Lincoln's Inn in London, but his taste soon led him from law books to history and journalism, and in 1853 he published a history of Hungary, a work full of vigor and vividness, and remarkably accurate, considering the age of the author and the fact that he did not know the Magyar language. It attracted attention in quarters where attention might be useful to him; so that he not only received a handsome sword from the Hungarians, who were grateful to have their national story told eloquently in English, but was also invited by the London *Daily News* to become its correspondent in the Orient where the Crimean War was brewing. He suffered the hardships of the Crimean Campaign, took his share of the sickness which prevailed to a shocking extent, and, in spite of it all, furnished the *News* with correspondence of remarkable value. Although his war letters did not win for him an immediate reputation equal to that of W. H. Russell of the *Times*, they possessed permanent worth, and might well be printed in a volume even now, if the World War had not made the Crimean War seem a far-away episode, irrelevant, if not actually obsolete.

[1] Much of the material of this memoir is drawn, with the courteous permission of The Macmillan Company, from the *Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin*, ed. by Rollo Ogden (2 vols., New York, 1907).

Govone, an Italian journalist with whom he was intimate, described him as, 'Un buon diavalo, allegro, que ha spirito e parla poco.'

Returning from the war, Godkin passed a few months of indecision. He lectured a little, he wrote for the *Northern Whig* of Belfast decrying the narrowness of the Protestant party in its relation with the Catholics, and then, in 1856, he migrated to the United States. That country had long attracted him, probably more through its ideals than through its realization of the Democracy which underlay them. He landed at New York and made that his headquarters. The presidential campaign was on, Frémont being the Republican candidate, and Godkin spoke in his behalf. He fell in with several men of influence or with those of the new generation who were destined to become prominent. Among these was Frederick Law Olmsted, who took a horseback ride through the Southern States and described the conditions he saw there in volumes which like Arthur Young's 'Travels in France' retain their importance for the historian and for the general reader. Godkin, also, rode through the South, and sent letters to the London *News* on the cotton product; and he stored up many conclusions and impressions as to the effect of slavery alike on the slave owners and the slaves. He came back convinced that a social upheaval in the South could not be much longer delayed. Recognizing the uncertainty of the career of a special correspondent at that period, he turned again to the law as a profession which promised a steady livelihood. He read in the office of David Dudley Field, and in 1857 was admitted to practice at the New York bar. Two years later (1859) he married Frances Elizabeth Foote, of New Haven, who bore him a son and a daughter. He was already a man of whom persons of distinction took notice, and in a surprisingly short time after his arrival in this country he had made the acquaintance, and in some cases the friendship, of many of these. Bryant and John Bigelow, editors of the *Evening Post*, were among the first in New York, C. E. Norton and J. R. Lowell in Cambridge, and through them, their group in Boston.

Compelled to go abroad for his health in 1860, he visited England, Ireland, and Paris, and arranged to renew his connection



with the London *Daily News*. The John Brown tragedy had already stirred him deeply, and before he came back to New York in 1862, our Civil War was in full blast. He had written to the *News*, after the seizure of the Trent, a defense which was described as more extremely American than the American Government itself, and throughout the war he sent the *News* articles not only friendly to the Northern cause but invaluable as setting forth the justice of the North in its effort both to preserve the Union and to abolish slavery. Hereby he furnished an antidote for the British publicists who spread the idea that the cause of secession was the gentlemen's cause, and for the British statesmen and nobility who adopted that poisonous doctrine. His comments on the Northern generals and naval commanders — his eulogy of Farragut, for instance, who damned the torpedoes and went ahead with his wooden ships — showed further his insight into the ability of our fighting personnel.

He did not escape the charge of being in the pay of the Government, and to this he replied: 'Not only am I employed by the *Daily News* only, but I have never received from any agent, official, or friend of the American Government the smallest hint or suggestion or communication as to what I had better say or not say in your columns. I have never asked for or received from the Government or from any one in any way connected with it the smallest favour — not even a pass.' Writing to Olmsted in 1864 Godkin said: 'My letters to the *Daily News* are the only things that really move me, because I know they *tell*.' George P. Marsh, the American minister at Florence, wrote him in 1865: 'I am fully aware of the vast service you have rendered to our national cause by your very able letters in the *Daily News*.' For awhile, toward the end of the war, Godkin was connected with the New York *Times*.

His chronicle of events and his criticisms of persons and policies did not take all his zeal. He knew that the war would pass, and he looked forward to work in which he could be equally serviceable after it had ended. He believed that what the journalism of the United States chiefly lacked was such a high-grade weekly, devoted to political discussion, to literary reviews, and to criticism of art as

the London *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* already supplied to the British intellectual public. He talked his scheme over with his friends, particularly with Olmsted and Norton, who felt great enthusiasm for it. But they lacked capital. Finally in 1863 Olmsted undertook to raise the necessary money and to act as manager of the journal; he was called to California, however, Godkin himself could not find the requisite backers, and so the project failed. Rather let us say it lay dormant, for Godkin never abandoned it; and in May, 1865, the war being ended, Norton and Charles Miller McKim, a Pennsylvania Quaker, much interested in the future of the freed negroes, collected sufficient capital to float the enterprise. One half the amount came from Norton and his friends in Boston, and a quarter each from Philadelphia and from New York. The purpose of the journal as stated in its prospectus was:

To furnish intelligent, accurate, and temperate discussions of topics of the day.

To maintain, diffuse, and promote truly democratic principles and action in this country.

To promote sympathy with, and justice towards the laboring class at the South, as a matter of vital interest to the nation at large.

To call attention to the political need of popular education, and to the danger of neglecting it in any part of the Union.

To collect and diffuse information as to the condition and prospect of the Southern States and of the progress of the colored people there.

To promote good criticism of books and works of art.

In the list of prospective contributors were seven members of the Saturday Club, many of whose members also had subscribed to its stock. The title chosen was the *Nation*, and after the first year E. L. Godkin & Co. superseded 'The Nation Association' as its publishers.

The first number of the *Nation* was issued on July 5, 1865, and from that time on for fifteen years the journal appeared weekly with Godkin in command and Wendell Phillips Garrison as his assistant editor. More than once its resources ran low, and suspen-

sion if not extinction seemed probable. But always the pluck and resourcefulness of its chief and the loyalty of his friends carried it through the straits. From the outset the relations between the *Nation* and Harvard were close; and this was natural in view of Godkin's friendship with Lowell and Norton, and of the fact that many of his writers belonged to the rising group of Harvard men. It was not surprising therefore that in 1870, the year after Mr. Eliot became President of Harvard and the new era dawned, Godkin should have been offered a chair of history at Harvard. That he seriously considered accepting it his letters indicate; but as soon as the offer was known he had many friendly protests from his intimates who dissuaded him from abandoning the *Nation*. Lowell told him that he had made that organ unique, that nobody could fill his place in that honorable post, and that the *Nation* was worth many professorships. So he declined. In 1871 Harvard bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

In 1875 his wife died, and two years later he settled in Cambridge with his only son. There he remained until 1881, when together with Carl Schurz and Horace White (formerly editor of the Chicago *Tribune*) he bought the New York *Evening Post* and sold the *Nation* to the Evening Post Publishing Company, of which Henry Villard was chief owner. This transaction caused Godkin to remove to New York, since he could not conduct a daily newspaper by mail from Cambridge. Indeed his absence from the great city had suggested to some readers of the *Nation* — persons, let us say, of preternaturally acute critical sensitiveness — that Godkin's work began to fall off, began to lose edge and vigor, and to take on a certain unvirile blandness which, they supposed, flourished in academic circles. As to this I do not pretend to say; but it is obvious that Godkin had many more contacts with all sorts of men in New York than he could have in Cambridge. Thenceforward until 1899, when Godkin, owing to rapidly failing health, retired from both journals, the *Nation* appeared as the weekly adjunct of the *Post*. Garrison edited it, selecting from the paragraphs and editorials published daily in the *Post* those which he thought important enough to be perpetuated in the *Nation*. He managed also the literary and art departments, the reviews of which ap-

peared first in the *Nation* and then were reprinted in the *Post.* One heard the criticism that the editorial leaders in the *Nation* now lacked some of the reflection and sober second thought which they had had before the merger. Arguing on *a-priori* grounds this seems plausible; because when Godkin wrote his leaders for the *Nation* he had three or four days, or perhaps a week, in which to meditate on them; whereas when he wrote similar leaders for the *Post* on the most striking event or topic in the morning papers, his article had to be finished and put in type between nine and eleven o'clock each morning. I must confess that I seldom detected any falling off in judgment or style myself; but here is a matter which may be left to future Ph.D. candidates to investigate.

The amazing thing was that three such dominating men as Godkin, Schurz, and White, each of whom was well advanced in middle life and had long been his own master in very important editorial organs, should work harmoniously together; and in fact their alliance had lasted only two years when Carl Schurz, disagreeing with his colleagues on a matter concerning their policy toward the labor question, retired. Horace White, however, continued on the *Post* until 1903, and, so far as the public knew, there was no discord in the management. But to the end of his connection every one regarded Godkin as the prevailing and controlling influence of the editorial page of the *Post.*

Outside of his editorial work only a few events require to be mentioned here. In June, 1884, Mr. Godkin married Miss Katherine Sands, and they lived for several years at 115 East 25th Street, New York. He made frequent journeys to England and the Continent, mostly in order to recuperate from ill-health, caused by overwork. As he could not do things by halves he often had to stop altogether, exhausted by exertion which in his earlier days he carried with ease.

At length in 1899 he retired from the *Nation* and the *Post;* but for some time afterward he contributed a special weekly article over his own signature to the *Post,* and in these articles can be found many of his recollections and more personal opinions. Besides his history of Hungary he published three books, 'Reflections and Comments' (1895); 'Problems of Modern Democracy'

(1896); 'Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy' (1898). These contain many of his articles which first appeared in magazines, and some of his longer papers in the *Nation*. How indefatigable a writer he was can be inferred from the fact that his magazine articles number nearly fifty in addition to the hundreds of columns of political comments and leaders which he wrote every year for the *Nation*.

In 1901 he and Mrs. Godkin went to England, and for him the succeeding year meant slowly failing health. His feebleness was somewhat solaced by seeing old friends and old scenes. And then on May 21, 1902, he died painlessly at Greenway on the river Dart in Devon. He illustrated, as his biographer Mr. Ogden says, what he had once written, 'the power of meeting death calmly — that noblest of the products of culture.'

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Godkin was very slight. His son, who was an intimate classmate of mine at Harvard, invited me to dine with his father at their house at 59 Kirkland Street. Mrs. Godkin had recently died. Having spent my youth in Europe, I came to college with but a vague idea of the *Nation*, and even less of its editor; and I remember little about that dinner except that I felt ill at ease. Eight years later, when I was engaged in editorial work in Philadelphia, Mr. Godkin telegraphed me to come over to New York and confer with him about accepting an editorial position on the staff of the *Evening Post*. I went, and lunched with him and his second wife — whom I remember as most affable — and we talked about the proposed work. He was brusque, not inclined to propitiate, and dismissed me with business-like curtness. On my return to Philadelphia I waited week after week for a note from him giving his decision, but no note has ever come to this day. Silence gave his decision. As a young man, I felt the discourtesy for a while, but this feeling did not then nor has it ever since, lessened my admiration for Godkin's great service as a journalist, a public moralist and a shaper of sound intellectual opinion. Such was my admiration for him, and so greatly did he interest me as a real figure of a man, that I regretted after his death, when I was urged to write his biography, that circum-

stances compelled me to decline that honorable task. He was a great subject for a biographer!

Many expressions from his friends and fellow workers illustrate the qualities which made him transcendent as an editor and endeared him to his intimates. To strangers he showed usually that brusque side which is much commoner in Britishers than in us, the more placating Americans. Our placability often veneers a nature as steadfast and unyielding as Godkin's own, but it does not reveal immediately to the touch-and-go acquaintance the reserve of force, and of fight, behind it. Mr. Norton, for instance, was as inexorable as Mr. Godkin, although the superficial observer, judging only from Norton's urbanity, might not have suspected it.

I rate Godkin as the foremost American newspaper editor during the last half of the nineteenth century; and in making the estimate I do not forget Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune*, Raymond of the *Times*, Dana of the *Sun*, and Samuel Bowles of the Springfield *Republican*. The only one of these who approached Godkin as a writer was Charles A. Dana, but he devoted his talents, political and literary, to making 'vice attractive,' as President Roosevelt remarked, and to supporting Tammany and the other abominations against which Godkin fought. The paragraphs, twenty or thirty lines long, which he wrote week after week in the *Nation* summed up in unmatched compactness and force whatever topic he dealt with. They were as hard as crystals and as clear. No other journalist among his contemporaries had his art of laying bare the truth by a flash of irony or by telling an apposite story. Perhaps he indulged too frequently his habit of 'damnable iteration.' If he once took up any fallacy or the person who preached it, he never let go; and, so easy-going, so tepid in their moral enthusiasm, and so sentimentally irrational are average men that sometimes they tired of Godkin's moral indignation; and they even expressed pity for the victims whom he pummelled without flagging and without mercy. So philanthropic ladies send bouquets to murderers in the mistaken idea that they thereby show worthy sympathy for those who suffer. Even his friends disapproved occasionally of his over-lavish sarcasm. But the gladiator

fighting in the arena, while he must be sportsmanlike, cannot always display social graces proper to the drawing-room.

But persons built of sterner stuff who comprehend the enormous power and extent of iniquity will hardly chide Godkin for his relentless pursuit of evil, as he saw it embodied, for instance, in Tammany and its supporters. They know how hard it is to rouse mankind to take the moral side on any issue, and they would not have Dante abate by a single word his condemnation of the sins and sinners of his time; and so they do not rebound from Godkin's chastisement of the wicked to take the part of the wicked themselves. Nevertheless his critics are probably right when they affirm that he might have lured converts by using more honey and less gall; only, we must remember that Godkin never intended to catch the concurrence of the public by snares or traps: he meant to tell them with uncompromising directness what was just and what was righteous. He despised the sophist's art.

Criticise him as you will, however, the fact remains that posterity will get at the truth of the chief public affairs in America between 1865 and 1881, in the *Nation* better than in any other contemporary source; time has confirmed most of his verdicts. What more can we say in praise of his insight, his truthfulness, and his sense of justice?

Godkin was elected a member of the Saturday Club in 1875. The first reference to him in connection with the Club occurs, so far as I am aware, in Emerson's *Journals* for October 30, 1864, in which he says: 'At Club, yesterday, we had a full table, Agassiz, Hoar, Hedge, Cabot, Holmes, Appleton, Peirce, Norton, Forbes, Ward, Sumner, Whipple, Woodman, Dwight, Emerson; Andrew (who, with Brimmer and Fields, was elected yesterday); and, for guests, . . . Mr. Godkin, the English correspondent of the *Daily News*.'[1]

It was natural that Godkin who counted so many friends among the members of the Club should have been elected to its company. Norton and Lowell were his particular intimates there, and during his residence in Cambridge he attended its meetings frequently. Later, he came when his visit to Boston happened to coincide with

[1] Emerson, *Journals:* x, 79.

the last Saturday of the month. From the few members now living who were his associates thirty or forty years ago I have been able to gather no salient recollections of him. His son tells me that he always greatly enjoyed coming to the Saturday Club, but he too recalls nothing particularly striking which his father reported of the meetings. So is it with much of the best talk all over the world; it goes unrecorded; there is so much to it beside the spoken word — there is the tone of the voice, the expressive face, the play of the eyes, the spontaneity of gesture, the determining but often illusive temperament.

In conclusion I quote, and there could be no better summing up, the epitaph which Godkin's old friend, James Bryce, wrote for his tombstone.

Edwin Lawrence Godkin,
Publicist, Economist, Moralist.
Born at Moyne, Wicklow, 1831. Died at Greenway, Devon, 1902.
For forty years a citizen of the United States.

Gifted with a penetrating intellect and singular powers of expression, constant in friendship, tireless in energy, dauntless in courage, a steadfast champion of good causes and high ideals, he became an inspiring influence, and bore a foremost part in all efforts to make government just, pure, and efficient, and wrought unceasingly to strengthen the ties between the nation whence he sprang, and that to which his services were given through a long and laborious life.

Buried in Hazelbeach Churchyard, Northampton, May 28, 1902.

Sapere audi.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

1877

WILLIAM BARTON ROGERS

1804–1882

UNLIKE most members of the Saturday Club, William Barton Rogers was not of New England ancestry. He was born in Philadelphia, December 7, 1804. He was the second of four brothers, the eldest being James Blythe Rogers, the third Henry Darwin, who owed his middle name to the esteem of his father for Erasmus Darwin, and the fourth Robert Rogers, who afterwards assumed the middle name of Empie. All four brothers achieved distinction in science as geologists, chemists, or physicists, and three of them became teachers in institutions of higher learning.

Rogers was educated at William and Mary College, and on his father's death succeeded him there as Professor of Chemistry and Physics. Early in his residence in Virginia he had become interested in the industrial applications of chemistry and in the importance of geological research for the State of Virginia. Through his activity a State Geologic Survey was organized, of which Mr. Rogers became the head. In 1835 he was called from William and Mary College to the University of Virginia, where be became one of the most successful teachers. Indeed his charm as a teacher has been equalled by few men in any country. His manner of presenting even the most ordinary subject in science was characterized by such fluency and clearness of expression and beauty of diction as to attract the attention and to excite the imagination of students. Tall in stature, with a face of great dignity, resembling Emerson in appearance, and having a voice whose compass and quality were capable of charming effects, William Barton Rogers in the height of his power was one of the most effective lecturers among the scientific men of his time.

In 1842 he collaborated with his brother, Henry Darwin Rogers, who held a corresponding position in Philadelphia as State Geologist, in a most fruitful paper on the Laws of Structure of the Disturbed Zones of the Earth's Crust, which marked one of the important advances in the theory of mountain building.

The scientific associations of his life brought him more and more in touch with the leading scientific men of America, who at that time were to be found chiefly in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. In 1849 he married Miss Emma Savage of Boston, a most happy and charming union; and in 1853 resigned his chair in Virginia and came to Boston, where he associated himself with the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and with the Natural History Society. In this latter he found himself in close association with Agassiz and Wyman. Thenceforth his life lay in Boston.

Those were stirring days in Boston. The sharp differences between North and South touching the question of slavery were already beginning to fill men's minds with unrest and apprehension. In science also a period of uncertainty had come. The epoch-making work of Charles Darwin, 'The Origin of Species,' reached America in the autumn of 1859, and immediately divided the scientific men of the country into two groups.

Into these great issues Rogers entered heart and soul. Although long identified with the State of Virginia as a citizen, his sympathies were unreservedly on the side of the Union and against slavery. Some of the most eloquent addresses of his life in Boston were in support of his convictions touching the great question that divided the States.

In science Professor Rogers was no less ready in courageous expression of his views. Before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, during the winter of 1859–60, there were debates between Louis Agassiz, in opposition to Darwin's theory, and Rogers, in favor of it. Both were eloquent men, both were eminent in science, and perhaps no series of discussions of that day were more interesting than those which these two great men carried on. Early in 1860 Rogers, writing to his brother, said, 'The more I look into Darwin's argument, the more I like it, save in the one particular of ignoring entirely violent and sudden physical changes. The calmness and truth-loving spirit of the book are truly admirable.'

In this criticism Rogers, with extraordinary discrimination, laid his finger on the weak point of Darwin's argument. The truth of the general process of evolution Darwin established beyond question, but in the judgment of the scientific men of to-day he laid

too great stress on the single factor of natural selection, an opinion foreshadowed in the remark just quoted.

Notwithstanding the tumult of the days that opened the second half of the nineteenth century, Rogers steadily pursued in Boston a project which had become the great ideal of his life — the establishment of an educational institution whose curriculum should be based upon courses of scientific study and which should be closely related to laboratory practice and to research. It is well-nigh impossible to appreciate, in our day, how great a novelty this proposal appeared in the America of that time. It required many years, even in Boston, to awaken the interest of the people and of the legislature in this plan. In September, 1860, through a committee of associated institutions of art and science, Rogers secured a grant of land in the Back Bay for the use of such an institution, and as chairman of a committee, submitted in September, 1860, a report entitled 'Objects and Plan of an Institute of Technology Including a Society of Arts, a Museum of Arts, and a School of Industrial Science.' New England was then just entering upon its manufacturing phase and was more ready than any other part of the country to appreciate the significance of such an enterprise. The bill establishing the Institute of Technology was passed by the legislature in the early part of 1861, and was approved by the new governor, John A. Andrew. Amongst the memorials in favor of the proposed institution, addressed to the legislature, was one from Benjamin Peirce, himself a distinguished member of the Saturday Club. Others of the Saturday Club, more identified with classical studies and interests, also lent Rogers their aid and support.

On April 10, 1861, the act of incorporation was finally passed. That very week the Civil War broke out. A more inauspicious moment to launch a new educational movement could under ordinary circumstances scarcely have been selected; but such was the eloquence and the devotion of Rogers that, notwithstanding the difficulties and the delays which the War brought, he kept the new enterprise not only alive but constantly growing. It would be interesting to recall the names of those who in that day subscribed sums of money, small in comparison with educational gifts of today, but enough to keep the new enterprise alive.

With the return of peace a new growth and an enlargement of life came to the Institute. With it, however, by 1865, came also the breakdown of President Rogers's health, and from that time until the day of his death his work was done under the handicap of frail health and diminished strength. Only the devoted care of his wife made possible his last twenty years of service.

From the end of the War President Rogers's whole life and work were wrapped up in the Institute of Technology. He was forced to retire from its active direction and turn it over to his faithful associate, Dr. Runkle. But always it was he who voiced more clearly and more eloquently than any other man has done the conception of a school founded upon scientific studies and inspired by scientific ideals. He lived to serve this ideal. When his strength permitted, he took over the reins of administration; when he was too weak to serve as President, he gave all his thought and all his devotion to the cause of the Institute. In it he lived and moved, and on the thirtieth of May, 1882, ended his life in the act of addressing the graduating class of that year. His voice, at first somewhat weakened by illness, soon rang with its full volume. Then there was silence, the fire in his eyes died, and he sank a knight in harness in the cause to which he had given his whole life. It was a fitting close.

His enduring monument is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He founded an immortal human institution which in all the days to come will carry forward the principles of scientific education for which he stood. It is to the everlasting credit of Boston that it understood and accepted this man and enabled him to realize his conception.

HENRY S. PRITCHETT

WILLIAM AMORY

1804–1888

Dr. Holmes in a letter to Lothrop Motley in 1877 wrote, 'William Amory joined me and wanted to know all I could tell him about you. I always find him good company — in some ways better than anybody else, for he has known Boston on its fairer side longer as well as better than almost any other person I can talk with easily — has a good memory, talks exceedingly well, and has a pleasant, courteous way, which is exceptional rather than the rule among the people that make up New England society.'

The record of the Amorys in history has been good. One William was a companion of William the Conqueror. Now and again the name appears, later in South Carolina. One Thomas, educated in England, was consul for the English and Dutch in the Azores and came to Boston, settling down here to trade.

William Amory, son of Thomas C., who was senior partner in a commission house, was born in Boston, June 15, 1804. Entering Harvard at the age of fifteen with the Class of 1823, he received his share of the renown or notoriety of that class due to 'the Rebellion,' and with half of the class retired to rural life for a period. His place of rustication was Groton, of whose social life he wrote an interesting account. His degree of A.B. was not granted him until 1845. Later, 1877–83, he was an Overseer of the College.

Upon graduation he undertook a course rather unusual for a young man of that generation, studying Civil Law at the University of Göttingen, and later in Berlin for some two years. On returning to Boston he continued his studies in the offices of Franklin Dexter and William H. Gardiner, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1831.

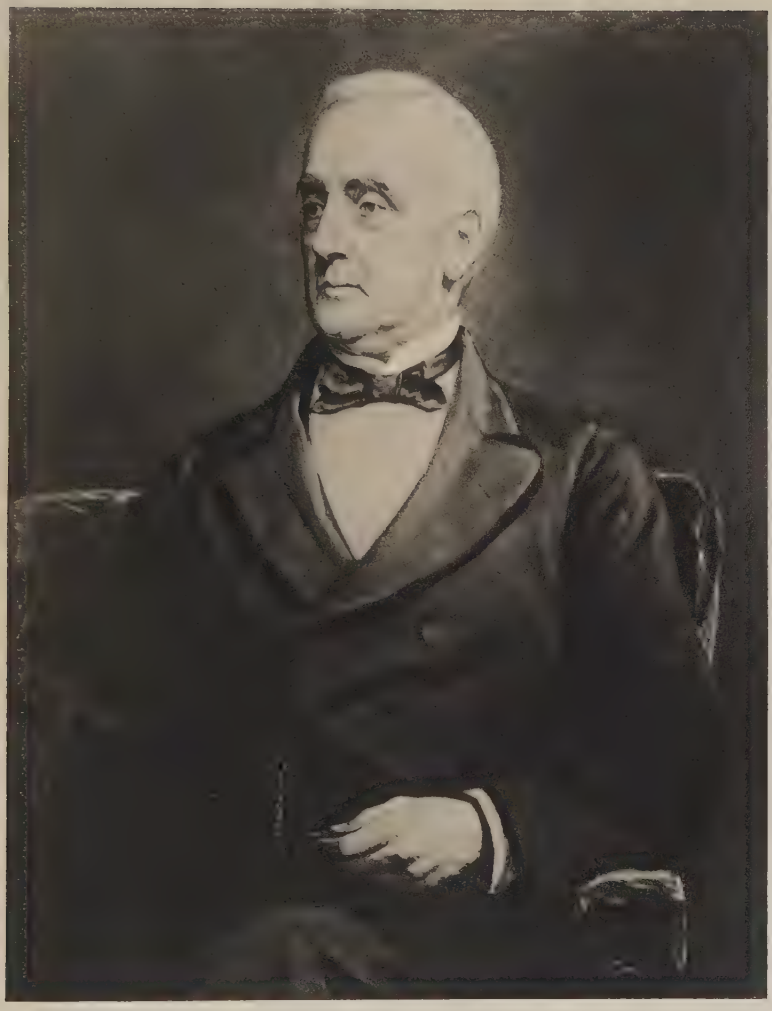
No sooner was this well-equipped young lawyer ready for clients than he, like many of the most promising and privileged men of Boston then and since, accepted the position of a mill treasurer. First treasurer of the Jackson Manufacturing Company at Nashua, New Hampshire, he succeeded so well as to win one of the great

treasurerships, that of the Amoskeag, and later of the Manchester Mills. He met the conditions of manufacturing New England of those days of high tariff, over-expansion, panics, contraction, and failures with exceptional ability. He had courage, discretion, and tact. Of course other honors which accompany such success were his. He became director of several companies, president of the Langdon Mills, and a vice-president of that association which has for generations been a byword for respectability, financial integrity, and comfortable estate, the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company.

As did other young men who lived on Beacon Hill, he became an officer of the Boston Light Infantry, and turned out for General Lafayette and the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument.

In the Civil War he readily supported the desire of his son, Charles Walter, to accept a commission as lieutenant in the Massachusetts Second Cavalry, with Colonel Charles Lowell. The young lieutenant was captured in a fight with Mosby's guerrillas, and languished for many months in Confederate prisons, coming home a semi-invalid for life, but with such pluck and character as won for him in the course of years the treasurership for which his father's career had prepared him, that of the Amoskeag. Charles Walter was his name, but from boyhood to the end he was called by his father, family, and friends, simply Ned: he was Ned Amory.

Mr. Amory married Miss Anna Powell Grant Sears, eldest daughter of David Sears, who gave her the house, 41 Beacon Street, next his mansion, which is now occupied by the Somerset Club. Mrs. Amory was a woman of exceptional force and grace, of wide reading and agreeable conversation, but almost totally deaf. She was thus cut off from general society of which Mr. Amory was an ornament. As they had several children, they entered into the plan of Mr. Sears in providing homes in the country for his children in a great tract which he had bought two and one half miles west of the State House, stretching from the Charles River on the north to Muddy Brook and beyond on the south. The district received from Mrs. Sears the name of Longwood, due to her admiration



of Napoleon Bonaparte whose house in St. Helena was called Longwood. In the midst of this tract, with a beautiful oak grove bounded by a meadow, the Amorys passed their springs and autumns. Amory's Woods, Amory's Pond, and Amory's Meadow were familiar haunts in those days.

Boy as I was, an intimate friend of his youngest son Francis, in and out of his house at Longwood and in Boston, I have no right to express a final opinion, but I do not think that Mr. Amory had any interest in rural life, vegetable or animal. I never knew him to ride, drive or walk in the country for pleasure. He was preordained for Boston or the piazzas of Longwood or Nahant. As his sister married Prescott, the historian, who lived a few doors below him on Beacon Street, he dropped in there. Indeed he was a welcome guest in any and all of the houses on or near Beacon Hill which contained at the time a group of men and women of exceptional culture and character, as well as of solid wealth. They entertained a great deal, especially at dinners at half-past two, or in later years at five and six. Their hospitable boards groaned under the weight of joints, game, and wines. They talked well of books as well as of people. Walter Scott was in his glory, and Mr. Amory knew his novels almost by heart; Dickens, too, and Macaulay. The publication of a volume by a well-recognized author, English or American, was an event to be anticipated and later talked over.

In such company Mr. Amory excelled. Although a little under height, he was of such spare and genteel figure as to give the impression of a taller man. His voice was very pleasant and well modulated. Once, however, he shouted for a policeman on Tremont Street from his steps on Beacon Street, and the officer heard and came; for Boston was a quiet town in those days. His profile was like that of a cameo, formal, well-proportioned, and strong. After seeing that one was prepared upon looking at his front face to discover the personality of a French count, and he was not disappointed. For Mr. Amory was gracious and winning, almost too much so for a man of firm honesty, as he was. His mouth was rather small, and could easily slip from an agreeable smile to the suggestion of a sarcastic curve. Indeed his face was more of a mask than we are accustomed to in New England. It was his life and

character which spoke for him rather than his face in the midst of social life. He had charm. He won the hearts of young women, the admiration of their mothers, and he had the confidence of their fathers. To me he had a touch of Lord Chesterfield, a Chesterfield, however, of finer moral character and standards than the writer of the 'Letters.' These words of our late President Eliot are so characteristic of him that I quote them, although they do not do justice to the charm of Mr. Amory: 'William Amory was formal, polite, precise. A great diner-out. He had a habit of talking gaily, then eating without a word, and then talking again. "Ladies' dinners" used to break up at ten o'clock in Boston, but William Amory used to leave even men's dinners at ten o'clock, in order to spend the rest of the evening with his deaf wife.'

In his sympathy with much that interests us in these days, and which we associate with democracy and social justice, the rights of the people, social uplift, the welfare of the masses, Mr. Amory was as far removed as any French count before the Revolution. Indeed, few in his social group had heard of them.

True to his Boston traditions, Mr. Amory was a Unitarian, a friend and admirer of James Freeman Clarke. In later years he used to drive out to the Roxbury Meeting House to hear Dr. Putnam. I am not sure how keenly he entered into the worship, the prayers and hymns: he certainly liked and absorbed a good sermon.

How Thackeray, Prescott, and his brother-in-law William Amory must have enjoyed the fireside at Number Fifty-Five Beacon Street, Prescott's house, where over the mantel hung the crossed swords of Colonel Prescott and Admiral Linzee, with which Thackeray opens 'The Virginians'! These men lived in days far away.

Mr. Amory died in 1888.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

1810–1888

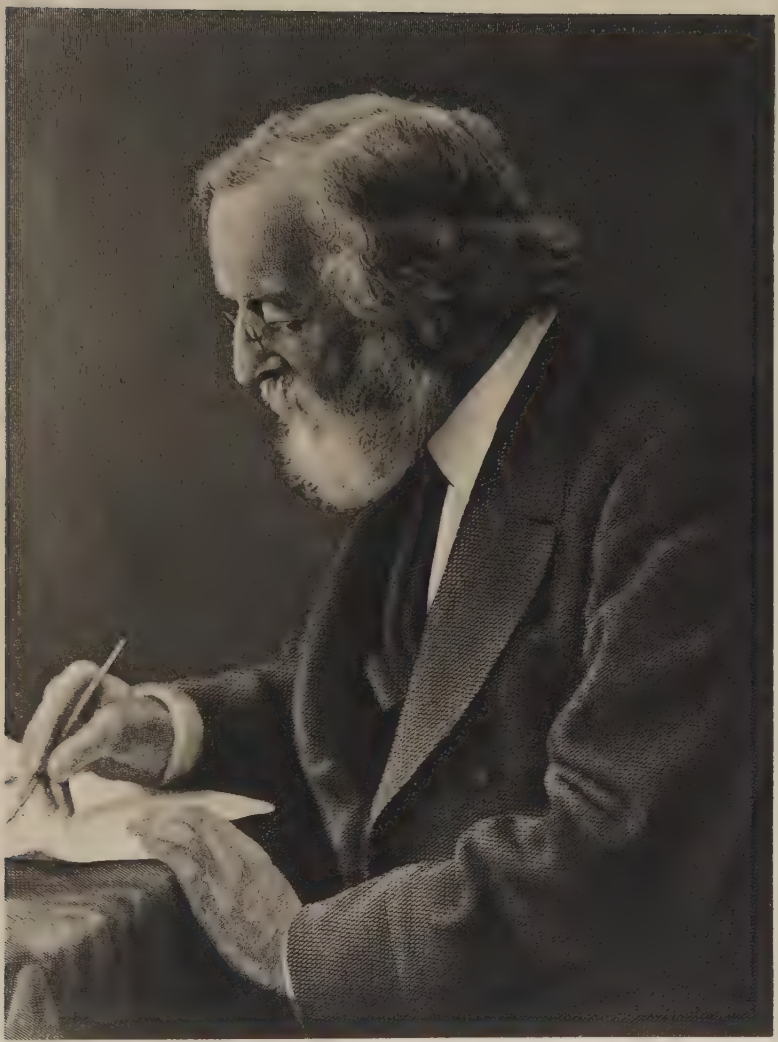
James Freeman Clarke, who was elected to the Saturday Club in 1877, had for more than a quarter of a century been one of the leading ministers in Boston, a man whose life, in the words of Edward Everett Hale, 'for nearly fifty years touches every important movement of that time.' Born in 1810, he passed most of his boyhood in the home of James Freeman, Minister of King's Chapel, for whom he was named, and whom he always thought and spoke of as his grandfather.[1] The home of his father and mother was near by in Newton, then a rural community, so that in his childhood he was not separated from them nor from the companionship of his brothers and sisters. His maternal grandfather, General William Hull, lived on a farm only a mile or two away, and one of James Freeman Clarke's first books was a vindication of General Hull for the surrender of Detroit. His early education was given him by his grandfather Freeman, and in the sketch of his own life which he began in 1883, but never brought beyond 1840, he lingers affectionately over the memory, recalling how he was taught Latin and Greek and elementary mathematics by what seemed to him the natural method, which made it a pleasure to learn. By the time he was ten he had read 'a good deal of Ovid, some odes of Horace, a little of Virgil, the Gospel of Matthew in Greek, and had gone as far as cubic equations in algebra.' He had the run of the library, in which the English classics of the age of Queen Anne had a large place. When he was sent to the Boston Latin School, where he was a contemporary of Charles Sumner, Robert C. Winthrop, and Wendell Phillips, he found the regimen much less to his taste — memorizing Latin grammar to begin with — and expresses himself strongly on the subject. The results cannot have been so bad after all, for he speaks elsewhere of the interest in the classics which had there been aroused.

In Harvard College he was a member of the famous class of 1829

[1] Mrs. Freeman was his grandmother.

—with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Benjamin Peirce, Benjamin R. Curtis, George T. Bigelow, and others hardly less distinguished. Of the educational methods of the college he had an even more unfavorable opinion than of the Latin School. There he had been interested in Ovid and Virgil, in Anacreon and Lucian, in algebra and geometry; but in college 'we were expected to wade through Homer as though the Iliad were a bog, and it was our duty to get along at such a rate *per diem*. Nothing was said of the glory and the grandeur, the tenderness and the charm of this immortal epic. The melody of the hexameters was never suggested to us. Professor Popkin would look over his spectacles at us, and, with pencil in hand, mark our recitation as good or bad, but never a word to help us over a difficulty, or to explain anything obscure.' If the College, according to this testimony, did not do much for its students but mark and rank them, it did not exact much of them, and left them time to educate themselves. 'What we did not learn in the regular course of study, we learned outside of it. What we did not acquire from books, we taught each other.' 'Our real professors of rhetoric were Charles Lamb and Coleridge, Walter Scott and Wordsworth,' and Clarke records the joy they had in a chance discovery of Sir Thomas Browne. Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection,' and his other prose works made, as for so many in his generation, an epoch in his intellectual history. Truly, for such students, the college years 'were not wasted.' Dr. Follen, who came to the college as Instructor in 1825, introduced two novelties, gymnastic exercises and instruction in the German language. Of the gymnastics and his own part in them Clarke speaks with evident pleasure in the recollection, but he probably acquired also some proficiency in German, for in the next years he was reading authors not generally affected by novices.

After a year's interval he entered the Divinity School, and graduated in 1833. In his year were his college classmates, William Henry Channing, Chandler Robbins, and Samuel May, all men of distinction subsequently in the ministry. Channing wrote years after in a memoir of Margaret Fuller, in the preparation of which he was associated with Clarke and R. W. Emerson, 'My most intimate friend in the Theological School, James Freeman Clarke,



was her constant companion in exploring the rich gardens of German literature' — a study which she had recently taken up. Although nearly of the same age as Clarke, Margaret Fuller was intellectually precocious, and considering the estimation in which she soon came to be held by men like Emerson, Hawthorne, and W. H. Channing, association with such a fellow-student must have been a stimulating experience. Numerous letters passed between them while he was in Louisville, and on his return to Boston the friendship was resumed.

Within a few weeks after finishing his course in the Divinity School, Clarke went to Louisville, Kentucky, where a small Unitarian church had shortly before been organized, chiefly by New Englanders. The city was one of the outposts of liberal Christianity in the West. Kentucky was then, as it still is, a stronghold of Presbyterian orthodoxy, to which the name Unitarian was anathema, and the evangelistic denominations were not more liberally disposed. It was a slave state, and Clarke came from the focus of the antislavery sentiment which was growing into the aggressive antislavery movement. He found himself in a society where the code was among gentlemen an unwritten law with the sanction of social outlawry, and where duels were not infrequent.

Clarke felt bound to preach against both slavery and duelling. He was heard with some sympathy on the former subject, but as for duelling, as one of his hearers, a former Senator of the United States, whose son had recently been a principal in an affair of honor, said, 'he could not understand what had got into Mr. Clarke's head to preach against duelling; he might as well preach against courage.'

One thing which gave him an advantage in taking public part against these evils was the reasonableness with which he did it, his fair recognition of the reasons that men had for opposite opinions, and of the character of those who entertained them. This was not mere tact; it was a characteristic of his mind on all questions, and one to which in no small measure his influence with men of all opinions is to be ascribed. In a journal kept while he was in the Divinity School he whimsically contrasts two temperaments: 'All growing minds may be divided into two classes, the grass-

hoppers and father-long-legs. The first collect themselves together, and then the whole body goes at once to a definite point, by a spring. The others thrust out a leg, then another, then a third, as far as they will go, and let the body come after as it can. No. 1 are apt to be special pleaders, one-sided arguers, but coherent and comprehensive. No. 2 are fair and candid in debate, caring for truth and not at all for consequences, but very prone to contradict themselves at every other word. I believe that I am a father-long-legs and M. a grasshopper.'

He is thinking, however, of the momentary advantage in controversy which the straight and swift movement of the grasshopper-mind has over one which takes into account considerations on all sides, advances tentatively to its conclusions, and qualifies the positiveness of its assertions. That, in the end, such fairmindedness is not only better for the mind itself, but more lastingly effective with the judicious, his own career clearly shows. This mental quality did not, however, result in suspense of judgment, vacillation of opinion, or indecision in action. When he had made up his mind on a question of right or duty he was constant to his conviction and outspoken in expression of it.

In regard to slavery, there was at that time a feeling among a good many prominent Kentuckians that it was wrong, and a belief that Kentucky would one day realize the fact and emancipate its slaves. Of this sentiment Clarke wrote years afterward: 'When I came back to Boston, it was harder to speak of slavery than it had been in Kentucky. I learned my antislavery there.' While he was in Louisville, public debates were held on the subject. In one in which he participated a vote at the end showed a majority against slavery. The Louisville *Journal*, edited by George D. Prentice, was on that side; James G. Birney, afterwards the candidate of the Antislavery Party for President of the United States, spoke in public throughout the state against slavery, 'showing it to be politically bad, economically injurious, morally wrong, and socially dangerous.' Later there was a great change in public sentiment in Kentucky, due partly to the fact that slavery had become increasingly profitable; partly, I think, to the violence of the immediate abolitionists. Clarke's early impression of the people is

briefly summed up by him: 'Manly, intelligent, generous, fresh; of natural refinement.' The place he had made for himself in the estimation of the citizens of Louisville is shown by the fact that in 1839 he was made what we should call Superintendent of Schools, without any opposition on account of his religious opinions.

In 1840 Clarke left Louisville. His eight years in Kentucky had in them large opportunities of education for a young man born and brought up in the self-centered and self-complacent Boston of the first decades of the century, and he had opened his mind to them.

The Boston to which he returned had changed much, too. In 1833 it seemed to be 'settled upon its lees.' Unitarianism, in the person of its most esteemed teachers, had become inconsequently dogmatic in its denial of the deity of Christ and its elevation of him to supreme and final authority in religion and morals. In 1840 Clarke found 'social life in a precious state of fermentation. New ideas are flying, high and low. Every man, as Mr. Emerson remarked to me yesterday, carries a revolution in his waistcoat pocket.' The ideas which presently took shape in the Brook Farm experiment in communism were in the air. 'The remarkable thing is that everybody has a distinct idea, plan, or project, and no two persons can be found to agree in any.'

Clarke brought some new ideas of his own with him, and in 1841 gathered the nucleus of a new church, the 'Church of the Disciples,' which was to embody them. Its simple covenant ran: 'Our faith is in Jesus, as the Christ, the Son of God. And we hereby form ourselves into a Church of his Disciples, that we may coöperate together in the study and practice of Christianity.'

One of the innovations was that the church should be supported wholly by voluntary contributions, not by pew-rents or taxation of any kind, and that all sittings in it should be free. Various other features of the new model, especially in the emphasis upon the participation of all in the life and worship of the church, have long since been adopted in churches of many denominations; but for the time they were widely diverse from the hereditary pattern of the Puritan order.

The original controversy between the Trinitarian and Unitarian

congregationalists was smouldering rather than blazing; but a new fire had broken out among the Unitarians. Emerson's Divinity School Address in 1838 had seemed revolutionary enough, and been strongly condemned in high places, but when in 1841 Theodore Parker preached an ordination sermon on 'The Transient and Permanent in Christianity' the very title seemed intolerable heresy. The only way in the Congregational polity by which the *inquisitores hæreticæ pravitatis* could give practical effect to their sentence was by refusing to exchange pulpits with this 'troubler of Israel,' as the 'orthodox' had done by ministers of Unitarian inclination before the actual schism came.

Clarke, though not in agreement with Parker's opinions, regarded him as an honest and devout man, and did not approve this mode of personal discipline. Accordingly, in January, 1845, he exchanged pulpits with him both morning and evening. The next day he wrote in his diary: 'Ministers' meeting at Bartol's. Subject, expulsion of Theodore Parker.' [1] Some valued members of his own society withdrew from it in protest, and formed a new Unitarian church.

Failure of health in 1850 interrupted Clarke's work for three years, which he spent chiefly in Meadville, but in 1854 he returned to Boston, and the Church of the Disciples was reorganized. Thenceforth, till his death in 1888, he was a man of manifold activities. First of all preacher, pastor, teacher, he was in frequent demand for public addresses in all manner of good causes, and withal a prolific author.

Besides many contributions to the leading periodicals of the day, and a multitude of occasional articles and reviews, he produced books enough to have given full occupation to a man less facile or less industrious. The work by which he will perhaps be best remembered is his 'Ten Great Religions. An Essay in Comparative Theology' (1871). The subject was one to which he had early been attracted, and on which he had spent study and thought for many years. As far back as 1854 he gave an informal course of lectures in the Harvard Divinity School on 'subjects connected with the religions of the East,' and from 1867 to 1871, as (non-resident)

[1] From the Ministers' Association.

Professor of Natural Religion and Christian Doctrine, he lectured regularly upon it.

Two sentences in the Introduction express the spirit in which the work was undertaken: 'The work of Comparative Theology is to do equal justice to all the religious tendencies of mankind. Assuming, with the Apostle Paul, that each religion has come providentially, as a method by which different races should "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him," it attempts to show how each may be a step in the religious progress of the races, and a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ.' The two parts of the task, the exact ascertainment of the facts, and inferences and generalizations from them, are, however, to be kept separate; and after a preliminary survey in the Introduction, it is only in the concluding chapter that a final comparison and estimate is attempted. The enlargement of knowledge in almost all the fields within the scope of this volume in the last half-century has been greater than ever before, and much that was the best information and opinion available in the sixties of the last century has been superseded; but judged by the learning of the time, the 'Ten Great Religions' was a remarkable achievement for any man, much more for a busy minister with many other enterprises in hand. The author was acquainted with the best literature, and had read in it widely, discriminatingly, and not uncritically, and in general made judicious use of it. The larger significance of the work was, however, not the information it gave in convenient form about the several religions, nor the corrective it administered to the indiscriminate enthusiasm for Oriental, and especially Indian, philosophy and 'ethnic Scriptures,' which was then much in the fashion; it was that a minister of Clarke's explicit Christian convictions should write with such sympathetic understanding of the religions of other races and times, and with generous recognition of the truth in them, partial and one-sided though it seemed to him. A certain Hegelian schematism — though not Hegel's scheme — served him naturally to define his comparisons, but seldom obtrudes upon the descriptive matter.

A second volume, 'Ten Great Religions, Part II. A Comparison of All Religions' (1883), growing out of a course of Lowell Lectures

treats the subject by cross-sections — the idea of God, the human soul, prayer and worship, ethics, the idea of a future state, etc. — ending with a chapter on the future religion of mankind. Its scope is somewhat wider than that of the former series, taking account, besides, of the religions of uncivilized peoples; elsewhere also there is new matter from more recent investigations. Like many an inevitable sequel, it suffered by comparison with the original, as from its very method it was bound to suffer. But the aim and spirit are the same.

If the titles of other books be named here, it is to show the range of his interests and his studies — 'Orthodoxy: Its Truths and Errors' (1866); 'Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion' (1878); 'Common Sense in Religion' (1879); 'The Ideas of the Apostle Paul, Translated into their Modern Equivalents' (1884); 'The Problem of the Fourth Gospel' (1886); etc.

Mention has been made of Clarke's comments in his autobiography on methods of instruction in school and college. As an Overseer of Harvard College for many years, he took occasion to express his maturer judgment on the curriculum as well as on methods. In a report of a committee to the Overseers in 1865, he puts the case strongly for larger opportunity in modern languages, and for less required study of Greek, and less grammar and 'philology' in what was left. One who has lived through this whole history cannot help remarking that the same arguments which were then urged against the requirements in Greek and Latin, and against the method of teaching them, have more recently been turned with no less energy against the requirements in modern languages and the instruction in them.

Of the influence of James Freeman Clarke in the church, Andrew P. Peabody says: 'It may be doubted whether in the Boston pulpit any other man has filled so large a place so long.'

At a reception on Clarke's fiftieth birthday, Governor Andrew, who had been a member of the Church of the Disciples almost from the beginning, said: 'I desire to render due thanks and due honor to him who has guided and helped our thought and our activity, that, in all the vicissitudes of twenty years, against all temptations, and under all allurements of temporizing policy, he

has kept this pulpit free, this church free, its creed as comprehensive as the formulary of the first Apostles, its spirit of brotherhood as expansive as the charity of the Christian faith. Nor had this been possible, save to a man who saw too wide a field, too great a harvest, a world too broad, and a humanity too precious, either for delays, for jealousies, or for strifes; too much to be done, too many ways for doing good, too little difference in the values of methods, to permit the waste of strength and time in questioning the diversity of the manifestation of the same spirit.'

On the same occasion his classmate, Oliver Wendell Holmes, wrote him this poem:

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE

Who is the shepherd sent to lead,
  Through pastures green, the Master's sheep?
What guileless 'Israelite indeed'
  The folded flock may watch and keep?

He who with manliest spirit joins
  The heart of gentlest human mould,
With burning light and girded loins,
  To guide the flock, or watch the fold;

True to all Truth the world denies,
  Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin;
Not always right in all men's eyes,
  But faithful to the light within;

Who asks no meed of earthly fame,
  Who knows no earthly master's call,
Who hopes for man, through guilt and shame,
  Still answering, 'God is over all';

Who makes another's griefs his own,
  Whose smile lends joy a double cheer;
Where lives the saint, if such be known? —
  Speak softly — such an one is here!

O faithful shepherd! thou hast borne
  The heat and burden of the day;
Yet o'er thee, bright with beams unshorn,
  The sun still shows thine onward way.

To thee our fragrant love we bring,
  In buds that April half displays,
Sweet first-born angels of the spring,
  Caught in their opening hymn of praise.

What though our faltering accents fail,
  Our captives know their message well,
Our words unbreathed their lips exhale,
  And sigh more love than ours can tell.

O. W. Holmes

April 4, 1860

George Foot Moore

PHILLIPS BROOKS

1835–1893

When Phillips Brooks in his 'Lectures on Preaching' said to the students at Yale, 'Truth through Personality is our description of real preaching,' he described himself. 'The truth must really come through the person, not merely over his lips, not merely into his understanding and out through his pen. It must come through his character, his affections, his whole intellectual and moral being. It must come genuinely through him.'

Two strains of New England character blended in the making of Phillips Brooks's personality. His mother, a Phillips, a woman of strong, even dominant character, deeply religious, was saturated with the theology and faith of her day. She was aglow with the love of Christ and the mysticism of Puritan saints. His father illustrated the practical and ethical elements of Christian life. When Phillips was four years old, his parents, leaving the Orthodox and the Unitarian Churches, became members of Saint Paul's Episcopal Church, Boston, and there with their six boys worshipped. Here Phillips gained an historic perspective and an Anglo-Saxon interpretation of the Christian faith which gave his theology, mysticism, and ethics, background.

At his graduation from Harvard in 1855 he was a very tall, well-built youth, with large, deep, dark eyes under a heavy shock of hair, reserved among casual acquaintances, friendly and chatty with his close friends, widely read, a versatile writer, but not strictly a scholar. Through failure in his first work in life as a teacher, he was driven, unconscious of his powers, into the ministry. Appointed an usher in the Boston Latin School, which was ruled by the rod of Master Gardner, Brooks, according to his nature, attempted suasion, not discipline, personal leadership, not authority — an impossible task in that school. The boys, disobedient and uproarious, made the tall, gauche young man's life miserable. Within three months he resigned and sought the advice of President Walker. As he came from the President's house, a young

tutor, Charles Eliot, met him and noticed his strange appearance: 'his face was of a deathly white.' For months he wandered about the streets of Boston, read widely, and thought. Still uncertain as to his future, he entered the Theological Seminary of Virginia. His mother, true to herself, followed him up with letters and visits, and led him to the Holy Communion. In time her persistence and prayers, supported by his inheritance, character and faith, brought him to the ministry and the pulpit.

Phillips Brooks came rarely to the dinners of the Saturday Club: the reason will be found in this account of his methods of work. His Sunday morning sermon was a part of the warp and woof of his thought and life. By Monday morning the subject for the next Sunday was in his mind, caught perhaps from an incident, a talk, or a book of some preceding week. It may have been a thought which had been lying dormant for years but which under some special influence or incident had suddenly germinated. Throughout the week, every hour in the week, waking and sleeping, the topic was consciously and unconsciously coming to expression and fruitage. Tuesday morning with note-book and pen he jotted down indiscriminately thought after thought; Wednesday morning, he shook them into definite, very definite shape. He built up the sermon with the industry and skill of an artist. The heart, the frame, body and expression were complete before writing. His sense of the value of true proportion was so great that he wrote down the number of pages or minutes to be given to each thought. On Thursday or Friday morning he gathered his whole self together for the writing. Before his imagination, as he sat at his great desk in his beautiful study, was his congregation — men and women, young and old, listening, living, yearning people filling pews, galleries, aisles, and chancel. His hand with unerring touch swept over the pages, leaving a script almost as clear as from a copper plate. The dominant thoughts and brilliant illustrations were all before him, suggested in his notes; he simply wrote and wrote. His maturing expressions, his love of God and his people, his passion to reach to the very depths of their souls drove him on; the speed of his speech on the coming Sunday demanded a long stretch of manuscript. Unwillingly he stopped when half or two

thirds through, and on Saturday morning he took up the sermon again. He read over what he had written, getting his speed, and then wrote on and on, never, however, breaking from his well-built notes. The last line done, he gathered his sheets, already cut for binding in his special way, took from the drawer a spool of thread, and with quiet satisfaction bound the pages together in such a way that they would turn without noise or distraction. The manuscript went into the drawer and rested there, mere paper and ink, but instinct with fire, pathos, humor, and passion under the touch of his voice and character. The sermon, however, was in Brooks himself, like fire, covered in for a few hours.

How was it possible for him when in this mood to sit at the Saturday Club dinner and join in discussion, talk, and anecdotes? Yet, singularly enough, throughout the week and even on Saturday, he gave to those who were with him little evidence that he was anything other than a genial, sincere, and friendly pastor, a light-hearted companion, a lover of children, quick to laugh at the lightest jokes. Indeed this ease of manner, so natural to him, was in a way a foil to protect him from the intrusion of the inquisitive who were anxious to know his opinions, methods, and convictions. He was instinctively as wary as a bird. He would shut himself up in close reserve before men and women of intelligence and charm, but would open his heart and all that was in it to some sincere boy, humble woman, or a deep mourner.

What then did he do on Saturday afternoons? He wandered about the streets, looked in at the shop windows, watched the people passing, dropped in on an intimate friend, talked with the children, and without plan avoided scenes or conversation that would strike down into the real interest of his week and disturb it. The deep current ran below, the light ripples above; and we who met him saw only the ripples.

On Sunday morning he read over his manuscript and rekindled the embers of his thought and passion. Entering the chancel he read the service, gazing now and again at the congregation with a sort of wonderment and intensity, questioning himself apparently why such a multitude should be there, and, since they were there, burning to touch them with the fire from off the altar. After bury-

ing his head in prayer as the hymn before the sermon began, he went up into the pulpit in ample time to lay his manuscript on the desk, turn its pages over and back and gaze again intently at the people. As they sat down and silence fell on all, he announced and repeated his text, caught their attention in the first words of his short introduction, announced his topic, suggested his line of movement, and then the torrent of thought, imagination, illustration, and passion was let loose. For twenty-five or thirty minutes neither head, eye, nor muscle of any of the congregation relaxed, except by simultaneous movement as he paused. With the last word spoken in a voice, not of rebuke or warning, but of tender appeal, he and the people kept for what seemed a minute an almost oppressive silence, broken by a short inspired prayer.

Throughout his Boston ministry his routine was to give an expository lecture every Wednesday evening throughout the winter, and preach a written sermon on Sunday morning, though in his later years he gave up the manuscript and spoke without notes. In the afternoon he preached another sermon to his people without notes, and in the evening preached at Harvard University or in some parish outside the city. Other occasional addresses or speeches were made each week, each of them carefully prepared, suggestive, full of imagination: most of them of such power and eloquence as to remain embedded in men's memories for months or years.

One short prayer of Phillips Brooks's has gone into the history of Harvard University. Upon the 21st of July, 1865, the Harvard Commemoration of her sons who had fallen in the Civil War took place. It was Harvard's greatest day in that generation. Generals and other officers, Governor Andrew, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Holmes, had their appointed parts. James Russell Lowell was to give the Commemoration Ode. Phillips Brooks, only twenty-nine years of age, rector of a Philadelphia church, was known to but few in the great company. The events of the War, his loyalty to Lincoln and the Union cause in a city where many were indifferent or hostile, his love of liberty and his deep conviction that in the Church which he preached were freedom, justice, and love, had gathered force, developed his character, stimulated his thought,

and fired his emotions so that when Richmond fell and Lincoln was assassinated, his eloquence had swept through the hearts of the city. Hence when he stood before the great company of Harvard's sons and felt himself to be the interpreter of their thoughts to God and of God's work for freedom and the country, the flood of memories, aspiration, and thanksgiving gathered themselves into his personality, and, to quote from Colonel Henry Lee, the Chief Marshal of the Day, 'in the exercises came a prayer, a brief prayer of a few minutes, of one inspired to pour forth the thanksgiving of the assembled brethren. From that moment the name of that inspired young man, till then unknown, became a household word.' Said President Eliot, 'It was the most impressive utterance of a proud and happy day. Even Lowell's Commemoration Ode did not at the moment so touch the hearts of his hearers. That one spontaneous and intimate expression of Brooks's noble spirit convinced all Harvard men that a young prophet had risen up in Israel.'

Of this prayer no word remains recorded.

In Brooks's early ministry the whole conception of the world and the universe, of the creation, nature, and origin of man was revolutionized. While cautious theologians stood aghast and the verbal wars between science and religion went merrily or sadly on, Brooks was gathering the new conception into the texture of his thought and working it into the living faith in a living God. He retained the evangelical temper, the personal religion, and the burning love for God and man implanted by his mother; but to her dismay and sorrow he preached a fresh and vitalized Gospel. He thereby steadied the shaking faith of thousands; and his voice and word went through the country and beyond as of a prophet of a new day: the youth heard it, responded, and followed.

These fresh forces of thought, experience, and revelation poured into him and became a part of his very personality; each year found him larger, stronger, and freer in his utterance. In the last three or four years of his life, including the fifteen months of his great episcopate, he spoke with increasing directness to the inmost hearts of men. In Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, New York, in Faneuil Hall and Saint Paul's Church, Boston, he

faced great congregations of men only. At the completion of fifty-seven years, his heart stopped suddenly and his voice was silenced.

He loved Boston. As we look from the Club window upon the Common, the State House, the Tower of Trinity, we seem to hear his voice in praise of Boston. Here he was born, December 13, 1835; here he was beloved; here, on January 23, 1893 he laid down his life.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

1819–1895

William Wetmore Story was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1819. His ancestors in America, as we hear of them, were men with a strong mainspring, vigorous, brave, public-spirited from youth on. His father, Joseph Story, first scholar of his class at Harvard College, was successively a member of the Massachusetts Legislature for three years, member of Congress, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and finally Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States from the age of thirty-two until his death thirty-five years later.

When the Harvard Law School was founded by Mr. Dane in 1829, he made his bequest on condition that Judge Story should be the professor, and also write a certain number of treatises on the different branches of jurisprudence. Asked if he thought that the Judge would fulfil the formidable conditions, Mr. Dane answered: 'Yes, I know the man. He will do this and more, for, uncommon as are his talents, his industry is still more extraordinary.' Josiah Quincy said of the Judge, 'Knowledge radiated from him. . . . The spirit in which he taught was beautiful. He taught as well by his character as his words.'

Thus called to Cambridge, the Storys left their pleasant home in the fine old seaport town when William was ten years old. He grew up as an active boy, full of spirit and gay enterprise. James Russell Lowell was his classmate, and they were fast friends through life.

He was fortunate in his family life. The father, deeply immersed by day in his writing or his judicial duties, gave his evenings to his family and friends. Charles Sumner, some eight years older than young Story, while in the Law School was a visitor frequently welcomed, and, seeing William's taste for the classics, invited him to spend evenings in his room; and the seed there sown sprang up later, in the Italian studio — Medea, Alcestis, the Libyan Sibyl — or in classic verses.

Story graduated in 1838 and honestly grappled with the law as the career marked out for him. He contributed to his profession a 'Treatise on the Law of Contracts,' accepted as good by his contemporaries, and two years later a work on the 'Law of Sales of Personal Property,' together with three volumes of Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts.

He was married to Miss Emelyn Eldredge, on October 31, 1843, five years before he went abroad, and the marriage proved most happy. Thomas Wentworth Higginson says 'she was very beautiful and of a queenly presence,' and she was cordially in sympathy with her husband's tastes and ambitions.

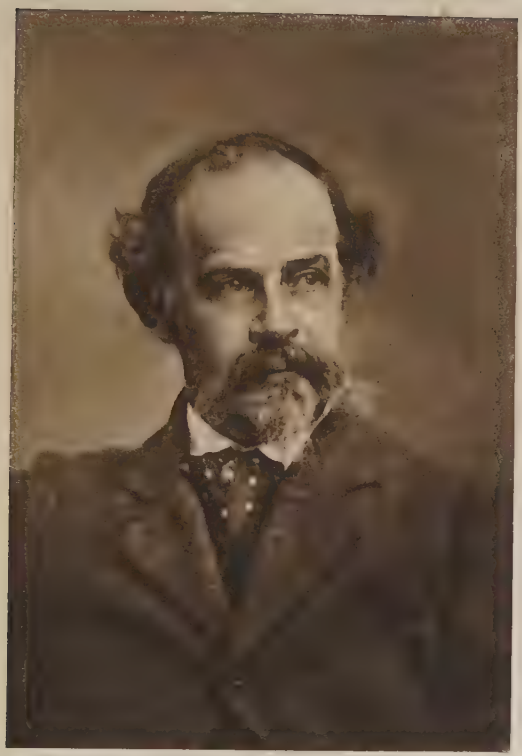
But through the atmosphere of the law a call to quite other work, with fair promises of success, grew more and more insistent; and, first honestly finishing his early task, he followed the call overseas to Italy and began the life which he loved. He found an excuse in the fact that Judge Story had died, and his friends, wishing to place his statue in the chapel at Mount Auburn, commissioned his son to execute it. Young Story felt that he must learn the craft that he was expected to exercise, and he joyfully obeyed this call.[1] Another filial duty that he performed was the writing of his father's life.

Whatever risk there was in this experiment of harkening joyfully to the call of art, Story cheerfully took it. He would see wondrous Italy, and he would find what she could do for his soul and his hand. His wife gladly shared the venture. If promise of success began to fade after an earnest beginning, the doors of the law would still be open to him for he had an established place among lawyers.

Henry James, the younger, opens his tribute to Story[2] with gratitude to the *éclaireurs*, who, obeying a yearning for something which New England, their mother, could not give, early in the nineteenth century, 'set their lives upon a cast,' ready to 'stand the

[1] It should be said that while law had been his vocation, diligently pursued, Story had, before his father's death, modelled, out of hours, a 'Hagar and Ishmael,' and a bust of his wife's father. — E. W. E.

[2] *William Wetmore Story and His Friends*, by Henry James (2 vols., Boston, 1903).



hazard of the die,' and went to Southern Europe to win their desire. Now, says James, such venture is common, 'because certain patient persons long ago were so good as to bear a certain brunt. Europe for Americans has, in a word, been made easy; it was anything but easy, however much as it was inspiring, during that period of touching experiment.'

Story and his wife sailed for Genoa in the winter of 1847. At Pisa began a close and lifelong friendship and sympathy between the Storys and the Brownings, who, in the next year, made their home in Casa Guidi at Florence; but the Storys soon established themselves in Rome. During the short stay in Pisa Story had the joy of seeing, in the Apennine quarries near by, the glorious marble from which he was to liberate his Libyan Sibyl and his Cleopatra.

During 1848, while Story was enjoying the full happiness and excitement that Rome, its treasures, and its history had for such a man, the Revolution was brewing; and in the spring of 1848, the Pope fled to Gaeta, and the Roman Republic was proclaimed. But our American residents, who could not withhold their sympathy, were, within a few months, to see the French overthrow the new state and bring back the Pope.

Story writes from Rome to Lowell, in the spring of 1849, telling of his pleasure and of the amusement he had given to the Brownings and others by rendering for them in true Yankee twang the first 'Biglow Papers.' But Story's kind and manly protest against Lowell's unchivalrous wit at the expense of a lady of remarkable mind and heroic character is satisfying to read. He writes to Lowell of the 'Fable for Critics': 'It is admittable, and just what I think in almost all points. It is . . . as the English say, "Amazingly clever." Once or twice you were biassed by friendships . . . and once by prejudice. . . . One thing I regretted, and that was that you drive your arrow so sharply through Miranda.[1] The joke of the "Tiring-woman to the Muses" is too happy, but because fate has really been unkind to her, and because she depends on her pen for her bread and water (and that is nearly all she has to eat), and because she is her own worst enemy, and because through her disappointment and disease, which embitter everyone, she has

[1] The name given to Margaret Fuller in those verses. — E. W. E.

struggled most stoutly and manfully, I could have wished that you had let her pass scot-free.' Lowell, in his answer, says he did not know of her poverty, adding, 'You may be sure I have felt more sorry about it than any one, only I always reflect *after* a thing is done.'

Leaving disturbed Rome after the gallant Revolution's pitiful end, the Storys, with open mind for all good things, thought it well to see something of German achievement before the sculptor settled to real work in Rome. After a first short plunge alone into Southern Germany, during which he records his feeling of German clumsiness — 'nothing *internal* in the work,' the quality that he, through life, strove for in his own — he with his wife made a first visit to Venice, and felt its romantic charm and the splendor, warmth, and opulence of its art. But, true New-Englanders as they were, *tenaces propositi*, and sure of the good that was to be found everywhere, when the sun ran lowest, they set forth for Berlin — in the latitude of Hudson's Bay. 'This plunge,' says Henry James, 'would be exactly the most heart-rending obligation that could fix its teeth into the tender conscience of a precursor not yet fully in tune with his mission . . . a period of discipline in the unregenerate Prussian Capital.' For Story 'had not yet burnt his ships'; that is, though in hopes to prove a sculptor, he was soaking up such culture of all sorts as was for him.

He set himself to study the language, and soon assiduously attended courses of lectures on Civil Law; on Church History by Neander, grotesque, but a deep thinker; on History by Von Ranke, 'the acme of flippancy'; or the dull Von Raumer, and the equally dull fact-furnisher Waagen on Art; and Von Savigny, the celebrated jurist, 'of all petrifactions the most remarkable.' Karl Ludwig Michelet on Political Economy, and Karl Ritter, the geographer, he found interesting, but the acquaintance with the old Von Humboldt, calm, balanced, clear, with immense knowledge even of America, was the notable human incident for Story in Germany. All the time he was modelling in off-hours. Those hours, and the delightful compensations of music, with health and a sense of humor, carried the brave American couple through the winter. Story remarks, 'I find the furnished apartments here

"very tolerable," as Dogberry says, "and not to be endured." They are senselessly arranged.'

The Storys found themselves homesick rather for Italy than for Boston, yet after a pleasant stay in England and Scotland for some months and making many friends there, they went back to Cambridge. There were reasons; duties which must be done before the sculptor, now with mind clear as to his desire and call, could return with conscience and hands free to take up his life work. But first, he had to show to the committee on the statue of his father, his work, presumably a plaster cast from the clay. It was at once approved. Then there was a call for a new edition of one of his works, and this he prepared; yet he found, or made, time to begin in earnest his Life of Judge Story, and all this was done during a stay of some eight months at home.

As Henry James says, during all this work on law he was ripening for a real rupture with it: — 'It speaks unmistakably of his various ability and facility, the mental agility, the insistence in the direction of the hour with which his life, his talk, his work, and his play ever abounded that he could keep himself in two such opposed relations at once, could take hold afresh even while really giving up, and give up even while taking hold. This was to show in him as markedly later on.'

While Story was attending to these tasks, his mind was sorely troubled. He had got far enough in art to feel his real lack of a vigorous technical training to which at his age, and with his responsibilities, he could hardly give himself. 'He was the victim, all innocent, at first, and unconscious, of an order of things from which standards were absent at that period.' He worked through the winter as conscience bade him. Meanwhile kind Fate took the matter in hand, let Italy for the second time renew her call, whispering that he had force in him to overcome the obstacles. Before the year had passed the tasks, and the duties to his father's memory were done, and Story with his family once more from the ship hailed *Genoa la superba.*

They established themselves in Rome in a new home on the Piazza di Spagna. Already they had friends, and they made more. Brother sculptors were Crawford and Horatio Greenough. Char-

lotte Cushman was then in her prime as an actress and personally valued. William Page was impressing not only his American sitters, but the English, especially Browning, by his portraits. Christopher Cranch, artist and poet, was affectionately regarded. Yet, while friendly and hospitable to these and others, Story was pleased with the Italians and gladly met their courteous advances half-way. 'I love Rome the more, the more I live in it,' he said.

In the second year after their return to Europe, when the heats of summer came, the Storys and the Brownings, now fast friends, found a paradise in the Apennines at the Baths of Lucca, and spent days under the great chestnut trees by a mountain brook, where they had the pleasant company of the young poet, Edward Bulwer Lytton. Excepting during the summer vacation, Story was zealously working at the marble statue of his father and planning the ideal works that were to follow.

With the coming winter a heavy cloud was to fall on the Story household in the sudden sickness of a little son and daughter, the first dying soon, the second recovering very slowly. Friendship came abundantly to their aid, especially the Brownings', and in the following summer there was a wonderful occasion when, to these children whom he loved, Hans Andersen read 'The Ugly Duckling,' and 'Browning struck up with the "Pied Piper"' which led to the formation of a 'grand March . . . with Story doing his best on a flute in default of bagpipes. But the tenderest recollection is that of Thackeray reading "The Rose and the Ring," as yet unpublished, to the little convalescent girl.'

His boy's death left a depression from which Story, however brave, was long in recovering. He longed to see Lowell, perhaps his nearest friend, who had left his studies in Germany for his Harvard professorship, and was in Paris. He had news too of his mother's failing health, and his fears as to his fitness as a sculptor began to revive; so, moving westward, with stays in France and England, he came to Boston again.

Three circumstances that he found there, mainly unwelcome or unattractive, worked well for Story. The first was the demand for a new edition of his book on 'Contracts,' already a standard work. He writes to Lowell that he had 'spent three months writing law in

Little and Brown's back-room,' and had added four hundred pages to the work in that time; 'I feel like a wet rag after it.' But the work must be worthy of the family name. The second — he had arrived on the edge of a New England winter and 'toughed it out' — was the climate. The third was the 'Art'lessness as well as the blunt directness of Boston. By the time his commanding tasks were done he found his doubts settled for him. In Boston he should wither, for he then first saw 'how the great Allston starved spiritually in Cambridgeport.' Story goes on, 'here we love nothing, we criticize everything. Even the very atmosphere is critical. Every twig is intensely defined against the sky. The sky itself is hard and distant. Earth takes never the hue of its heaven.' These words were written at ebb-tide of this brave man's spirit. But he was rightly guided in obeying his call.

Now set free, Story, eagerly and most faithfully, studied, and created in the clay, the forms and faces of which his joy in the classic legends had made him dream. His facility was great, but so was his standard. Before chiselling these presences in marble — and even afterwards — many a change was made overnight. He said, 'I suppose I might let the stone be cut by other hands if I could find other hands to suit me; not but what they would feel bound to copy my (clay) model accurately, but I do not feel bound to copy my model. . . . If I want a line different — a blow, and there it is. . . . "Clytemnestra," upon which I am engaged at present, I have changed as fancy has led me while the chisel has been in my hand. . . . I could not work in any other way.'

All through his busy life Story was impelled to write, and did so eagerly and well. Henry James said, 'It was impossible to be more interested in the things of the mind and in the forms and combinations into which they overflow. The question of expression and style haunted him; the question of representation by words was ever as present to him as that of representation by marble or by bronze. Once in a while these ideas move him in the same direction with equal force. He produced, for instance, two Cleopatras [one in marble and one in verse] and it is difficult to say that the versified, the best of his shorter poems, is not as "good" as the interesting statue with which it competes.'

In 1860, and increasingly in the three following years, Story had well justified his choice of his life's work. There was to be a great exhibition of works of art in England in 1862. It was important for him as a matter of professional success and of support for himself and his family to send thither his masterpieces. It should be remembered, for the credit side of Pio Nono's account with Heaven and Earth, that this Supreme Pontiff, who had been a frequent visitor at his studio, had the generous thought to send Story's work to the English exhibition, at a time of this artist's great discouragement, the Pope assuming all expense. The result was a great success for Story, the more notable because at this very time, when England had bristled up because of Captain Wilkes's seizure of the Trent with Mason and Slidell, and the sympathy of her aristocracy was almost entirely with the Rebellion, he was, with great spirit, during his summer residence in England, championing and explaining the Northern cause. In spite of this, and partly because his personality was so manly and charming, the effect of his work at the Exhibition was, says Henry James, immediate and general. 'Story,' he continues, 'was frankly and forcibly romantic, and with a highly cultivated quality in his romance. He penetrated the imagination of his public as nobody else just then could have done. He told his tale with admirable emphasis and straightness, with a strong sense both of character and of drama, so that he created a kind of interest for the statue which had been . . . up to that time, reserved for the picture. He gave the marble something of the colour of the canvas; he in any case offered the observer a spectacle and, as nearly as possible, a scene.'

His own country was slow to appreciate these great figures of the early world freed from the marble by Story. They were prized abroad, but here, except in a few cases, only his portrait sculpture was desired. It is strange that the Boston Museum of Fine Arts [1] has no one of these heroines to show us, nor yet the Athenæum. The 'Libyan Sibyl,' one of Story's most remarkable works, which he copied several times, was bought by Lord Wentworth and the Goldsmiths' Company in London, and by Count Palffy in Paris.

[1] There are at the time of this writing (1921) two pleasing but small, marble statues by Story exhibited in the Museum of Fine Arts.

Yet we are glad to read that another copy was bought by Mrs. Lodge of Boston. This must have been over fifty years ago. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe while in Rome told Story the remarkable history of Sojourner Truth, strange prophetess and inspired guide towards the North Star of many of her race in the darkest days of slavery, and this prompted the Libyan Sibyl, perhaps Story's chief success. In the spring of 1861 he wrote to Norton: 'This last winter I finished what I consider my best work — it is so considered by all, I believe — the Libyan Sibyl. I have taken the pure Coptic head and figure, the great massive sphinx-like face, full-lipped, long-eyed, low-browed and lowering, and the largely developed limbs of the African. She sits on a rock, her legs crossed, leaning forward, her elbow on her knee and her chin pressed down upon her hand. The upper part of the figure is nude, and a rich simple mantle clothes her legs. . . . It is a very massive figure, big-shouldered, large-bosomed, with nothing of the Venus in it, but, as far as I could make it, luxuriant and heroic. She is looking out of her black eyes into futurity and sees the terrible fate of her race. This is the theme of the figure — Slavery on the horizon — and I made her head as melancholy and severe as possible, not at all shirking the real African type. On the contrary, it is thoroughly African — Libyan African, of course, not Congo. This I am now putting into marble.'

The Sibyl and the Cleopatra were sent for exhibition to London and in May, Story followed. 'As in my art, so in my literary efforts,' he wrote, 'I get the best appreciation in England. The publishers at home rejected my book. . . . It is of no use in America for me to hope for anything. I do not expect to find a public there until I have obtained it elsewhere. They will resist to the last, considering me as anything but a poetaster, dilettante, and amateur. My visit to England has been delightful. . . . I have been greeted with a praise which, grateful as it is, I cannot feel to be quite deserved. . . . I hope I have established myself on a new footing as an artist. I am going back to Rome full of good intentions and strong for work.'

Thus Story felt the joy of life, and sympathy with the human beings around him, whether of Italian, English, or American race,

and expressed it in verse or in marble, as the call came. At home, before beginning serious work in sculpture, he had published a volume of poems. Again in 1856, excited by his joyful new life, he brought out his more mature verse for which, as for the statues, Judea, Greece, and Italy furnish the motives. Story's work in both kinds was earnest and good and done with joy, yet Miss Phillips says in her book about him that it amused him to say 'Sculptors profess much admiration for my writings,' presently adding with a quizzical smile, 'Poets amiably admit that my great talent lies in my sculpture.'

A great joy to the Brownings and the Storys was their loyal friendship from the time of their first acquaintance. Both houses were most hospitable, a godsend to English and American visitors and residents, and the flower of Italian society was to be met there. They were the home of the humanities. During the heat, both families often went together to the Apennines. After Mrs. Browning's death, the bond was drawn even closer. Story wrote to Mr. Norton, shortly afterward, 'Browning is now with his sister in Paris, and I have lost my best friend and daily companion in Italy. You cannot imagine how I shall miss him. For three years now we have been almost constantly together. . . . All the long evenings of these last summers at Siena he was with us. . . . All the last winters he worked with me daily for three hours in my studio. . . . Returning to Rome, . . . I have no one with whom I can walk any of the higher ranges of art or philosophy. The last thing I did before leaving Rome was to make a bust of him, which his wife was good enough to call "perfect."'

Browning, unable to bear life in Florence without his wife, returned to England there to remain, except for excursions in summer to France or Switzerland, and finally northern Italy. He always kept in touch with the Storys and in these excursions they met. In 1863 Story brought out his 'Roba di Roma,' giving the rich impressions and aspects of current life, public and private, high and low, the result of his delightful study for fifteen years. 'The golden air, as I look over its pages,' says James, 'makes a mist.' The book was a great success, and when the second edition, with some changes, was called for, the loyal Browning dealt with the

sometimes difficult publishers, read the proof, and took the responsibilities of a brotherly editor on the spot.

If his countrymen were not ready to appreciate Story's inspired classical studies, they turned to him for memorial statues of great Americans. Colonel Prescott's statue stands on Bunker Hill, President Quincy's at Harvard College, Edward Everett's in the Public Garden; and in Washington the great Chief Justice Marshall and Professor Joseph Henry bear witness to his power.

His biographer says, 'His reputation and his activity continued to grow, and the twelve or fifteen years from 1862 were doubtless in all sorts of ways the happiest of his life. He liked the "world," and the world also thoroughly liked him. He was not the artist to whom solitary brooding is a need or luxury; concentration he arrived at during the fresh, the early hours of the insidious Roman day; but on the basis of that common and consecrated triumph there were doubtless few things of more relish for him than his easy hospitality, and, as may be frankly said, his personal success. . . . Living in a large circle — for during all the brightest years it grew and grew — he carried about with him in every direction his handsome, charming face, his high animation, his gaiety . . . and, even more than these things, his interest in ideas, in people, in everything, his vivacity of question, answer, demonstration, disputation.'

Story was, from youth onward, a well-made, handsome man, but as the right feelings day by day exercise the kindly or brave or sad facial muscles, this sculptor's countenance was unconsciously self-moulded, and later pictures of him are the best.

He died at Vollambrosa October 5, 1895. Of his last days in that enchanted place Henry James wrote thus: 'It was all so beautiful that it was sad — with a distinction the sense of which weighed like an anxiety. Something of that sort, something supreme in the solemn sweetness with which the whole place surrounded him, I can imagine our friend to have felt as he sat, with the last patience, in the September days, listening to its voices. They might have been saying to him how far he had come from the primary scene, and how much he had left by the way, as well as, indeed, how much he had found and laboured and achieved. They might, above all,

have seemed to breathe upon him the very essence of the benediction of the old Italy he had chosen and loved and who thus closed soft arms about him. Death came to him, as with a single soundless step, early on the October morning, and, two days later, he was laid to rest near his wife.'

EDWARD W. EMERSON

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

1826–1904

Few faces of Massachusetts men are more familiar to the older members of the Saturday Club than the bland, guileless, cherubic countenance of George F. Hoar. Nevertheless, and although he was a member of the Club for twenty-seven years, he was not as closely identified with it as his older brother Judge Rockwood Hoar, nor was he as regular in attendance as his nephew Samuel Hoar, III. He joined the Club in 1877, at a moment when his political reputation, already established by eight years of service in Congress and by his notable activities in connection with the Electoral Commission of 1876, had been further enhanced by his election as Senator from Massachusetts. But the Senator's faithful performance of his duties in Washington made it difficult for him to attend our dinners in Boston, and after the death of his brother the Judge in 1895, he came but rarely. I think it must have been at the time of one of his last visits to the Club, shortly before his death in September, 1904, that he talked a long time with me about one of his pet animosities, Wendell Phillips. Every reader of the Senator's 'Autobiography of Seventy Years' will remember that, though Mr. Hoar thought Wendell Phillips entitled to the very loftiest rank as an orator, he did not estimate his moral character highly, and considered that Phillips's influence was in the main pernicious. He told me on this occasion that he had seven hundred manuscript pages devoted to Wendell Phillips, which he doubted whether he would ever publish. If those pages have not already perished by spontaneous combustion, they should be preserved for some future historian of the imperfect sympathies engendered by the antislavery movement.

In fact, though I have ventured to call the Senator's countenance cherubic, any one who had the pleasure of listening to him as he discussed three favorite topics, Wendell Phillips, Benjamin F. Butler, and mugwumps in general — with specific reference to two or three distinguished mugwump members of the Saturday Club

and mind some of the most characteristic traits of seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century America. Both his great-grandfather and his grandfather were in the fight at Concord Bridge. His mother was the daughter of Roger Sherman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. George Hoar himself was born in the summer of 1826, just after the death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. He grew to manhood in the great epoch of New England liberalism. Brought up a Whig, he turned Free-Soiler and then Republican. His younger colleague, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, often spoke of him as a human rights statesman of the 1848 type, the last great survivor of that remarkable group. I cannot refrain from quoting one central paragraph from Senator Lodge's memorial address delivered in the Senate of the United States on January 28, 1905. That address presents the most masterly portrait of George Frisbie Hoar that is ever likely to be drawn, and it is impossible to read it without perceiving a certain wistfulness which gives such a grave and unwonted beauty to Senator Lodge's characterization of a man whom he admired but whose ideals he could not wholly share:

'Mr. Hoar was born in the period of revolt. He joined the human rights statesmen of that remarkable time. He shared in their labors; he saw the once unpopular cause rise up victorious through the stress and storm of battle; he beheld the visions of his youth change into realities and his country emerge triumphant from the awful ordeal of civil war. He came into public life in season to join in completing the work of the men who had given themselves up to the destruction of slavery and the preservation of the Union. But even then the mighty emotions of those terrible years were beginning to subside. The seas which had been running mountain high were going down, the tempestuous winds before which the ship of state had driven for long years were dropping and bid fair to come out from another quarter. The country was passing into a new political period. Questions involving the rights of men and the wrongs of humanity gave place throughout the world of western civilization to those of trade and commerce, of tariffs and currency and finance. The world returned to a period when the issues were economic, industrial, and commercial, and when the vast

organizations of capital and labor opened up a new series of problems. In the United States, as the issues of the war faded into the distance and material prosperity was carried to heights undreamed of before, the nation turned inevitably from the completed conquest of its own continent to expansion beyond its borders, and to the assertion of a control and authority which were its due among the great powers of the earth. Many years before Mr. Hoar's death the change was complete, and he found himself a leader in the midst of a generation whose interests and whose conceptions differed widely from those to which his own life had been devoted. He took up the new questions with the same zeal and the same power which he had brought to the old. He made himself master of the tariff, aided thereto by his love of the great industrial community which he had seen grow up about him at Worcester, and whose success he attributed to the policy of protection. In the same way he studied, reflected upon, and discussed problems of banking and currency and the conflict of standards. But at bottom all these questions were alien to him. However thoroughly he mastered them, however wisely he dealt with them, they never touched his heart. His inheritance of sound sense, of practical intelligence, of reverence for precedent, rendered it easy for him to appreciate and understand the value and importance of matters involving industrial prosperity and the growth of trade; but the underlying idealism made these questions at the same time seem wholly inferior to the nobler aspirations upon which his youth was nurtured. An idealist he was born, and so he lived and died. Neither skepticism nor experience could chill the hopes or dim the visions of his young manhood. He was imbued with the profound and beautiful faith in humanity characteristic of that earlier time. He lived to find himself in an atmosphere where this faith was invaded by doubt and questioning.'

To those words, written over a score of years ago, little needs to be added. Senator Hoar remains, alike in the memories of his friends and in the imagination of the younger generation, a typical figure: a genuine and unspoiled American. The pattern of his life was finely moulded, and if long before his death the pattern began to seem curiously antique, marked with provincial traits

and personal singularities, we were nevertheless aware that beneath the surface of partisanship and prejudice was the pure gold of passionate loyalty to all noble things.

BLISS PERRY

1880

JOHN LOWELL

1825–1897

JOHN LOWELL, son of John Amory Lowell, was born in Boston in 1825, entered Harvard College just after he had turned his fifteenth year, and graduated in 1843 among the first eight scholars of his class. Although his father was a manufacturer it was natural that he should choose the law as a career, for his grandfather, who was living when he entered college, and his great-grandfather before him had been leaders of the bar. He therefore then entered the Law School, where Joseph Story and Simon Greenleaf were the professors, and took his degree two years later.

For twenty years he was at the bar, but he went into court seldom, his work being mainly chamber practice, and in fact, like some other distinguished judges, he did not make a notable success before he was appointed to the bench. Rather short in stature, slightly stooping in carriage and retiring in demeanor, he was not a conspicuous figure, and yet he impressed men whose judgment carried weight, for in the spring of 1865 a number of the leaders of the Suffolk bar recommended his appointment as Judge of the Federal District Court; and this although he had taken no active part in politics, then, as ever, one of the roads to the national judicial office. His appointment was among the last acts of President Lincoln. It was especially gratifying because quite unsolicited on his part, and because the first holder of the position had been his great-grandfather of the same name. He would have been the more pleased could he have known that it would afterwards be held by his cousin Francis C. Lowell, and later still by his own son James Arnold Lowell, the present judge.

If his career at the bar had not been remarkable, he found his true niche on the bench, for he rapidly won high esteem as a judge. He was said to show keen insight in perceiving on whose side of a case essential justice lay, and extraordinary acumen in discovering good legal reasons for deciding in his favor. Since the object of courts is the administration of justice, and the formulation of

principles that will secure it, the saying about his attitude seems to partake of the highest praise. By nature he was somewhat impatient of precedents that did not appear just in their application, and was ingenious in finding them inapplicable to the case before him. I remember his telling in conversation that the best kind of law was that of the Cadi, who decided each case according to his conviction of its inherent justice without regard to precedents; and yet he published two volumes of his own decisions. The fact is that he was an excellent lawyer, with a great respect for legal principles, but did not believe in following rigidly precedents that were wrong or opinions that propounded doctrines so general in form as to work injustice in particular cases. His decisions won for him wide fame, and in 1878 he was promoted to the Circuit Court, a place which he held until he resigned in 1884.

Perhaps his most comprehensive and enduring legal contribution will be in the law of bankruptcy. In his practice he had been concerned with the insolvency statutes of the State; and shortly after his appointment to the bench a national bankruptcy law was passed, with its administration placed in the hands of the District Courts. Of this he made himself the master, and later wrote a treatise on the subject, which after his death was published in two volumes by his son John. In fact he came to be regarded as the outstanding authority on the subject. On leaving the bench he returned to the practice of law and was actively engaged in it until his death in 1897. His reputation as a judge brought him clients. He was constantly consulted, and retained as senior counsel by younger men. Nor did he fail to do his share in those institutions that make a large demand upon the time of public-spirited citizens. For many years he was, for example, vice-president of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and from 1875 to 1886 an Overseer of Harvard University.

He looked older than he was; and brought up by my father, his younger brother, with great admiration for my uncle, I cannot remember when I did not regard him as venerable. This was in fact a common sentiment. On one occasion when one of his children was ill during his absence from home, my father was at his house at Chestnut Hill early in the morning. Thinking the time short for

J. Lowell

taking the usual train at the station near by he was in a hurry to go, but was told by the family that they never started until they heard the whistle of the approaching engine. On the way my father exclaimed that the train was starting, and ran to the station to find the train gone. Speaking to the station master about what he had been told he got the reply that the Judge was away; when at home they held the train for him. Meanwhile the people at Brookline had been complaining that the train was habitually a couple of minutes late; and the Judge every day walked calmly to the station quite unconscious that a train full of passengers was kept waiting for him. He would certainly have been shocked had he known it, and probably have wondered why he was the object of such consideration, for he did not treat himself as a public character.

Yet when presiding at a dinner of the Bar Association he did it with a grace and wit that made the occasion notable, for he was good company, and had a keen sense of humor. The circle of neighbors at Chestnut Hill knew it, and so did his clever contemporaries who dined together under the name of the Bulgine Club. No doubt our predecessors in the Saturday Club knew it well, although few of them are now left to tell the tale.

He was gentle, peaceable, and kindly toward others. Inside the low stone wall by the street that bordered his place there grew a row of lilacs, and one Decoration Day the flowering branches were ruthlessly torn away by passers-by. Instead of being exasperated, or trying to discover the offenders, he ordered sprays of the flowers to be cut the next year and laid upon the wall that people might take them as they walked.

Retiring in disposition, he rather shunned than sought public occasions, and his domestic and affectionate temperament made his home seem his natural place and his family his most congenial companions. In 1853 he married Lucy Buckminster Emerson, who survived him until 1905. A much younger relative thinks of him in two characters: as a judge sitting with an informal dignity to administer a justice in which all men had confidence, and as a father wandering slowly over his land with his children or reading quietly in his library, tranquil while the young people played about the house.

A. Lawrence Lowell

1881

THEODORE LYMAN

1833–1897

NATIONAL inheritance and varied experience moulded Theodore Lyman into an unusually well-rounded and human personality. Seldom do we find the genial man of the world united to the learned man of science. His distinguished record in the Civil War, his service as Congressman, and the efficiency with which he for years directed the affairs of the Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts — all these bore evidence to his versatility. Gifted with rare intelligence, good looks, and ready tact, with a love of his kind and a genius for mingling with people, he was always a conspicuous figure in whatever gathering he found himself. Perhaps his most characteristic qualities were high spirits and unusual common sense. However much his gaiety might enliven some merry group, it always rested on a substratum of sagacity.

His ancestors were of old New England stock, one of the small group of families, which since the earliest colonial days directed the development of the commonwealth. His mother, Mary Henderson, was known in the New York of her day as 'a lady of rare personal beauty and accomplishments.' His father, a man of note in the community, had studied abroad and travelled in Eastern Europe, an unusual circumstance in those days. Theodore Lyman was born in the old family homestead at Waltham, but shortly afterwards his father moved to a house that he bought in Brookline. It still stands set back in its broad lawn, a dignified and pleasant home, where generations of Yankee gentlemen have kept the wolf comfortably from the door. Here young Lyman grew up, and here he spent his life, interrupted only by his occasional visits to Europe, his short term of office in Washington, and his career in the Civil War.

His mother died when he was an infant. He was educated under his father's supervision by private tutors, and before going to college spent a couple of years abroad. His father died when he was sixteen, leaving him heir to a comfortable fortune and the Brookline house. He entered Harvard with the Class of 1855. It was

natural that the social side of college life appealed to one so charming and companionable. Not till his junior year did his ability begin to declare itself; as a senior he received the highest marks of the year, and on graduating was given fourth place in his class by especial vote.

On leaving college, while keeping in contact with the world in many ways, he studied natural history under Louis Agassiz, and devoting himself to Ophiurans, became the authority of his day on that group. When the Challenger returned from its celebrated exploration of the oceans of the world, its collections were given for description to the most eminent specialists to be found in any country, and the Ophiurans fell to Theodore Lyman.

In 1858 he married Elizabeth Russell, daughter of George R. Russell, an East India merchant of Boston. After some two years in the Brookline house, Lyman took his wife to Europe, where a daughter was born, and there they remained till she could be brought safely back. Meanwhile, armed with letters from Agassiz, he spent much of his time among the scientific men of the old world, establishing relations, buying collections, and arranging for exchanges for the professor's new museum at Cambridge. His letters to his classmate and brother-in-law, Alex Agassiz, are whimsical mixtures of scientific technicalities, characteristically humorous thumb-sketches, filled with common sense, of the vagaries of noted naturalists, and shrewd comments on the political situation in Europe.

In these days of cablegrams and wireless it is difficult to imagine how great a gap travellers in Europe found between themselves and the Civil War. So it was not till his return to Brookline in the spring of 1863 that he realized the true nature of the situation. Lee's army had crossed the upper Potomac, and there were stirring times ahead. Lyman was much impressed by the calmness with which the people about him accepted the war. Soon came Gettysburg, and not long afterwards Robert Shaw, Mrs. Lyman's cousin, fell at the head of his negro regiment while storming Fort Wagner. Lyman wrote, 'Bob's name stands as that of one who gave up a life spotless of low ambition to the cause of Eternal Right,' as he himself was preparing to find a place of usefulness at the front.

Col. Theodore Lyman

By a curious coincidence the way lay open to him. Shortly after he graduated, Agassiz sent him on a scientific mission to Florida. In Key West he ran across a Captain Meade of the engineers, who was superintending the construction of lighthouses. Educated men were scarce in southern Florida in those days, the two were much thrown together, found each other congenial, and established a lasting friendship. Thus it chanced that Lyman readily obtained a position on the staff of his old friend, George Gordon Meade, now in command of the Army of the Potomac.

The evening before leaving for Virginia, Lyman wrote in his journal: 'Mimi went with me for a pleasant walk in the woods and we picked flowers. It will be hard to part — harder than we think for! How many a brave man has never come back! The retribution of Sin descends with compound force on the generations that come after. To-morrow I leave for the army. May I do my full duty; without that there can be nothing worthy.'

Colonel Lyman remained on Meade's staff to the end of the war. He was one of the few Federal officers to ride through the Confederate lines after Lee's surrender. His little pocket journals of those days contain quantities of small sketch maps showing the movements of the Army of the Potomac. So good an authority as John C. Ropes considered them of such historical value that he had them all copied and placed in the archives of the Military Historical Society. Lyman's letters from the front to his wife have been published by the Massachusetts Historical Society; they give an unusually vivid picture of the life at Meade's Headquarters during the latter part of the war, and are replete with keen and humorous sidelights of many historical figures and events of the times. Reading between the lines, one readily gathers that Meade grew greatly to rely on Lyman's clear brain, cool judgment, and ready tact.

When he disbanded his staff, General Meade wrote to Colonel Lyman: 'In parting with you after an association of over twenty months, during which time you have served on my staff, I feel it due to you to express my high sense of the assistance I have received from you, and to bear testimony to the zeal, energy, and gallantry you have displayed in the discharge of your duties. Be

assured I shall ever preserve the liveliest reminiscences of our intercourse, and wherever our separate fortunes may take us, I shall ever have a deep interest in your welfare and happiness which, by the blessing of God, I trust may be long continued.'

On his return to civil life he reassumed his duties as trustee of the Lyman Reform School for delinquent boys, established by his father, and was appointed the first Chairman of the Commission of Inland Fisheries, a position which he held for seventeen years. Under his wise and able administration the work of that Board became the model for other similar institutions. But his chief work continued to be his scientific research at the Cambridge Museum, of which he became the treasurer, a position which was no sinecure. For all his tact and common sense, supported by the younger Agassiz, did not suffice to curb successfully Louis Agassiz's propensity to a reckless and premature expenditure of the funds, however vaguely they might loom on the horizon, for the development of his beloved Museum.

The year 1873 found the Lymans again in Europe, where he renewed his scientific acquaintanceships, and busied himself advancing the interests of the Museum. Their wanderings abroad were brought to a tragic close by the death of their only child in The Hague. For a time the light of their lives went out, to rekindle on the birth of two sons in after years. Theodore Lyman's name, bequeathed to him by his father and grandfather, worthily survives him in the fourth generation.

In 1882 he allowed himself to be nominated for Congress in his district on an independent ticket, and much to his surprise, and rather to his dismay, he was elected. Once established in Washington, the Lymans' house became one of the centres in the life of the city. It was interesting at any function to watch the foreign diplomats drift toward him. Few men in public life had either his intellectual equipment, gaiety, or charm, and none the combination of all three qualities. He was the only Independent in the House, and attained an influence and position rarely acquired by a Congressman in his first term. When it came time for reëlection, he would gladly have remained; but party politics proved stronger than patriotism or ability, and he was not returned.

While living at Washington, the first faint warnings of the final tragedy of his life began to declare themselves; a slight stiffness of the fingers after writing, followed later by a distinct writer's cramp. On his return to Brookline, as the stiffness of his muscles increased, a disease thought to have been due to a shot-gun accident in his youth, his hours at the Museum became shorter and shorter. At length he was forced to abandon his work, and finally was for years confined helplessly to a chair.

Henry Bowditch said of him: 'I remember, when a young man, looking around among the men of my generation and considering whose lot in life seemed to me, on the whole, the most enviable. I came to the conclusion that Theodore Lyman was, of all my acquaintances, the man for whom the future seemed to hold out the brightest promise.

'In vigorous health, with a personality — physical, mental, and moral — which endeared him to all who came in contact with him, happily married, with instincts and powers which led him to the highest callings, to the service of his country in the field and in legislative halls, with tastes for the study of the natural sciences and abundant means to gratify them, there seemed to be nothing lacking to make his life an ideally happy one.

'Then, when the shadow of a slow, insidious disease fell upon him, it seemed for a time as if his life were but to afford another illustration of the old Greek saying that no man is to be judged happy before his death; but when I saw how bravely he met the advances of his enemy, and with what courageous cheerfulness he interested himself in the pursuits of his friends and in the active life around him in which he could no longer share, I could not help feeling that a happiness was reserved for him higher than any of which the Greek philosopher had dreamed or I, as a young man, had formed a conception — the happiness of knowing that by the force of his example he had helped to raise those who came under its influence to a higher and nobler life.'

Cheerful and uncomplaining to the end, and tenderly cared for by his devoted wife, he went down at last with his flag nailed to the mast, and died as he had lived, a very gallant gentleman.

G. R. Agassiz

WILLIAM JAMES[1]

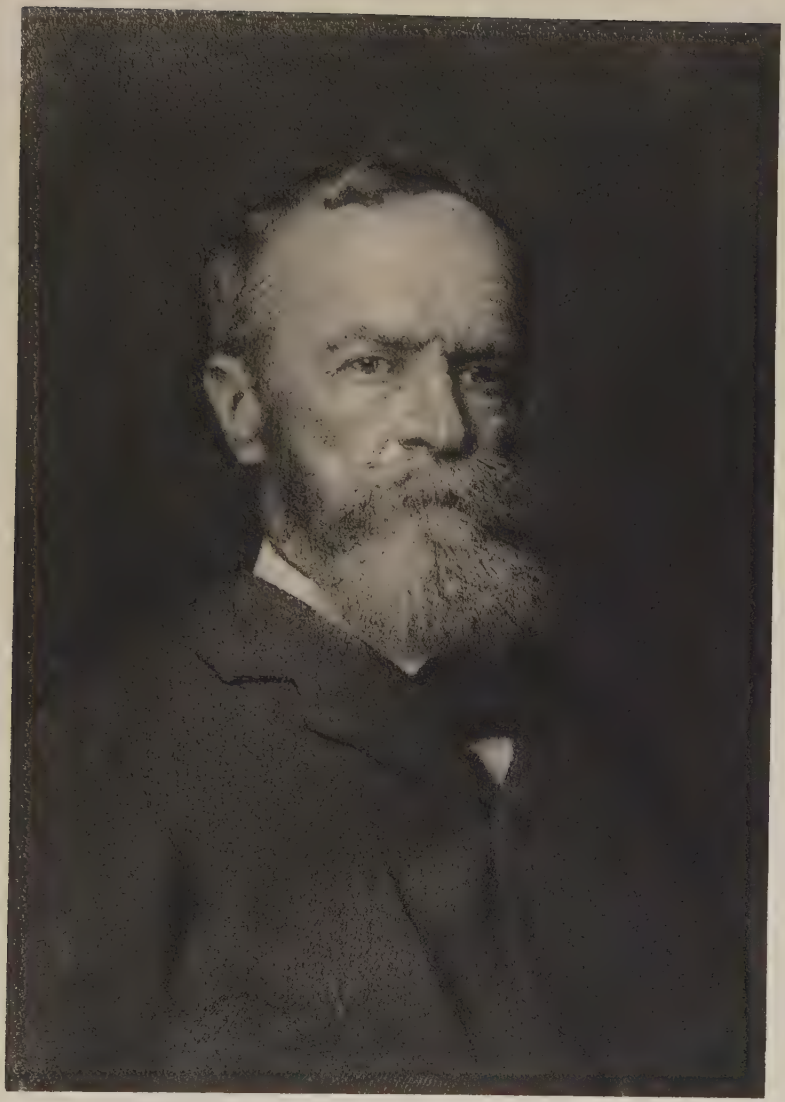
1842–1910

The elder Henry James moved from Albany to New York while William was a little boy. The son's first schooling was in that city, but, as he was changing into a youth, with Harry following close behind, the devoted father, remembering the narrow compound of crude theology, well-meant discipline, and raw Americanism which had confined his adolescence, felt that a transplantation of these fair young shoots must be tried in a soil and atmosphere richer in associations, submitted to a riper culture. So when William was perhaps fourteen the family took ship for Europe. Presumably they stayed in England for a time, and travelled on the Continent before they placed the two older boys; then William began his studies in the Academy at Geneva, and, after a time, Harry, strangely misplaced and miserable in a preparatory scientific school, was allowed to join him.

The shy and admiring younger brother told in later years of his joy in seeing how easily William adapted himself to student life, even to their convivial society meetings, 'and to what happy and fruitful effect.' And he goes on: — 'What was not indeed, I always asked myself, the right work for him, or the right thing of any kind, that he took up or looked at or played with? — failing, as I did more than ever at the time I speak of, of the least glimpse of his being below an occasion. Whatever he played with, or worked at, entered at once into his intelligence, his talk, his humor, as with the action of coloring-matter dropped into water or that of the turning-on of a light within a window. Occasions waited on him, had always done so, to my view; and there he was, that springtime, on a level with them all; the effect of which recognition had much, had more than aught else, to say to the charming silver haze just then wrapped about everything of which I was conscious.'

And now, in their fifth year abroad, William wrote to his father

[1] Since Dr. Emerson wrote this memoir, the *Letters of William James*, edited by his son Henry, have been published in two volumes (Boston, 1920).



announcing that he wished to be a painter, and asking him to set forth fully his own views on art for him to ruminate before deciding. Heartily thanking his father for his last letter, he goes on with affectionate impertinence: 'Having such a Father with us, how can we be other than in some measure worthy of him? — if not perhaps as eminently so as the distance leads his fond heart to imagine. I never value him so much as when I am away from him. At home I see only his striking defects, but here he seems all perfection, and I wonder, as I write, why I didn't cherish him more when he was beside me.'

The Jameses had met William Hunt in Paris, and, with desire to paint budding in William James's soul, it would have been strange if Hunt's brilliancy, enthusiasm, and kindness to young people had not warmed the buds to blossom. Hunt was returning to America, and this no doubt gave the final push to Mr. James's decision to return. He had been longing to, but stayed abroad for his boys' sake. In secret, young Henry, in whom the sweet virus of Europe was already actively working, was dismayed, and he confesses to mortification when people asked why they left Europe, and smiles came when the answer was 'for William to learn to paint.'

Hunt and the Jameses made Newport their home on their return. The little city with its mild climate and the beauty of its surroundings of soft blue sea and blonde sheep-downs during much of the winter when no snow lay, and its pleasant local society, becoming rather cosmopolitan in summer, was a happy choice for them at first. In my sketch of the elder James I have told of my privilege as their school-boy guest, and, in that of Hunt, of my seeing William and Lafarge working in the studio and of the master's kindness to me.[1] Henry thus relates the ending of the painting episode in William's life: — 'He, at a given moment, which came quite early, as completely ceased to ply his pencil as he had in his younger time earnestly and curiously exercised it; and this constitutes exactly the interest of his case. No stroke of it that I have recovered but illustrates his aptitude for drawing, his possible real mastery of the art that was yet, in the light of other interests, so utterly to drop from him; and the example is rare of being so finely

[1] See *Early Years of the Saturday Club*, pp. 327, 467.

capable only to become so indifferent.' Within a year or two, William thought out another plan of life for himself, but, had he kept on, it may well be believed that he would have left his mark in this. For he was a man of fine grain, he had thoughts, imagination, originality, with wonderful gift of expression. Lafarge confirms this belief in a charming little tribute to his early friend, published just after William's death. He tells how he first became acquainted with 'the father, a wonder of talk,' and says that 'he met in many ways the various developments of my artistic life which had suffered from the return from Europe to the narrowness of New York. . . . And here I wish to come to a special record which I never see mentioned. I was joined in my studies with William Hunt by William James; his capacity was as extraordinary there as it has shown itself later outside. He had the promise of being a remarkable, perhaps a great painter. Even many years afterward the drawings I have seen him make to illustrate some point of anatomy have a character as a memory of Leonardo. Then, and apparently quite suddenly, William James gave up painting, and what is called art, with much reasoning and many sophisms, all charming.

'Some of his paintings I have yet. I have wished to show them before they disappear in the general neglect. He and I were used by Hunt as assistants preparing his work, and notably for a painting which later formed the basis of Hunt's decoration in the Capitol of Albany.

'Only two years ago, meeting my old friend in New York, he reminded me of the days we went sketching together, and he yet had questions to ask about certain problems in my way of work which he had not solved then.'

I will not deny myself the pleasure of reproducing here a family scene at which I, a school-boy visitor, was present during William's painting apprenticeship. Returning from a visit to Boston, William came in while we were at dinner. He told how he had been beset by a lady, an eager reformer, absolutely self-forgetful, but through a long life eagerly working with superabundant faith in the virtue of each new prophet, as well as the revelation itself. We will call her Jane Smith; that was *not* her name. Well, this time

she had got hold of a really good thing, and had button-holed William and insisted that he must attend the wonderful lectures on Art Anatomy of Dr. William Rimmer. At this point Mr. James broke in with violence — 'The man's a fraud! It's impossible he should be anything else if Jane Smith believes in him!' Then, stammering with zeal, he went on — 'Wh-wh-why! J-Jane Smith — she's one of the most d-d-dissolute old creatures that walks the earth!' etc. Here the family shouted with joy, though knowing well the saintly, if too optimistic, character of the lady, at the Jamesian felicity of the adjective. For they saw, in memory, the gray hair falling down under the bonnet askew, the spectacles slipping down with resulting upturned radiant face, the nondescript garments and general dissolving effect, symbolizing the loose reasoning and the charity falling all abroad — yes, in a sense a dissolute personality.

The following year my sister, having spent a week in this delightful home,[1] brought this recollection of one of those family dinners. It was Sunday and in the talk the question of truth-speaking came up. To her astonishment and bewilderment Mr. James made an active attack on truth, and the debate waxed warm; the usual *mêlèe* began. William as the eldest and of philosophic mind was a powerful champion. My sister was, naturally, much troubled at the father's having taken such an astounding position in talk with his sons. When they rose, Mr. James affectionately took her arm for support as he hobbled into the parlor, saying, 'You see, dear Ellen, I have to stimulate Willie's intellect.'

William must have given up painting about 1862. After Bull Run the country began to realize how great was the task that lay before it, and the crying need of men. Neither William nor Henry was of strength for military service, but the family was represented by the two eager younger boys, even before they had quite reached military age. William began to study biology, under Agassiz, and chemistry also at the Scientific school, living in Cambridge and making many friends. Henry, I think for love of him, followed him thither and actually began the study of law as an ex-

[1] From the time of the marriage of William James in 1878 to Miss Alice H. Gibbens, his own home, in Cambridge and Chocorua, was a place of no less delightful resort.

cuse; but the shy youth was really getting material for the occupation that was his dream.

Henry the younger, in the story of his childhood, gives in one short sentence the charm that worked so wonderfully in that family. It would not have worked had not their father's daily life and his attitude towards them entirely commanded their love and reverence. He tells us that the word 'success,' conveying the idea almost universally associated with it, in America especially, was unknown in that home. And when,

> 'These young men of their life had need,'

Henry, elsewhere, relates how the problem worked out: 'It was in no world of close application that our wondrous parent moved, and his indifference at the first blush to the manifestation of special and marketable talents and faculties . . . was surpassable only by his delight subsequently taken in our attested and visible results, the very fruits of application. . . . As he had conversational powers of the happiest, perceptions — perceptions of character and value, perceptions of relation and effect, perceptions in short of the whole — . . . justice and generosity always eventually played up, the case worked itself happily out, and before we knew it he had found it quite the rightest of all cases, while we on our side had had the liveliest, and certainly the most amusing and civilising, moral, or, as he would have insisted, spiritual recreation by the way. . . . What was marked in our father's prime uneasiness in presence of any particular form of success we might, according to our lights as then glimmering, propose to invoke, was that it bravely, or with such inward assurance, dispensed with any suggestion of an alternative. What we were to do instead was just to *be* something, something unconnected with specific doing, something free and uncommitted, something finer in short than being *that*, whatever it was, might consist of. . . . He apprehended ever so deeply and tenderly his eldest son's other genius — as to which he was to be so justified'; and when William, in his advancing plan of education, began 'the pursuit of science, first of chemistry, and then of anatomy and physiology and medicine, with psychology and philosophy at last piling up the record, the rich *malaise* at every turn

characteristically betrayed itself, each of these surrenders being, by the measure of them in the parental imagination, so comparatively narrowing.'

William went with Agassiz to Brazil in 1865. He took his medical degree at Harvard in 1869. Too much concentration, in such atmosphere as then filled, with little change, the old Medical School on Grove Street had told on his delicate organism. But he defied invalidism, and conquered, of course helped by life once more in the delightful family, now resident in Cambridge. He studied for a time under the admirable biologist, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, and then in the University of Berlin. In 1872 he was appointed Instructor in Physiology at Harvard; in 1880 Assistant Professor of Philosophy, and, five years later, Professor. That word has always a certain presumption of aridity, but no one who has lectured at Harvard was more succulent, growing, original in thought, and more fresh and surprising in his expression of it. His pupils, too, found him very human. You might find two or three of them in his study when you called.

His neighbor, Mr. Norton, wrote thus of him to Mrs. Gaskell in England: 'James is an unusually delightful person, fresh, animated, with active and vigorous intelligence, often irrational, but all the more interesting for being so. He is the most independent and the most popular of metaphysicians and psychologists, and, as you know, is the great protagonist of the new doctrine of Pragmatism, which is worth to my mind just about as much as the systems of metaphysical speculation which have preceded it. James's spirit and temper do good to who ever comes within their range; and it is as much through their affections as through their intellects that his disciples are attracted to him. It shows how sweet his nature is, that he can get on with me, who am absolutely a skeptic in regard to every metaphysical system and as to the value of every inquiry into the unknowable.'

In William's letter to Norton rejoicing in the publication of Ruskin's letters is this glorious superlative: 'They seem to me immortal documents, . . . Mere sanity is the most philistine and (at bottom) unessential of a man's attributes.'

I have understood that Professor Royce and James differed

widely in their philosophic views, but they respected each other and had friendly relations. Once, when James was ill, Royce took his class for him. The text-book used for the basis of discussion was Royce's own work. During the recitation, Professor Royce said, 'I think I ought to give you Professor James's comment on my view, as expressed in his marginal note. I find "insufferable rubbish" written opposite the paragraph.'

A lady was telling James of a puzzling question asked by her little boy, after she had read to him how God made the world and all that is upon or around it, in six days, and then rested. That seemed to the child not to close the story, and he asked, 'But what is God doing *now?*' James at once answered, 'Why, you could tell him that He was sitting to Professor Royce and others for his portrait.'

A few sentences should be quoted from Professor Royce's admiring tribute to William James in a Phi Beta Kappa oration, soon after his death. First, he makes this pleasant declaration: 'William James was my friend from my youth to the end of his beneficent life. I was once for a brief time his pupil. I long loved to think of myself as his disciple; although perhaps I was always a very bad disciple.'

Then he supposes a request made to competent judges, fifty years ago, to name the American thinkers from whom there had come novel, notable, and typical contributions to general philosophy. He thinks that the answer must have been, 'There are two; Jonathan Edwards and Emerson.' Royce goes on, 'To-day, if we ask any competent foreign critic of our philosophy whether there is any other name to be added to these two classic American philosophers, we shall receive the unanimous answer: "There is to-day a third representative American philosopher. His name is William James."

'A great philosopher expresses an interpretation of the life of man and a view of the universe, which is at once personal, and, if the thinker is representative of his people, national in its significance. James meets the two conditions just mentioned. He has thought for himself, fruitfully, with true independence, and with successful inventiveness. And he has given utterance to ideas which are characteristic of a stage and of an aspect of the spiritual life of this

people. He, too, has been widely and deeply affected by the history of thought. But he has reinterpreted all these historical influences in his own personal way. He has transformed whatever he has assimilated. He has rediscovered whatever he has received from without; because he never could teach what he had not himself experienced. And, in addition, he has indeed invented effectively and richly. Moreover, in him certain characteristic aspects of our national civilization have found their voice. He is thus the third in the order of time among our representative American philosophers. Already, within a year of his death, he has begun to acquire something of a classic rank and dignity. In future this rank and dignity will long increase. Thus, then, from the point of view of the competent foreign students of our philosophy, the representative American philosophers are now three and only three — Edwards, Emerson, James.

'And of these three there can be little question that, at the present time, the most widely known abroad is James.'

At the time of William James's death — at Chocorua, New Hampshire, August 26, 1910 — John Jay Chapman wrote:

'He has incredibly died. I always thought that William James would continue forever; and I relied upon his sanctity as if it were sunlight.

'I should not have been abashed at being discovered in some mean action by William James; because I should have felt that he would understand and make allowances. The abstract and sublime quality of his nature was always enough for two. . . . Where he walked, nothing could touch him; and he enjoyed the . . . immunity of remaining triumphant even after he had been vanquished. The reason was, as it seems to me, that what the man really meant was always something indestructible and persistent; and that he knew this inwardly. . . . He said things which meant one thing to him and something else to the reader or listener. His mind was never quite in focus, and there was always something left over after each discharge of the battery, something which now became the beginning of a new thought. When he found out his mistake or defect of expression, when he came to see that he had not said quite what he meant, he was the first to proclaim it, and to move on to a new

position, a new misstatement of the same truth, a new, debonair apperception, clothed in non-conclusive and suggestive figures of speech. . . . You must take any fragment of such a man by itself, for his whole meaning is in the fragment. If you try to piece the bits together, you will endanger their meaning.

'He looked freshly at life, and read books freshly. He was a sage and a holy man; and everybody put off his shoes before him. And yet in spite of this — in conjunction with this — he was a sportive, wayward, Gothic sort of spirit, who was apt, on meeting a friend, to burst into foolery, and whose wit was always three parts poetry. Indeed his humor was as penetrating as his seriousness. . . .

'The world watched James as he pursued through life his search for religious truth; the world watched him, and often gently laughed at him, asking, "When will James arise and fly? When will he take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea?" And in the meantime, James was there already. . . . Here was the familiar paradox, the old parable, the psychological puzzle of the world. But what went ye out for to see? In the very moment that the world is deciding that a man was no prophet and had nothing to say, in that very moment perhaps is his work perfected, and he himself is gathered to his fathers, after having been a lamp to his own generation, and an inspiration to those who come after.'

EDWARD W. EMERSON

1882

FRANCIS AMASA WALKER[1]

1840–1897

FRANK WALKER, as he was usually called, was born in Boston July 2, 1870. His father, Amasa Walker, a natural scholar, as soon as he had earned a competence in trade in Boston, retired and gained a certain eminence as a writer on banking, and later was a professor of political economy at Oberlin and Amherst. He was at one time Secretary of State for Massachusetts.

The son looked like his mother, Hannah Ambrose, a remarkable woman. One of his friends said, 'General Walker never allowed her name to be mentioned without paying her a royal tribute.' She was of French Huguenot descent, and her son showed this blood in many ways. When he was three years old the family moved to North Brookfield, Massachusetts. Though the father was one of the founders of the American Peace Society, and twice a delegate to the international Peace Congress in Europe, a friend has said that 'young Francis was not of the same mind. While his father was delivering lectures on behalf of disarmament, he was arming the small boys of the town with wooden swords and guns and marching them through the streets to the sound of tin-pan drums.'

Walker graduated at Amherst College in 1860, and immediately entered the law office of Devens and Hoar at Worcester. The war broke out, and, in summer, the senior partner raised the 15th Massachusetts Infantry, in which his student enlisted as a private, just twenty-one years old, and was soon made sergeant-major, the highest grade for an enlisted man. General Couch wanted a bright and able Assistant Adjutant General, and Devens sent him Walker. Couch was soon transferred as Division General to the Second Army Corps, commanded by General Sumner, and Walker had shown his energy and ability so well that he was made captain, then major, still A.A.G. on Couch's staff. His general told that, after Fredericksburg, with its frightful and useless carnage, Walker

[1] Since Dr. Emerson wrote this memoir *A Life of Francis Amasa Walker*, by James Phinney Munroe (New York, 1923), has been published.

wished to give up his staff position for one in the field or line. 'He was almost fiercely loyal, and considered it to be his sacred duty to go right into the front line and there fight beside his Massachusetts comrades. But he was held too valuable a staff officer.' Couch wrote, 'He was always quick to grasp the substance of what was set before him. He did not put off until tomorrow; and his records and books were faultless.' Walker stood the severe test of the Peninsula Campaign in 1862. In January, 1863, the veteran General Sumner, much valued by his command, retired. General Couch temporarily succeeded to the command of the Corps, for the whole of which Walker now acted as A.A.G., with the commission of lieutenant-colonel.

As the Saturday Club, in the present day, is composed almost entirely of civilians, though we are still honored by the occasional presence of a few soldiers of the Civil War,[1] it is interesting to give a short sketch of the duties which this very young officer was expected to do. This was given me not many months ago by that distinguished officer, Walker's friend, the late Colonel Thomas L. Livermore. 'It is the duty of the Assistant Adjutant General of each corps (the Adjutant General is in Washington) to keep its reports, a digest of those of all its lower organizations (divisions and brigades) rendered by their own A.A.G.s. This task calls for accuracy, quickness, intelligence. When the General wants to know, on the spur of the moment, the "paper strength," the numbers fit for duty, and the losses in any corps or subordinate unit, each day, his own A.A.G. is the medium. He receives officers; rides with the General like his shadow, on the march or in battle; writes his orders in the saddle, and transmits them through others, or galloping himself to the firing line reports the situation and its needs to the corps commander. He must know the position of each fraction of the command, also with what other body of troops it is in touch. To the General his aide's ability, accuracy, quickness of perception, and habits are matters of immense importance. Walker was exceptionally devoted to the business of his office. He was noticeably less disposed than his companion officers to seek amusement; joined in such festivities as they had, was bright but hardly

[1] This of course can no longer be said. — *Editor.*

"convivial," and rose early from the table on these occasions to get to his work. To his mates he then gave the impression of being almost what, if he had been a woman, would have been called "prudish." On the battle-field he was fearless; clear-sighted also as to the campaign.' [1]

General Hancock was assigned to the command of the Second Corps in 1863, and kept Walker as his A.A.G. He had himself in former days been noted for excellence in this position, and soon he is reported to have exclaimed, 'Walker is the best Adjutant General I ever knew.' Yet this was said of a volunteer officer barely twenty-three years old.

At Chancellorsville a shell so severely wounded Walker in the hand that, though by care it was saved from amputation, his health suffered and he was sent home for some months, and so missed Gettysburg. After this the war was mainly quiescent in Virginia until May, 1864, when Grant's advance toward Richmond began. Walker was in active and dangerous service on the staff of the Second Corps through all the heavy and almost daily battles and night marches of that severe campaign. His admirable 'History of the Second Army Corps' tells vividly and accurately its proud story in that great war. Though a man of logical, scientific, even mathematical mind, all his life a tireless and exact worker in manifold fields, Walker never dried up. He kept his young enthusiasms, of which he was not ashamed. He gave more than duty, — loyal devotion to the successive commanders with whom he served. His pride in his corps and its general thus appears: — 'Organized by the gallant Sumner, who was the very ideal of courage, magnanimity and devotion to duty, its youthful officers, fresh from civil life and full of patriotic and martial enthusiasm, had received their baptism of fire in a spirit which made misbehavior in the presence of the enemy almost impossible.

'When the old General Sumner, borne down by increasing infirmities, bade farewell at last to his comrades and children-in-arms, he could proudly say in his (general) order, that the Second

[1] The above was not given me in writing by Colonel Livermore, who died in 1918. I took written notes while he talked, and am sure that this is very close to his own words. — *E. W. E.*

Corps "had never lost a Colonel and never lost a gun." And this remarkable declaration still remained in force up to the very hour when the Corps crossed the Rapidan in May, 1864, having captured more than threescore of Confederate flags in open battle.'[1] At a lecture which, years after the war, General Walker gave in Concord, I recall how, when in the midst of careful history of one of the great battles, 'Hancock, superb in manly beauty,' rode into the story, Walker's cheeks flushed crimson and he swallowed hard, yet carried his sentence bravely through.

Late in August, 1864, in a losing battle, due to a misunderstanding of conditions by General Meade, Walker was sent with orders to an isolated and outnumbered division beyond Reams' Station. It was already dark; he rode through a gap in the line, and was instantly surrounded, a prisoner. Next afternoon the long procession of captured officers and soldiers was started on foot on their way to Richmond along the railroad. The Appomattox River ran close beside them. During a halt, when the guards were looking elsewhere, Walker and another officer rolled down the railway embankment, scrambled under some rank reeds, and when the column had passed, and the sunset, began to swim down the river. His companion soon could swim no farther; but Walker pressed on till late twilight, when his strength was all gone, and he was aimed at by a Confederate sentry, to whom he surrendered. A negro with whom he spent the night in a prison cell kindly offered the barefoot officer his shoes, but Walker would not take them. He was marched to Libby Prison, where he found his brother. Both became sick, but Frank so seriously that he was liberated on parole, and later exchanged. Broken health caused his resignation in January, 1865. At the end of the war, by General Hancock's request, he was brevetted Brigadier-General.

It took fully three years to restore him to reasonably good health, yet meantime he was a teacher at Williston Seminary. In 1868 he became assistant editorial writer for the Springfield *Republican*. The next year he was appointed by President Grant Deputy Special Commissioner of Revenues, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, and

[1] From *Petersburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg*, Papers of Military Historical Society, Vol. V.

Superintendent of the Ninth Census. While he was engaged in these large tasks another was added in 1871; he was appointed a Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Incidentally he was told that these new duties need not be burdensome. Major Alford remarked, 'Anyone knowing Frank Walker, however, will understand that he was not content to remain simply a figure-head in connection with any work with which he was officially connected. Therefore, while keeping a steady hand upon the completion of the census, he took hold of the office of Indian Affairs with his characteristic vigor, courage, and intelligence, and in an astonishingly short time had the details of that intricate and difficult branch of the public service completely within his grasp. His double duty prevented his personal investigation of affairs on the frontier. . . . Notwithstanding the unusual difficulties under which he labored, there has been no period of administration of the United States Indian service in which there was so distinct an advance and reforms in the service so important and lasting as marked the single year during which General Walker was in control.' [1]

Walker was hardly free from the above arduous labors when the Corporation of Yale summoned him to be the first Professor of Political Economy and History in the Sheffield Scientific School. He held that position for more than eight years (1871–80). Meantime he gave two courses of lectures at Johns Hopkins University; and was also sent to represent the United States at the International Monetary Conference in Paris.

In superintending the Ninth Census he had been impeded by old precedent and inadequate legislation, but Professor Davis R. Dewey says: [2] 'In 1880 Walker undertook a great and notable task for the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Nation. An army of enumerators had to be summoned; trained experts had to be picked out for special monographs; an enormous clerical force had to be organized, new schedules and minute instructions drawn up; all this to be done by a temporary force and at once, and above all

[1] Major Alford was a gallant United States cavalry officer on Colonel Charles R. Lowell's staff. The quoted remark was probably made at the time of General Walker's death. — *E. W. E.*

[2] *Review of Reviews*, Feb. 1897.

in the presence of a hungry mob of politicans seeking office for their friends and dependents. This work immediately established in Europe the reputation of General Walker as a statistician of the highest order.'

In 1881 Walker was summoned to succeed the admirable William Barton Rogers, one of our associates, then a seriously sick man, as President of the Institute of Technology in Boston.

This practical and special school, one of the first of its kind in the United States, was founded by private effort just as the war was beginning, and, helped by State grants, it led a languishing life during the war years. Then it gained under the faithful nursing and educational gifts of President Rogers. In 1881, however, it was still poor, and for some time did not gain due reputation and popularity.

General Walker was a strong believer in the value of liberal studies 'severely pursued' in preparation for the profession of engineering. He saw the uses also of strenuous athletics. 'He was preëminently a leader' — to quote the words of Professor H. W. Tyler, of the Institute faculty — 'preëminently a leader of young men. His soldiers fought with his courage, his students studied with his insight, his associated teachers taught with his enthusiastic, vivifying zeal. He knew young men, he rejoiced in young men, and his knowledge was power over them and power in them. He always judged them with abounding charity. The earnest student, without ever exchanging a word with the President, felt for him the cordial confidence of a younger brother. Even the inveterate shirk, coming to him perhaps for censure, was uplifted by his generous optimism, gaining self-respect and becoming for the time, at least, as earnest as his fellows. With his nearer associates and friends he had that sunny cordiality which radiates light and warmth, but which so rarely survives the stress and strain of toilsome middle life.'

Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam, famous for her devotion to good works in Boston, once said that on matters of public social concern, like schools, reform-schools, and the political and religious problems then arising, General Walker was always ready to come into council and lend himself as freely and fully to his interlocutor

on these troubling questions as if he were not one of the busiest of men.

Yet with all the claims upon his time conscientiously met, General Walker's writings — books, magazine articles, addresses, Lyceum lectures, pamphlets, — would have more than filled the time of most scholars. Of the long list of his written work, Professor C. F. Dunbar said, 'It is a remarkable record of intellectual activity, maintained for nearly forty years, and resulting in a series of important contributions to the thought of his time, — a manifold claim to eminence in the world of science and letters.'

And not only the educators, but those who met Walker in varied public service or discussed or corresponded with him on the new and insistent problems of the day, while impressed with his severely exact mind, found him advancing, humane, brave, and courteous.

In conferring on General Walker the degree of Honorary Doctor of Laws at Edinburgh, in 1896, Sir Ludovic Grant, Regius Professor of Public Law and the Law of Nations and of Nature, Dean of the Faculty of Law, said: 'His book "The Wages Question" contributed largely to the revolution in economical opinion on the subject of wages, not only where the English language is spoken, but in all parts of the civilized world. His work on "Money" is acknowledged to be indispensable to all who would aspire to an understanding of currency questions; and a very high reputation and wide popularity is enjoyed by his "Political Economy" and his "Land and its Rent."'

Even opponents of Walker's theories recognized his courage and frankness. A critic in the *Yale Review*, while seemingly admitting that he was right in opposing the wage-fund theory of the English economists, 'that all wages were paid out of capital, and limited by the ratio between capital and population,' yet objects to his claim 'that wages were paid out of production, and indeed constituted the residual share of the product.' This critic admits that 'Walker's theory is eminently characteristic of the hopefulness and buoyancy of his character, and the central idea of the theory, that the laboring man can contribute towards his own wages by increased efficiency, will, we believe, stand.' Not only was the influence of General Walker progressive and optimistic, but it was

also essentially honest. He wrote a special book in order to combat the confiscatory proposals of Henry George, and, though an advocate of international bimetallism, and indeed the most able and distinguished promoter of that cause in our country, he was careful not to lend himself to any plan which would in his judgment have the effect of scaling down debts.

As a political economist, said Carroll D. Wright, 'he was orthodox enough to insist that ethics could not displace economics; he was just and fair enough to recognize that economics could not displace ethics, and his well balanced mind taught him that, economic conditions once established, the relationship of men under them became ethical. This fairmindedness, of course, subjected him to attacks from both schools. When his invaluable work on wages . . . appeared, in which he made his brave and democratic attack upon the settled wage-fund theory of the great economists of Europe, he called down upon himself attacks which might have staggered a less courageous fighter, but with his human and humane instincts Walker kept on his course. He placed manhood at the centre of his economic system. . . . While not a socialist, he had no fear of the advance of socialistic thought. He was a truer friend of the wage-receiver than the socialist himself, for as an economist he was ever wont to urge the man who worked with his hands to equip himself for higher employment.'

Some years before his death, General Walker wrote, 'I believe I was the first person occupying a chair of political economy to declare [that] the sympathy with the working class on the part of the general community may, when industrial conditions are favorable, become a truly economic force in determining a higher rate of wages; but by sympathy, I certainly did not mean slobber.'

Our late member, Judge Francis Cabot Lowell, paid this tribute: 'Walker seemed unable to refuse an opportunity of public service. He had, indeed, the faults of his temperament. Though he broke down under his incessant labors, he was not always able to discharge as he wished the duties he undertook. His reputation might have gained if he had somewhat limited his undertakings, but to his generosity limitation was impossible. Happily for him, "No pale gradations quenched his ray." He was found dead in his bed

on the morning of January 5, 1897. A blood-vessel had burst on the brain during the night.

'The shortest notice of General Walker would be incomplete if it contained no mention of his wonderful personal charm. Every man who met him, though a mere acquaintance, felt himself the possessor of General Walker's personal friendship. The feeling was produced without insincerity or exaggeration.'

His friend Dunbar's summary of the personality and gifts of General Walker well recalls this strong soldier scholar, administrator, and writer, stamped for a career of distinction: 'In any company of men he instantly drew attention by his solid, erect form and dignified presence, by his deep and glowing eye, and by his dark features, cheerful, often mirthful, always alive. His instant command of his intellectual resources gave him the confidence needed for a leading place; and his friendly bearing, strong judgment, and easy optimism made others welcome his leadership.' The Monkish motto '*Horæ pereunt et imputantur*' is good to stand before the eyes of the slothful worker or the dreamer, but this brave and eager soldier and helper might well have said with the hero in the epic —

> 'Behold I wend on my way,
> And the gates swing to behind me, and each day of mine is a day
> With deeds for the eve and morning, nor deeds shall the noontide lack;
> To the right and the left none calleth, and no voice cryeth aback.'

EDWARD W. EMERSON

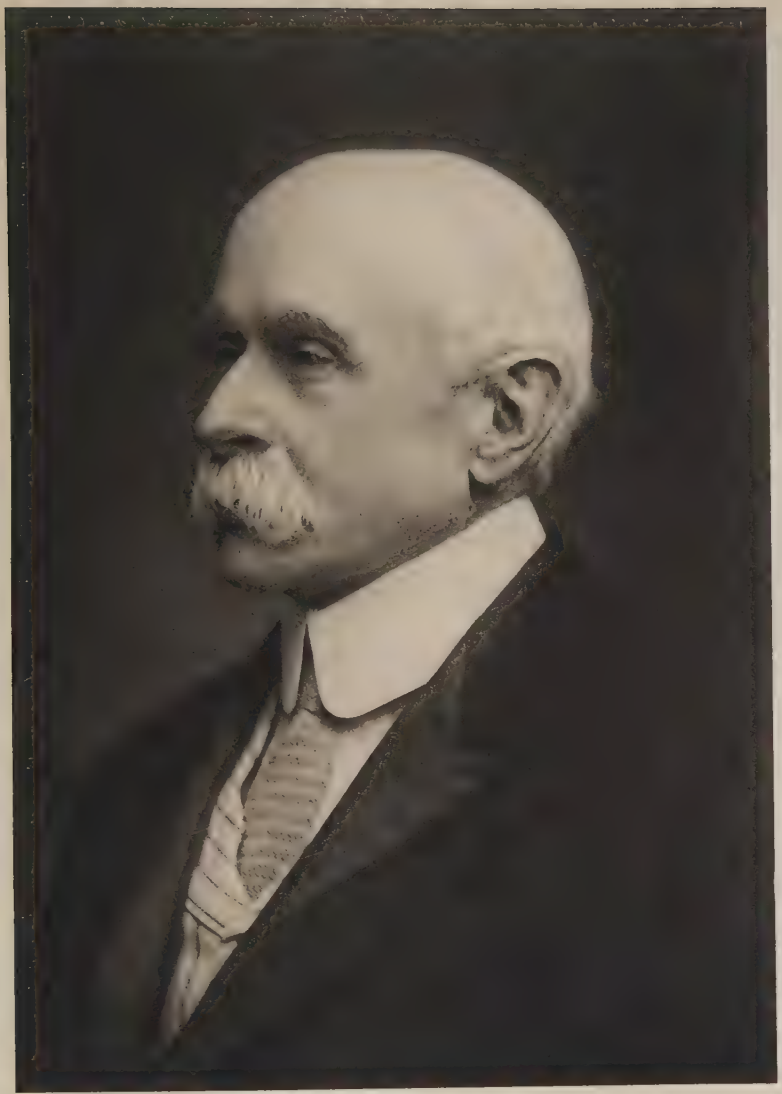
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

1835–1915

As a companion of Herman von Holst during his delivery of a Lowell Lecture course early in 1894, I received a note from Adams dated Friday, February 23, 1894, saying: 'The somewhat famous Saturday Club dines at the Parker House tomorrow at 2.30 o'clock. If you and Dr. von Holst would do me the favor to dine with the Club as my guests, the members would, I am sure, be much pleased. . . . I will merely add that as respects dress, etc., the dinners are wholly informal affairs.' This letter is cited, as Adams spoke of the Saturday Club in the terms used by nearly all members as 'somewhat famous.' Nor need it occasion surprise, as he had previously, in his 'Life of Dana,' given a thoroughly sympathetic account. He called it 'the most noteworthy of the many Boston dinner clubs. . . . Because of the eminence and reputation of those who had been members of it, [it] could be brought into comparison with its prototype, made famous through the pages of Boswell, of which Johnson, Burke, Reynolds and Goldsmith were original members.' Further he speaks of 'the little circle of friends who through so many years gathered at Parker's . . . Emerson was the Johnson of the Saturday Club, as Woodman was to a degree, and should have been wholly, its Boswell . . . The roll of the Saturday Club membership has, first and last, contained a singularly large proportion of well-known names and some that are illustrious.'[1]

A comparison of this felicitous account with Adams's later attitude seems to convey to the mind the opinions of two different men. He was elected a member in 1882, and must have attended enough of the dinners to imbibe fully the spirit of the Club or he could not have written so sympathetically. But in 1913 he wrote to Dr. Emerson a severely critical letter of the Club as a social function. It met in the middle of the afternoon, he said. 'The conversation was as a rule broken up, and only occasionally was there

[1] See *Richard Henry Dana: a Biography*, II, 163 *et seq.*



anything in the nature of a fire-and-fall-back round-the-table talk.' In these ebullitions may be seen the reason of Adams's criticism. A friend who knew him well said that he never ate luncheon, but that it was his custom to eat a hearty breakfast and take no food until dinner. But at dinner he expanded; his true social nature was manifest; he was a true diner-out, and seemed to feel that he must do his share both as listener and converser, and he was happy in either rôle. Much in request in New York and Washington (and I think also in London), he rarely if ever disappointed hostess or host. For he loved dining-out, and let it be seen that he considered it a privilege to be either host or guest at a dinner.

Adams was an inveterate stickler for general conversation, and his advocacy of it was genuine. He did not indulge in monologue of the Macaulay-Carlyle order, but he lived up to his frequent counsel: 'Do as the French do, talk to the centre of the table, "fire and fall back."' He was impatient of any interruption of the general flow of talk. One night at the Round Table Club of New York, of which he was looked upon as a distinguished member, the company was listening to a modest and clear exposition of some subject by Captain Mahan. Adams was intensely interested, and, when a well-known and prominent neighbor desired to engage him in a tête-à-tête, he frowned and changed his seat without even a brusque word of apology. He must have had some unfortunate experience at the Saturday Club, or he would not have written to Dr. Emerson, 'I have found it a mere dull, mid-day, after-lunch symposium, when a gathering of not very lively individuals break up into twos and threes.'

In these few words Adams expressed the grounds of his criticism. To repeat what I have substantially said, he did not like social luncheons, and he did like general conversation at table. Any one intimately associated with him could not fail to remark his candor in speech and writing; and this candor is manifest in his criticism and comment on the Saturday Club. In the sympathetic account in his life of Dana, he referred to 'the early and golden period,' and quoted Dr. Holmes: 'The members present might vary from a dozen to twenty or more. . . . Conversation was rarely general.' [1] In truth, if one places in contrast bits of familiar writ-

[1] *Ibid.* II, 167, 168.

ing one may find inconsistencies in Dr. Holmes, who was devoted to the Club, who believed that 'talking is one of the fine arts,' and exemplified his precept by his brilliant conversation. Yet Holmes wrote to Lowell in 1879, 'The *Club* is reduced to little more than the dimensions of a *walking-stick*,' and in 1881: 'The "Saturday" is not what it was when you were with us. We do our best to keep it alive.' [1]

This demonstrates that the expressed opinions about a dining club will vary with the times, occasions and moods of the members; and if we could make a turn-about chronologically of Adams's statements we could exhibit him as a devotee rather than as a critic. No one would admit more readily than he his failure to induce general conversation. At a dinner that he gave to Mr. and Mrs. James Bryce, which he was eager to have successful in this respect, he confessed his failure. 'Some of my friends and I may labor to the utmost,' he said, 'but it is of no use. Men and women in Boston will converse with their neighbors to the destruction of general talk.' He might in his comment have quoted Lowell, 'A good talk is almost as much out of the question among clever men as among men who think themselves clever.' [2] And no one would admit sooner than Adams that this round-the-table conversation was apt to bring on controversies. At a dinner that he gave to the Council of the Massachusetts Historical Society, he placed me opposite him with the request that I should endeavor to bring up topics in which every one might take a hand. Impressed with my responsibility, looking around the board and reckoning that all were Mugwumps, Democrats or anti-Blaine Republicans, the turn of talk favoring, I introduced as a proper historical subject (this was about 1910) the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884. But I stumbled badly. It chanced that one of the *convives* was a sincere believer in Blaine's sincerity and honesty, and for a few minutes this dinner at the Somerset Club was given over to as lively a controversy as was that in New York when an English gentleman innocently asked General Sherman, 'Who burned Columbia?'

[1] *Life of Holmes*, Morse, II, 122, 130, 246.
[2] *Life*, by Scudder, I, 448.

Adams's devotion to the Massachusetts Historical Society was sublime. Member of it for forty years, President for half that time, he brought to its service his qualities of a business and literary man. The Society faced a 'financial crisis' shortly after his accession to the presidency, wrote Charles C. Smith, its second oldest member in priority and its valued treasurer for many years. Smith related in detail Adams's conduct of the sale of the Tremont Street building to the City of Boston, the purchase of the land and the erection of the present building, recounting the work of a skilful man of affairs. His work as president was a remarkable example of self-effacement, and he used his ability unselfishly for the good of the Society. He was 'peculiarly fit for the president's place' said Senator Lodge, his eulogist and successor. Until he became its directing head the papers read at the monthly meetings were on colonial and revolutionary history, but he at once enlarged the scope, making all historical topics of whatever time or country germane to the Proceedings. Its members used to be largely devoted to American history in some form, but now, as an example of the change, it is interesting to compare the admission of Harvard College professors of history before and after Adams's presidency. Before, the study of American history seemed to be a requisite; after, the study of any history was a qualification for admission; and as these men wrote and spoke on the subject they knew best, it was not uncommon to hear parts of European history dilated upon in a scientific manner.

His dominant idea seemed to be to bring about harmony both in the Council and in the Society. To effect this he would frequently suppress his own ideas as to members and proper subjects for the Proceedings. His positive work was admirable. Well informed, he was nevertheless receptive; he came to know the work on which anyone was engaged, whether local or general history; the result was seen in his guidance of the Council and the Society in their election of new members. When the necessities of his position forced criticism he was gentle, and his endeavor seemed to be to allay controversies. From time to time he contributed papers on historical subjects giving the Society the benefit of his genuine researches and bold generalizations. 'His generous gifts

to the Society were never lacking,' said Senator Lodge, 'but the greatest gift of all was his own untiring energy and enthusiasm.'

Adams presided at the March, 1915, meeting of the Society, and the following April he was canonized. The discriminating eulogies, chief of which was President Eliot's, pronounced at this meeting were a worthy tribute to him who had left us. Adams's services to this Society, said President Eliot, 'were intelligent, unselfish and unwearying, and through these services he has contributed largely to the sound upbuilding of American biography and history.' 'Down to his last appearance in this room a month ago,' said Charles C. Smith, 'Adams carried on the golden era of Mr. Winthrop's administration with no diminution of its brilliancy and its fruitfulness. To those of us officially connected with him here he has left only appreciative and gracious memories.'

As rival historian his salient trait was nobility of soul. In a note to my fourth volume, I said: 'With rare generosity Mr. Charles F. Adams allowed me to use his father's diary in manuscript and to print extracts from it. In some measure they will show its value to me; but the careful reading of the diary has given me, moreover, an understanding of English sentiment and the course of the English government which I could have obtained in no other way.' I might have said much more, but he would have looked upon more as fulsome praise; but as my volume was to be published in 1899, and the life of his father for the 'American Statesmen Series' was published in 1900, and as a historian is apt to print the titbits in any original document, this action was a striking instance of self-abnegation. Sharp in his criticism of work going over the same historic field, and perhaps at times unjust, he was thoroughly generous in his appreciation.

Speaking of his education he wrote in his autobiography, 'I should have settled myself systematically down on the development of my aptitude — the art of literary expression.' But Adams was a born writer, and this opinion expressed when he was over seventy is simply recording that he had not reached his ideal. He once said to me that he had attempted to do too many things, that he ought to have confined himself to the study and writing of history. This is not an unusual regret as one looks over a long life

and laments missed opportunities. But Adams made an impress upon American history and literature.

Adams left his Autobiography to be printed as his Memoir by the Massachusetts Historical Society, and in 1907 he thus wrote to me concerning it: 'My own sketch of the Me is purely autobiographical. I have used the big "I" unblushingly. In this respect it seems to me we are nowadays running into the other extreme. People have recourse to all kinds of circumlocutions instead of using the simple pronoun of the first person. I would strongly recommend you to sit down and write your own autobiography; using in it the said pronoun as you would use any other word. At any rate, were I you, I would not leave my Memoir to be prepared by some one else. In the case of our Society so doing is just adding a new terror to death!' [1] 'It is hard to see,' said John Morley, 'how a man is to tell the story of his own life without egotism.' 'I would fain show to my fellows,' wrote Rousseau at the beginning of his Confessions, 'a man in all the truth of nature.' This has Adams, with a proper and justifiable regard for convention, done. Only an honest and sincere man could relate such a story.

As I re-read his familiar letters and recall our many conversations, I feel keenly that I have lost a teacher as well as a friend. And I close uttering Senator Lodge's heartfelt tribute: 'Adams was intensely patriotic, profoundly American.... That we as a people can still bring forth, can still honor, still be influenced and helped by a man of the character, ideals and aspirations of Charles Adams must give us hope in the present and confidence in the years that are yet to be.'

JAMES FORD RHODES

[1] He is remembered to have said besides: 'I do not want the awkward squad firing over my grave.' The seeker for details about his life will find them abundantly set forth, as Mr. Rhodes suggests, in the *Autobiography*. — *Editor*.

1883

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED

1822–1903

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED was born at Hartford, Connecticut, April 27, 1822, and died in Waverley, Massachusetts, August 28, 1903. He was elected a member of the Saturday Club in 1883.

The son of a prosperous dry goods merchant in Hartford, Olmsted went as a boy to a number of schools. In November, 1837, he began studying engineering first under Professor Barstow at Andover, Massachusetts, and afterward at Collinsville, Connecticut, continuing these studies until 1840. In 1840 until 1842 he worked for Berkard and Hutton, dry goods importers in New York, and in 1843 shipped as a seaman before the mast on a vessel bound for Canton, returning at the end of a year to New York. In 1844, with the idea of devoting his life to agriculture, he began to study farming on various farms belonging to his relatives and friends, and later on two farms bought for him by his father. In 1850 with his younger brother John he made a six months' journey in Europe. The observations made on this journey were published in February, 1852, in his first book, entitled 'Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England.'

Beginning in 1852, Olmsted made three journeys through the southern states in the hope of bringing about a better feeling between the North and South. His observations were written in the form of letters to the New York *Times*. His first journey was through the seaboard slave states, and in 1856 his letters were published in book form with the title 'Impressions of the Seaboard Slave States.' The second journey, on which his brother John was his companion and assistant, was made in 1853. The impressions made on this trip were published in 1857 under the title 'A Journey to Texas.' Returning from Texas, he travelled on horseback from New Orleans to Richmond. An account of this journey was published in book form in 1860 with the title of 'A Journey in the Back Country.' In 1861 and 1862 Olmsted pub-

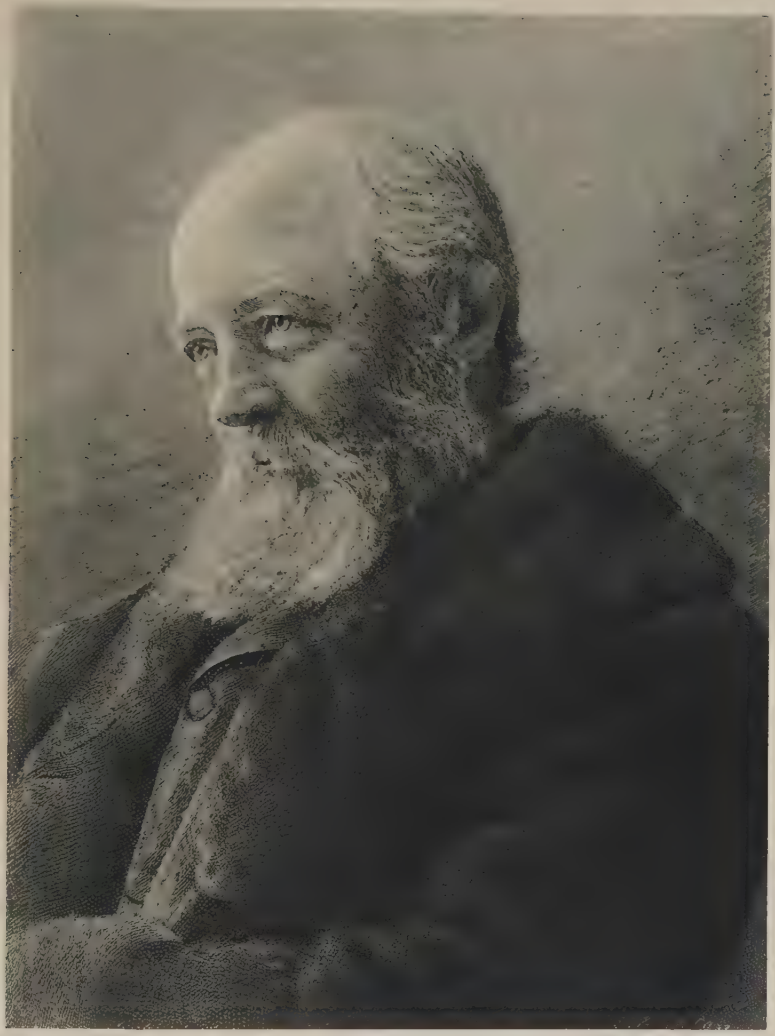
lished in London and New York in two volumes a compilation of his three volumes describing his southern journeys under the title 'Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom.' His books of travel in the southern states, now practically forgotten, attracted much attention when they were published, and were highly praised in the 'Letters' of Charles Eliot Norton, a former member of this Club.

In 1855 and 1856, with George William Curtis, he was in partnership with Dix and Edward in the publishing business and edited *Putnam's Magazine*. He sailed in 1856 to Europe for a short journey which was mostly devoted to business.

In 1857, in connection with Calvert Vaux, a young English architect who had been brought to this country by A. J. Downing, the most distinguished American landscape gardener of his time, Olmsted's real work as a landscape gardener began when he prepared a plan for Central Park to submit to the recently opened competition for which there were thirty competitors. Olmsted and Vaux's plans were accepted May 17, 1858, and Olmsted was appointed architect-in-chief of Central Park, a rocky piece of land hardly worthy of the name of park. From this time until he retired a year before his death Olmsted's life was devoted to the art which had made him famous, with the exception of two years from June, 1861, to July, 1863. When still employed in park work in New York he was largely in Washington as Secretary to the United States Sanitary Commission, which he had helped to organize, and of which he was the chief executive officer. In 1859 he had married Mary (Perkins) Olmsted, the widow of his brother John, a physician.

Many years later he was attacked by New York officials for his unfitness to have made and managed Central Park, and, defending himself, in 1882, described his early training for the work in these words:

'I myself began my study of the art of parks in childhood. I had read, before I was fifteen, the great works upon the art — works greater than any of the last half-century — and had been under the instruction of older and more observant students of scenery, under the most favorable circumstances for a sound education. And there had been no year of the twenty that followed before I



entered the service of the Park Board, that I had not pursued the study with ardor, affection, and industry.

'I had twice travelled in Europe with that object in view; had more than a hundred times visited the parks of London and Paris, and once or oftener those of Dublin, Liverpool, Brussels, The Hague, Berlin, Vienna, Florence, Rome, and other old cities. I had travelled five thousand miles on foot or in the saddle, and more than that by other private or public conveyance, in study of the natural scenery of this continent. I had been three years the pupil of a topographical engineer, and had studied in what were then the best schools, and under the best masters in the country, of agricultural science and practice. I had planted with my own hands five thousand trees, and, on my own farm and in my own groves, had practised for ten years every essential horticultural operation of a park. I had made the management of labor in rural works a special study, and had written upon it acceptably to the public. I had been for several years the honorary secretary of two organizations, and a member of four, formed for the discussion of rural themes and the advancement of rural arts. I had by invitation written for the leading journal of landscape-gardening, and had been in correspondence with and honored by the friendship of leading men in its science on both sides of the Atlantic.'

The details of the planting were left to his partners and assistants; and in a letter to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer he wrote: 'The most interesting general fact of my life seems to me to be that it was not as a gardener, a florist, a botanist, or as one in any way specially interested in plants and flowers as such, or specially susceptible to the beauty of flowers and plants, that I was drawn to the work which is to give me the Harvard distinction.[1] (I am ignorant and unwise and inapt in that field, and largely dependent on others.) The root of all my good work is an early *respect* for, regard and enjoyment of scenery (the word tells much better of the fact than landscape), and extraordinary opportunities of cultivating susceptibility to the power of scenery. Not so much grand or sensational scenery as scenery of a more domestic order.'

[1] Olmsted received the honorary degree of A.M. from Harvard in 1864, and LL.D. in 1893, when Yale paid him the same honor.

In September, 1863 Olmsted went to California to superintend the Mariposa Mining Company, returning to New York in November 1865. During his stay in California he undertook various pieces of work, including the supervision of the Yosemite Valley and the Big Tree Grove, and the laying out of a cemetery in Oakland.

Olmsted's greatest achievement, in view of the difficulties he met with from politicians in carrying out his plans, was probably his first great Park. Among his other important works are the parks of Boston, Buffalo, and Brooklyn, his work at Niagara Falls, at the national capital and at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. During a public dinner given in Chicago in 1893 for the artists and officers who had conducted this great educational enterprise, Charles Eliot Norton said, — 'Of all American artists Frederick Law Olmsted, who gave the design for the laying out of the grounds of the World's Fair, stands first in the production of great works which answer the needs and give expression to the life of our immense and miscellaneous democracy.'

Although often consulted about the development of grounds belonging to individuals, he took less interest in these than in the laying out of public parks. Of private estates he longest retained his interest in Biltmore, North Carolina, the property of George W. Vanderbilt.

Olmsted's writings on landscape gardening, which covered a period of thirty-seven years, were largely in the form of reports on his work to Park Commissions and advice about matters of landscape development which were submitted to him in great numbers from all parts of the country, and the only published papers on this subject which I have been able to see are his article on parks in 'Appleton's New American Cyclopedia,' published in 1861 and reprinted in 1864, probably with slight revisions; Olmsted, Vaux and Company's 'Report' upon a projected improvement of the estate of the College of California at Berkeley, 1866; 'Suburban Home Grounds,' a review of F. J. Scott's 'The Art of beautifying Suburban Home Grounds of Small Area,' published in the *Nation* (vol. 13, p. 275, 1871); 'Public Parks and the Enlargement of Towns,' read before the American Science Association, Boston, February

25, 1875; 'Landscape Gardening,' in 'Johnson's New Universal Cyclopedia' (vol. 2, 1878); and 'The spoils of the Park with a Few Leaves from the Deep-Laden Note-Book of "a Wholly Unpractical Man,"' published in 1882.

Time proves that Olmsted was not only the greatest landscape gardener the world has known, but the greatest of all American artists, and that his genius has added enduring pleasure and given health to the increasing millions of the urban population of the United States. He deserved all the honors that any one could bestow upon him. His greatness will be realized and appreciated as the centuries pass.

CHARLES S. SARGENT

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY

1837–1923

THE vividness and the analytical viewpoint of 'My Reminiscences,'[1] by Raphael Pumpelly, make any other account of his life seem superfluous. If with his roving disposition and love of adventure the author says that he seems always to have taken the path of least resistance, to have permitted chance remarks of friends and chains of coincidences to determine his courses and bring him his professional and administrative engagements, it is clear that every opportunity came unsolicited, and the reader will be in no doubt as to who was the smith of Raphael Pumpelly's career.

He was born on September 8, 1837, at Owego, New York. His parents were William and Mary Hollenback (Welles), Pumpelly. His grandfather John Pumpelly was descended from a Huguenot family of Italian origin. In his mother's ancestry there was a large representation of colonial officials. Her wise discipline brought him safely through the dangers besetting the vigorous, independent boy at Owego Academy and Russell's Institute at New Haven, and first directed his interest towards the geology about his birth-place. While he was preparing for Yale College the chance remark of a friend led his restless spirit to abandon plans already made and go to Germany for further education, first at the polytechnic school at Hanover, and then at Freiburg. During these years he travelled extensively in Europe, studying geology and metallurgy at first hand through the great ranges of France, Italy, and especially Corsica, with his interest in the mountain-forms and rocks subordinate to the pleasure of adventure, until chance led him to Freiburg, at the age of nineteen. Here he remained until 1859; and having then spent six years in Europe at his parents' expense, he believed it his duty to shift for himself, and returned to America.

While looking about for employment, he determined to try an

[1] The present memoir is drawn largely from this Autobiography.

experiment with some specimens of Virginia gold sent him when in Freiburg by his brother. The chlorination process had recently been invented by Professor Plattner, and Pumpelly thought that it might be useful in America. The owner of a mine which had ceased paying gave him a free hand for experimentation, and the result was a bar of pure gold for the owner and a ten-dollar gold piece for himself, the first money he had ever earned. When later his friend Colonel Jewett was asked to recommend a geologist to develop some mines in Arizona, and Pumpelly was chosen, we cannot help wondering whether this was one of the 'chains of coincidences' that 'resulted in a professional engagement.' He took charge of the mines in 1860, the year of the Apache War. Here, in constant danger, and many times escaping death by the narrowest of margins, he stuck bravely to his post for eight months, shirking no hazard for the sake of his work. In 1861 he reached San Francisco; and once more we are confronted by one of his so-called coincidences. Japan had instructed her agent to engage two geologists and mining engineers to explore a part of the Japanese empire. 'Through a misunderstanding a copy of the correspondence, which passed through our minister at Yeddo, having been sent to Washington, our own government proceeded to make the appointments. By a pure coincidence I was chosen as one of the two men, both at Washington and at San Francisco.' At this point we can safely dismiss consideration of further 'coincidences.'

From 1861 to 1863 he made an official exploration of the island of Yesso. When this was completed, and he had tried in vain to get permission to visit the coal mines situated on royal domain, he determined to go to China, where foreigners had lately acquired the right to penetrate to the interior. In 1864, after passing through almost incredible dangers and harrowing experiences, he was appointed by the Chinese government to explore the northern coal fields. At this time the Chinese believed that coal *grew* in abandoned mines, and that extensive mining would therefore exhaust the store for future generations. It was accordingly agreed that three mandarins, two civil and one military, should accompany him. The results of his work have been published in 'Geological Researches in China, Mongolia, and Japan.'

After voyaging along the Great Wall Pumpelly left China and crossed the Gobi desert, where many years later discoveries were to be made which would have thrilled him, for in 1870 he framed the hypothesis that Central Asia was the primitive home of the Aryan stock. He reached home in 1865. After a few happy weeks with his parents at Owego he visited Boston, and met Longfellow, Sumner, Holmes, Lowell, and other prominent men at two dinners given to Sir Frederick Bruce; at which, he says, 'a great amount of wine, under the influence of brilliant talk, disappeared with only the happiest of results.' The occasions lasted 'eight hours without a sign of fatigue'; and one willingly believes that this was one of the companies of men so brilliant that wine was necessary, as Holmes has said, to guarantee sobriety. Pumpelly was asked by Professor Whitney to take the professorship of mining in the new department of geology at Harvard College; and this position he occupied from 1866 to 1873. In October, 1865, he examined the Hoosac Tunnel, then in process of construction; and his conclusions, based on inferences from his experience in Corsica, were soon confirmed by the actual operations.

On October 20, 1869, he was married to Eliza Frances Shepard, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, the daughter of Otis Shepard and Ann Pope. In his professional work the geological survey of the copper regions of Michigan in 1870 and 1871, and then of Missouri next occupied him. The years 1873 to 1878 were spent in writing, research, and farming; and in 1879 he organized the division of economic geology in the United States Geological Survey. He was the special agent of the Tenth United States Census from 1879 to 1881, and in the winter of the last year built his house on Gibbs Avenue in Newport. During these years he also conducted an investigation of soils from a sanitary standpoint for the national board of health; and he organized and conducted the Northern Transcontinental Survey for collecting topographical and economic information in Dakota, Montana, and Washington territories from 1881 to 1884, and led the 'Archæan' division of the United States Geological Survey, from 1884 to 1890, in directing the mapping of western New England. Discouraged about the prospects for his professional work by the forewarnings of the panic

of 1893, he and his family sailed for Italy in that year; but from 1895 to 1902 he was again at his vocation in America.

His expedition of 1903 into central Asia he characterizes as the most interesting part of his life, presumably because of his freedom to follow his special interests in his own way. His expeditions were followed by a visit to Arizona, the scene of his earlier activities; and it was not until he was well over fourscore years of age that his vigorous frame began to fail. He died at Newport on August 10, 1923, in his eighty-sixth year. The list of his honors is long, but the most important were the degree of Doctor of Laws from Princeton in 1920, a corresponding fellowship in the Edinburgh Geological Society, corresponding membership in the Berlin Gesellschaft für Erdkunde, the presidency of the Geological Society in 1905, and membership in the American Academy and Philosophical Societies.

An extraordinarily close observer, an inductive reasoner of the first order in spite of no systematic early training as such, Pumpelly inevitably recalls the genius of Benjamin Franklin. But throughout his fearful experiences among the Apaches, and in the dreadful China of more than half a century ago, run a human sympathy and a constructive, dispassionate responsiveness entirely his own. His humor is well shown by such stories as that about the negro who, hearing that he had been in Rome, asked him whether he had seen any Christians thrown to the lions. His habit of self-analysis appears when he tells of the pretty girl treading deliberately on slugs crawling on the ground; for he adds that it was the indelicacy of the act, and not its relation to the feelings of the slugs, that disgusted him, and that only after consideration of his own boyish thoughtlessness in putting a turtle on its back did he arrive at the sense of sympathy for animals. His systematic insistence on bringing the horrors of China to public attention involved him in controversy, and bears sufficient witness to his qualities of heart. How well his sympathies were kept in hand by reason is well illustrated by the shocking accident in Europe when, through a defective head-protector, his fencing opponent received a blow which cost him his life; for Pumpelly makes no comment. He tells stories of Apache massacre and barbarity vividly, but calmly: the

exclamation-point comes at the end of the sentence which states that the first offense, practically, was committed by soldiers under a United States flag of truce. Self-analyzing to the last degree, and convinced of the vast power of heredity, he never fails to credit his successes to his parents' instruction or to something in himself beyond his own volition; yet his failures, if there were any, he takes gravely upon his own shoulders. It is difficult to know which to admire more, the virile adequacy of the man in all situations, or the almost feminine sensibility and tact with which he met them. Many men rest upon the laurels of their fathers; this man never failed in his obligations to his own nobility.

HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON

1838–1886

'He would charm a bird out of a bush' was the description an upstate Senator of the New York Legislature gave of Richardson, when he was trying to get the appropriation increased for completing the Senate Chamber in the new Capitol at Albany; and that is the greatest impression I have left of him after forty years.

Born in Louisiana September 29, 1838, of ancestors who had brains and cultivation, reared in the luxurious life of the Southern planter, he went to Harvard, where he graduated in 1859, and made many friends with whom he was intimate all his life. Such men as Edward Hooper, Charles Dalton, Frederick Law Olmsted, and later Phillips Brooks, Charles Sargent, and Frederick L. Ames were constant visitors at his house in Brookline.

After graduating from college he went to Paris and entered the École des Beaux Arts. The Civil War at home seriously crippled the family resources, so that there were times when there were no remittances from home, and to support himself he was obliged to work in the architects' offices in Paris whenever he could find a chance, while still studying in the school. With his splendid nerve he was not depressed, but while working at fever pitch had time in the evening for social relaxation with his friends.

Though he was often without the price of a meal, his letters were full of pluck and showed his devotion to his art. In his letters to Miss Julia Hayden of Boston, to whom he became engaged before going to Paris, a graphic picture of this time is found. He made many friends while in Paris, among them men who made their mark in other countries, such as Phené Spiers, the noted English architect, with whom he kept up a correspondence for many years. The following quotation is from a letter written by Mr. Spiers concerning Mr. Richardson: 'All day working in an office . . . and every evening in his atelier, he managed to pursue his studies as before; and probably by this accident were laid the foundations of his future career. The practical work of which he ac-

quired a knowledge in the working-office and on the works is, I may say, never sought for by those who intend to practise in other countries, and who go to Paris to learn the art only and the theory of construction.'

Among his intimate friends in Paris at this time was Miss Ellen Mason, and many years afterwards she engaged Mr. Richardson to remodel her house in Newport. I do not know just what happened, but I do know that the office was kept busy for quite a time after the house was finished designing a hall settle as a gift to Miss Mason from Mr. Richardson. It was elaborately carved with thistles entwined with forget-me-nots.

Two years after Mr. Richardson's return to America, in October 1867, he entered into partnership with Mr. Charles Gambrill, in New York, and under the name of Gambrill and Richardson some of his important early commissions were received, among them Trinity Church in Boston. But his practice gradually grew more independent, and in 1878 he withdrew from the partnership and removed his office to Brookline, where he lived and worked the remaining eight years of his life.

One of the great characteristics of Richardson was his forceful personality, and life in his immediate surroundings had great interest and variety. He had the power to develop men. Charles McKim was his first head draughtsman, followed by Stanford White, and many men have gone forth to make their mark in architecture fired by his enthusiasm and training, for he led by love for his art. Among these men was Langford Warren who became Professor and 'Father' of Architecture at Harvard. Richardson's office was not an office in the present sense, but an atelier where one lived and thought art, and hours did not count. He was the one man I have met whose boots I should have considered it a privilege and honor to black if he had asked me; but he never did. His tact in handling men was wonderful. I remember one evening he amused himself in treating me as a client, and leading me on from wishing to build a modest cottage to a palace. I think an architect often has a harder job in educating his client to allow him to do a good piece of work than he has in designing the building.

In the last two years of his life he was a great sufferer from a

fatal disease which among other afflictions made him abnormally fat — a man of average height, he finally weighed 345 pounds — and gave him an inordinate desire for liquids. I remember an enormous loving-cup that was in the dining-room which had an interesting history. Mr. Richardson was preparing the plans for the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce and was obliged to go there frequently. He generally took either Shepley or myself with him when he went. This time Shepley was with him, and they were invited to go to a Club which met in a glorified cellar and drank beer from the keg. It was the custom to give a loving-cup full of beer to the guest of the evening, and he was expected to drink it as a bumper. The peculiar practice of this Club was that the size of the loving-cup was increased as each victim succeeded in accomplishing the feat. Bellamy Storer belonged to the Club, and, as Mrs. Storer had started the Rookwood Pottery which made the cups, it was very easy to have them made. Richardson received the cup full to the brim, squared himself, and after an appropriate toast drank it, no heel-taps, and remarked he would like to have it filled again. Then he repeated the process. About a month afterwards the enormous loving-cup appeared in Brookline with the compliments of the Club.

There were many amusing incidents which occurred at the office in Brookline; in fact there was always something of interest going on. Hubert Herkomer, the artist, a Slade professor at Oxford, came to America on a visit, and after meeting Richardson insisted on painting his portrait. It was finally agreed that Richardson should design Herkomer's house, which was to be built in Bushey in England, both artists contributing their work as an expression of mutual esteem. After Richardson had made the agreement he did not want to have his portrait done, but Herkomer insisted, and the date for the first sitting was arranged. Herkomer arrived with an enormous canvas for a portrait; this pleased Richardson, and when he turned the canvas around so that the picture was horizontal instead of vertical, Mr. Richardson was delighted and took great interest in the sittings, saying 'that man is a great artist.'

The meetings of the Winter's Night Club were great occasions when he gave them. It was a small club, and each member gave a

dinner every other year. As everything Richardson did was on a grand scale, so it was with his Winter's Night Club dinners. He had an enormous round top made, which was placed over the regular dining table, and he amused himself decorating the large central space with fruits and flowers in an architectural design. The wines came from old cellars in New Orleans, the oysters from Baltimore, and the terrapin from Augustin's famous Philadelphia restaurant, with a chef in attendance all the way.

The Richardson house was an old house originally built in the style of the planters' houses in the South, and the office was built in the shape of an L which was enlarged as the business increased, and contained, at its end, his own library with his choice books most beautifully bound in morocco and tree calf. Behind the office was a very precipitous ledge with a little muddy duck pond and brook at the bottom. A stable stood at the top of the bank, and in this stable was a curious collection of horses, a donkey, rabbits, raccoon cats, and a huge Siberian bloodhound who, when he was 'sicked' on to a burglar who was fleeing for his life, chased him most energetically and ran alongside of him, licking his hand.

The donkey was a present from Santa Fé, and belonged to two of the boys and was named by them Betsy Edward, the Betsy being a fancy name and the Edward for Edward Silsbee, an old admirer of Mrs. Richardson's. The boys were supposed to unsaddle Betsy Edward and look after his general welfare, which they never did after the excitement of riding him wore off. The consequence was that he had a very sore back and was in a generally dilapidated condition, so much so that I called Mr. Richardson's attention to it; whereupon he summoned the offenders before the bar of justice, and after admonishing them to be careful in the future finally declared that if they neglected the poor beast he would take it away from them. This was in the Spring.

In the warm weather at the end of June Mr. Richardson 'blew' into the office bright and early one morning, and when I say *blew* it is the best word to express his entrance, which was in the nature of a cyclone. The office boy was told to order a plumber from Brookline immediately. About five minutes afterwards, I, being the nearest, was sent to order another from Boston; and I believe

somebody else a few minutes afterwards ordered another plumber; at any rate all three plumbers were put to work tearing out the plumbing in the house to find out where the bad smell came from. After two or three days, when the house was a total wreck, one of the men confidentially informed me that there wasn't anything the matter with the plumbing, but there was a great big dead donkey down the bank. On my informing Mr. Richardson of the fact, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and the six children and all the office went out to the bank to look; and, sure enough, there was Betsy Edward like a balloon resting lightly on the surface of the duck pond with his bridle snarled up in his hind legs, and his head under water. There he had been for months, for the boys thought he had been taken away, as they had not looked after him, and nobody else had given him a thought.

Orders then went forth for Mr. Ward, who took care of dead horses, to come and take Betsy Edward away. About four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Ward arrived with his horse-hearse and a very frisky pair of young horses attached, and Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and the six children and all the office went out to see how Mr. Ward was going to get Betsy Edward up the bank. Mr. Ward had brought a long, stout rope, which he attached to Betsy Edward, and then unhitched his young horses from the wagon and hitched them, at the top of the bank, to the other end of the rope. At this point a most unexpected thing happened. Mrs. Richardson was a great patronizer of itinerant German bands, which were fairly plentiful at that time. At the psychological moment one of these bands burst forth with a most terrifying powerful blast from the lawn in front of the house. This was too much for the restive horses, who did not like the method of procedure anyway. With an irresistible plunge they broke away from the driver and started down the avenue as hard as they could run, dragging Betsy Edward after them, only touching the ground in the high places. Jumping the wall into the Sargent place at the end of the avenue, they continued on their wild career until they landed in the cold frames in Mr. Sargent's garden, with Betsy Edward still attached. On speaking to Harry afterwards and endeavoring to draw a moral as to poor Betsy Edward's sad fate owing to his carelessness, I was

brought up with a deserved reply to my holier-than-thou attitude when he said, 'I never saw Betsy Edward go so fast before, anyway.'

Mr. Richardson was so much engrossed in his work that for many years he did not take any vacation. He finally decided in the summer of 1882 to go abroad with Phillips Brooks, the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Mr. Franks of Salem, taking Herbert Jaques with him, and it was a most memorable trip. The well-known story of bathing-suits is true.

If the anecdotes I have told seem trivial, they are recalled with the idea of giving the personality and atmosphere that surrounded Richardson, and his great individuality as a man. As an architect this individuality was even more pronounced. Coming into the profession in the late sixties when architecture was at its lowest ebb, he alone dared to break away from the American traditions and not only make individual designs but to build them with different materials, texture, and color from the usual. His use of rock face stone made it possible to build at a cost that was not prohibitive. The soft, easily cut Kibbe sandstone harmonized well with the lighter granite ashlar, and the color and texture of the tile roof made a new and pleasing combination of colors which was entirely original with him. Even in his brick buildings there is great originality in the design and treatment, and a certain robustness that characterized all his work.

Though commissions for churches first brought Mr. Richardson to Boston and Brookline, he soon drifted into other work, and delighted in designing buildings of large size; but whether he was occupied with drawings for cathedrals or college buildings or court houses, or even suburban railroad-stations, his originality showed out in a way which made his work unique. His most important work was Trinity Church in Boston, with which everybody is familiar. The criticism has been made that he copied the tower of the old cathedral at Salamanca, and it is true that when studying the tower of Trinity he came across a photograph of the Salamanca tower and exclaimed, 'This is what we want.' This, however, is no disproof of his claim to originality as an artist, as is pointed out by Mrs. Van Rensselaer in her book on 'Henry Hob-

son Richardson and His Works' from which the following is quoted: 'I think that it is hardly necessary to explain that it has never been part of an architect's duty to try to be original in the absolute meaning of the term, or that in these late days of art he could not be so even if he tried his best. A process of intelligent adaptation is that which he must employ, and he has a clear title to be called original whenever he perfectly fits old features to new needs and schemes, or so remoulds an old conception that a new conception is the result — not an effective piece of patch-work, but a fresh and vital entity. This last, when we compare the two towers, proved to be what Richardson did when making his so-called copy of Salamanca.'

In regard to the Cathedral at Albany, which was one of his latest designs, his drawings were not accepted because they did not follow the conditions which were laid down for him, but he got interested in the design and went on elaborating it according to his own ideas and for his own amusement. They were a wonderful set of drawings, much finer and more elaborate than had ever been made by an American architect up to that time.

The railroad station at North Easton, Massachusetts, was the first of Mr. Richardson's station buildings, and was copied all over the United States. After this he designed many of the small suburban stations for the Boston and Albany and other railroads.

One thing must be apparent to any person who has studied Richardson's work in comparison with the work of the architects who came after him. Richardson himself, being an artist, gave a personal touch to each one of his buildings which it was impossible for anybody else to copy. This in a way was very unfortunate, as East and West were flooded with buildings which were thought to be Romanesque and Richardsonian simply because they had the round arches in them — whereas every one of them lacked the artistic feeling which Richardson had in his work and which belonged to him alone.

In some of his latest designs he showed a tendency to refine his exteriors, using a smaller scale and refinement of ornament, as shown in the Warder house in Washington. He died at the age of forty-eight, and it would have been most interesting to see if he

had lived what his ultimate work would have been. Other men have lived longer and have built more buildings, but no man had as much influence on the architecture of his time as Richardson. Nos morituri te salutamus!

CHARLES A. COOLIDGE

WILLIAM ENDICOTT, JR.[1]

1826–1914

ACCORDING to Robert S. Rantoul, his friend, William Endicott, Jr., 'constant for thirty years in his attendance at the monthly dinners of the Saturday Club,' valued highly his association with it. 'For such a club,' wrote Mr. Rantoul, 'to invite one who had no claim to authorship, or statesmanship, or comradeship, but was a simple, unassuming business man, only qualified by keen native wit, a close touch with such careers while in the making as Whittier's, and Lowell's, and Judge Rockwood Hoar's, and Judge John Lowell's, by a very broad intelligence of what was passing in the world at large and a friendly hand for everybody — for such a club to invite him was the compliment of a lifetime.'

William Endicott, Jr., was born at Beverly, Massachusetts, on January 4, 1826, the son of William Endicott, who succeeded Robert Rantoul, Senior, in the store established by the latter at Beverly in 1796. The family was from Dorsetshire; one William Endecotte was a 'full fellow' on the rolls of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1580. The elder William Endicott was of the nearest generation of descendants living in his day from the Colonial Governor, and died at Beverly in 1899. He married Joanna Lovett Rantoul in 1824, and William Endicott, Jr. was their son.

This boy attended Beverly Academy until he was fourteen years of age. Medical advisers questioned whether he could bear the strain at Harvard of preparation for professional life, to which he had been destined, and he accordingly joined his father in business. Charles Fox Hovey, who had just established the well-known Boston firm that has preserved his name, was then building a summer house near Gloucester; and as there was then no railroad to Gloucester, Hovey often stopped and did business with the Endicotts, who were his customers. He soon discovered young Endicott's rare faculty of grasping business problems, and before

[1] This paper is, in large measure, an abridgment of the 'Memoir' by Robert S. Rantoul, in the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society* for January, 1915.

long took him into partnership. No sooner had Endicott found himself in possession of an income than the public spirit which conspicuously marked his whole career began to show itself in his interest in his native town, — its concerts, its public library, and its historic Lyceum.

Though disinclined to public life, and steadily refusing to become a candidate for Congress, for which he distrusted his capacity — he was an indifferent speaker, and his voice and presence were not commanding — he took part from time to time in political conventions. For years he was a valued and influential member of the group who from private stations largely governed Massachusetts — John M. Forbes, Henry Lee, Henry L. Pierce, E. R. Hoar, Samuel Bowles, and others besides himself. Among his contemporaries there was no one who could make so telling an appeal to his fellow citizens. When money was needed for any good cause his contemporaries trusted him completely and knew that what he asked for they ought to give.

In 1856, the year before his marriage to Annie Thorndike, widow of John Frederick Nourse of Boston, he was present at the nomination of Frémont in Philadelphia, and again at that of Horace Greeley in 1872 at Cincinnati; and when Butler was seeking the Republican nomination as Governor of Massachusetts, 'Endicott did much,' Robert S. Rantoul says, 'to defeat the struggles of a political ambition which was at last rewarded only by recourse to the support of another party.' Like C. F. Hovey, he was in sympathy with the rising anti-slavery agitation. Before the Civil War he had joined the new Republican Party, and had taken part in the extra-political efforts to save Kansas to freedom; but his sympathies were mainly with the advocates of such steps as Lincoln, Chase, Whittier, Sumner, Judge Hoar, and Governor Andrew proposed rather than with the extremists. It is characteristic of him that his contribution to the statue of Garrison in Commonwealth Avenue was made because of his admiration for a man who could unselfishly support his honest convictions at the risk of his life. His contributions to political campaigns were mostly literary or financial; and his financial papers in the Butler and the McKinley-Bryan campaigns, reprinted throughout the country and even in

William Endicott

England, show how thoroughly he had studied the fiscal questions.

To a business man of Endicott's power, whose active years coincided with the latter half of the nineteenth century, the problems of communication and transportation could not fail to make an imperative call; and this was intensified and directed by a friend's interests in the disaster to the Illinois Central Railroad just before 1857. From that time on Endicott actively studied the problems of railroad traffic. This experience, an innate detestation of war, and the natural tendency of an importer and a Democrat towards free trade, brought him into touch with Richard Cobden in England, as his financial writings had done with John Bright. He was intensely interested in the Atlantic Cable enterprise; and wishing for his own ends to put its claims to the test, sent a despatch to Hovey and Company in Paris containing an item of information which could not conceivably have reached Paris in time by any other means; and there the despatch hangs framed to-day.

Endicott's close application to business routine was incessant until his health became affected by overwork. He then threw aside everything so effectively that a leisurely voyage on the Nile, during which he was presented at the court of the Khedive, restored his strength; though not before many changes had taken place at home among his friends and in his business world. He had crossed the ocean many times; and delighted to tell the story of his visit to the Holy Sepulchre during the Christmas season. A party of Greek Church pilgrims got into a quarrel over precedence with pilgrims of the Church of Rome, which became so violent that the Mussulman militia were finally obliged to interfere and preserve the peace.

William Endicott's business sagacity and ready generosity attracted charities, trusts, directorates, and presidencies almost by the dozens. He was long the treasurer of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and was especially interested in the acquirements of Miss Helen Keller, who sometimes visited him at Beverly; an associate of John M. Forbes in the Loyal Publication Society; treasurer and president of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; and an active force in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was for a quarter of a century State Director of the Massachusetts General

Hospital and McLean Asylum, and was one of the Committee of Three which supervised the State House extension of 1889. When he died in Boston on November 7, 1914, he was the last of the honorary members of the Loyal Legion of Massachusetts. The honor of fellowship with the men who did the fighting had been held by him as one of the greatest of his life. He received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Williams College in 1868, and from Harvard in 1888. Two of his important posts were the presidencies of the Suffolk Savings Bank and of the New England Trust Company; but of the philanthropies and private charities which occupied his days there is almost no end.

Slight in stature, unusually small of hand and foot — Huguenot inheritances, — quick and nervous in movement, mentally and physically alert, he delighted his friends hardly more by his public successes than by his kindly humor, which shaded without break from quick wit and fun to complete gravity and seriousness. Herein perhaps lies the secret of the effective love and sympathy which directed his great business faculties, made his patriotism sound in point of judgment throughout a long lifetime of unselfish service, and enrolled him at his death among the great citizens of the Commonwealth.

1885

WILLIAM CROWNINSHIELD ENDICOTT

1826–1900

WILLIAM CROWNINSHIELD ENDICOTT was so fortunate in his ancestry that only self-righteous critics would have condemned him had he become discouraged in the cradle and drifted through life ornamentally on the strength of its renown. He was of the eighth generation in lineal descent from the historic John Endecott, who spelt the family name with an *e* instead of an *i* and was the first Governor of the Plantation in New England. He was, however, more like this eminent forbear in physiognomy than in certain traits of character, for the Governor is said to have been impatient of opposition and occasionally choleric, if not domineering, whereas his descendant was conspicuous for his dignified, unruffled, genial, yet aristocratic bearing.

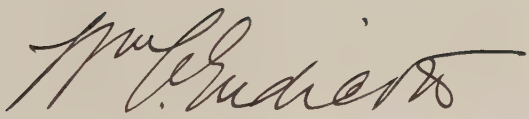
Born in Salem November 19, 1826, the son of William Putnam and Mary (Crowninshield) Endicott, he was, except for Crowninshield blood, of pure New England stock, for his lineage in all its other strains was direct from the early settlers of Salem. The Derbys, Gardners, and Williamses were of his line, and his grandfather Jacob Crowninshield, himself the son of a Caspar Richter von Crowninscheldt, who came from Leipsic to Boston about 1688, was a very prominent member of Congress and a personal friend of President Jefferson, who appointed him Secretary of the Navy, an honor which he declined on the score 'that he could not be absent all the year from his business and family.' But this reason did not weigh with Jacob's brother Benjamin, who accepted ten years later the same office from President Madison. Mr. Endicott's grandfather, Samuel Endicott, moved to Salem from Danvers at the end of the eighteenth century and led a sea-faring life. At one time he and his five brothers (John, Moses, Jacob, William, and Timothy) were in command of vessels bound from Salem to distant ports.

William C. Endicott's youth was passed in a Salem which had

lost her commercial supremacy, but where a cultivated society had evolved from the successes of her navigators and merchants. If not more wealth, it had more college graduates in proportion to its population than any other town of New England. But, though a conspicuously intellectual community, it was shut in and self-contained to such a degree that the importance of Salem overshadowed all its other interests, which may have been partly due to the lack of facilities for contact with the outer world of Massachusetts. Endicott was already eleven years old when the railroad first reached Salem from Boston. Until the murder of Captain Joseph White in 1830 it was, according to Joseph H. Choate, 'not uncommon to leave the house door unlocked and unbarred,' and there was 'still a great deference among the people towards the leading citizens.'

To a Salem thus conservative in temper and provincially aristocratic from comfortable fortunes, and yet emulous of strict integrity and the hardy virtues, Endicott, after delivering at Commencement a disquisition on 'Honors in Different Ages,' returned after his graduation in 1847 from Harvard College. An offer to enter one of the firms in China, at that moment very prosperous, did not allure him, for his heart was already set on the law. The Essex bar was then famous from the leadership of such men as Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing, and Otis P. Lord. He studied in the office of the last named, who showed an affectionate regard for him, spent the winter of 1849–50 at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the Essex County Bar in 1850. In the words of his only son, of the same name, 'His account-books show how meagre were the earnings of a lawyer in those days, and the first few years of his practice were hard and brought him but little remuneration. He stuck to it with grim tenacity, and his patience was soon rewarded.'

Meanwhile he formed a partnership with the author of 'Perry on Trusts,' and for twenty years the firm of Perry and Endicott had 'a large portion of the legal practice in Essex County,' with Endicott trying and arguing the cases in court. In these years he was active also politically, serving in the Common Council of Salem and, besides, as City Solicitor. A staunch Democrat at a pe-



By permission of the Mass. Historical Society

riod when in Massachusetts a Democrat who could obtain a majority was rarer than a white black-bird, he ran thrice unsuccessfully on the State ticket as a candidate for Attorney-General, and contested in vain in 1870 the Congressional aspirations of Benjamin F. Butler, who had moved from his own Congressional district to Gloucester and captured the Republican nomination.

Yet his reputation, though up to this time local, had attracted attention, for suddenly and more to his own surprise than was probably felt by Cincinnatus when called from the plough, he was invited to be a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts by Governor Washburn, a Republican. By an Act of February 23, 1873, the number of Associate Justices had been increased from five to six, and there was not a Democrat among them until Judge Endicott took the oaths of office. From that moment he gave his energies to the work of the court so completely that overwork compelled him at the end of nine years, October 1882, to hand in his resignation to Governor Long. His opinions, 378 in number, are contained in Volumes 112–33 of the Massachusetts Reports. As to the Attorney General's averment at the meeting of the Bar of the Commonwealth following Justice Endicott's decease in 1900 that 'not one of his opinions has been overruled,' I am puzzled to know exactly what Mr. Knowlton meant, for though every opinion is written by one of the several justices, it is invariably that of at least a majority of the full court. Accordingly if any statement of law is subsequently overruled, by the same or a newly constituted bench, the court overrules itself, not the justice who wrote the earlier opinion.

The work of a Supreme Court Justice in the seventies differed materially from what it is to-day. Though very much less arduous with respect to the volume and complexity of the cases, it was not unlikely to tell on certain temperaments because of the complete lack of the aid afforded to-day by stenographers and typewriters. Of Endicott's 378 opinions nearly every one was in his own handwriting. It is interesting, too, to recall as illustrative of the changes since his day that during all of the nine years of his service an associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, besides sitting in banc, had to take his turn as a single justice in hearing

capital cases (then tried before two justices and a jury), Probate appeals, all suits in equity, all divorce libels, and all cases of contract involving more than a specified sum. Instead of having exclusive jurisdiction as then in all these matters, the Supreme Judicial Court of to-day has been relieved from every one of them, either by express legislation or by change of practice.

But though the strain had told upon him, Mr. Endicott, after travelling abroad for eighteen months, returned home in the autumn of 1883 invigorated, and was able not only to resume the practices of the law, but to accept in 1884 the nomination of the Democratic Convention as its candidate for Governor of the Commonwealth on the self-imposed condition that he should not take the stump. He did make a single speech, but only one. The chance of election in a strong Republican state was the forlornest of hopes. Yet, as in some other instances of bread thrown upon the waters, his was returned before many days. Because of the tinge of Butlerism in the Democratic party of the State, it was thought by the conservative element that a candidate like Endicott would strengthen the Cleveland ticket. So when it came to the choice of a cabinet the President-elect saw in him an available Secretary of War. He held this office during the period of Mr. Cleveland's first term, — in a military sense four years of peace, during which the Apache war was ended by the surrender of the Apache Indians under Geronimo.

In presenting the Resolutions of the Bar Association to the Court at the proceedings which followed Mr. Endicott's death the Attorney General remarked, 'How far he commanded the respect of his party associates was shown by the fact that without solicitation on his part he was frequently nominated by them for the highest positions in the gift of the people. But he was never elected to any important office by popular vote. If judges had been so chosen, the bench would probably not have been adorned by his presence.' Though the irony of this was admirably true, Endicott's eligibility in smaller and, as we believe, more discerning constituencies should not be passed over. He was a member of the Board of Overseers by election of the Harvard alumni for three terms of six years each, the last of which was curtailed by his resignation to become a Fellow of the Corporation by choice of his future associates. This

latter service, which began in June, 1884, lasted until September, 1895. On Commencement Day, 1882, President Charles W. Eliot conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him 'in glad recognition of his attainments, station, and influence.' His resident membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society dates from the spring of 1864.

It was not, however, until 1885 that he became a member of the Saturday Club, and, as he was a member of the Cabinet at Washington from March in that year until the March of 1889, the compliment for the time seemed to originate a 'custom more honored in the breach than the observance.' Yet his son tells me that during the remaining ten years he has memories of his father's eagerness to attend the Saturday Club meetings, and poignant regret at inability to do so because of ill health. The days were already past when one could still attend and listen in perfect silence to Dr. Holmes or Judge Hoar without exciting notice.

William Crowninshield Endicott was married in 1859 to his cousin, Ellen Peabody of Salem, the gracious and distinguished gentlewoman who in her ninety-fourth year, and alert-minded as ever, still survives him.[1] Their only son, William Crowninshield Endicott, contemporary with many of us, is a discriminating student of New England family traditions, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and a devotee of art. Their only daughter, Mary Crowninshield, married in 1888 Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain of Birmingham, England, then an M.P. and later Prime Minister. After his decease, she became in 1916 the wife of Rev. William Hartley Carnegie, Rector of Saint Margaret's and Canon of Westminster (London).

My own recollection of Mr. Endicott is very clear, for my summers were spent at Nahant where he visited at the cottage of his wife's parents, and there I saw him often. His handsome, serene, and delightful personality is one of the memories of my youth. He became a Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court in the year that I took my A.B. at Harvard, and, as I was not admitted to the Bar until 1879, I saw him only a few times upon the bench, and yet,

[1] These words were written in the spring of 1927. Mrs. Endicott's death occurred in the ensuing summer.

because of his bearing, the remembrance is as distinct as if I had seen him yesterday.

That leader of the Bar, Richard Olney, was the least likely of men to exaggerate the spoken word under the impulse of rhetoric or indulgence for the dead. Yet it was he who said before the Bar of the Commonwealth: 'A more dignified, graceful, and effective presiding magistrate, it has never been my fortune to see on the bench. The familiar recipe for a judge, given by an English authority of the first rank, was that he must at all hazards be a gentleman, and that, if he should also know a little law, it would do no harm. Judge Endicott was always and everywhere the gentleman. He was so not merely in manner and by an uncommon elegance of deportment, but through an innate sense of justice and a natural love of fair play, which made him no respecter of persons, and made the humblest suitor in his court sure of an impartial hearing and secure in every just claim. The combination of such traits, with the knowledge and wisdom derived from constant study of the law, and its application to the practical affairs of life, made Judge Endicott approach the ideal of a judge as nearly as the lot of humanity will permit.'

These words were addressed to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., then Chief Justice of Massachusetts, who in the course of his reply brought back the dead to life for all present with the voice of poetry and authority. Emanating from another member of the Saturday Club this evocation, already perpetuated on the rolls of the Court, should also have a place in our volume:

'When next I saw him, it was upon the bench, and again he excited my admiration. He was sitting in the old equity courtroom in Court Square, and I remember thinking at the time, as I still think, that he represented in the superlative degree my notion of the proper bearing and conduct of a judge. Distinguished in person, with the look of a race in his countenance which in more ways than one suggested a resemblance to that first Endicott to whom Massachusetts owes so much, he sat without a thought of self, without even the unconscious pride or aloofness which seemed, nay, was his right, serenely absorbed in the problems of the matter in hand, impersonal yet human, the living image of justice, weighing

as if the elements in the balance were dead matter, but discerning and collecting those elements by the help of a noble and tender heart. Ah, me! how often I have wished that one of his successors could attain the perfection which once he saw in the flesh! How often has that charming and impressive figure risen before my eyes, at once to encourage and to warn!'

ROBERT GRANT

WILLIAM WATSON GOODWIN[1]

1831–1912

William Watson Goodwin, son of Hersey Bradford Goodwin and Lucretia Ann Watson, was born May 9, 1831, in Concord, Massachusetts; but his real home was Plymouth, for the death of his mother, a few months after his birth, brought him to the household of his grandmother, Lucretia Barr (Sturges) Watson, in the town of the Pilgrims. Concord, to be sure, held him again for the two years preceding his father's death; after that bereavement, however, he returned to the scene of his early associations, and there remained until he entered Harvard College in 1847. He was prepared at the Plymouth High School, except in the subject of Greek, for which there was no equipment; and thus he came under the evening instruction of his uncle, Benjamin Marston Watson, whose personal concern both for the boy and for the subject was a fortunate coincidence. To this 'Uncle Marston' he always attributed his Hellenic bent. Not that Mr. Watson considered himself a specialist; rather was he a man of wide-ranging interests — in plants, in social theories, in philosophy, in letters. Goodwin's phenomenal insight into the mechanism of language was a gift inborn.

Like many another boy who has been sympathetically taught at home, Goodwin found the Harvard of his day a disappointment in the character of its Freshman instruction; dull it must have been, and very elementary throughout, as compared with present standards. He did attend, indeed, some lectures by Agassiz, Gray, Channing, Longfellow, and J. Wyman; but these had little bearing on his own course of study. He took his degree in 1851.

There being no department for advanced work (none, indeed, until 1872), Goodwin spent his next two years in tutoring, as a

[1] A memoir of Goodwin, by Professor Herbert Weir Smyth in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for September, 1912, afforded the basis for a sketch which Professor Grandgent has elaborated for these pages.

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W. W. Goodwin.

graduate resident in Graduates' Hall, the present College House. Among his pupils there was John C. Ropes. This apprenticeship over, he made for the goal of his ambition, Göttingen — the resort of such Harvard men as Everett, Bancroft, Longfellow, Motley, and (in his own day) of Gould, Child, and Lane. There and at Bonn and Berlin he remained two years. Göttingen it was that made him a Doctor of Philosophy, after examinations in classical philology and ancient history. His dissertation, 'De Potentiæ Maritimæ Epochis apud Eusebium,' was printed by the same University in 1855. The following winter he visited Italy, chiefly Rome, where he lived in a house on the Roman Forum. In March, 1856, he started on his fateful journey to Greece, where with his native linguistic talent he mastered modern Greek as he had mastered German. In later life he used to say that, but for references to things exclusively of our time, a present day Greek newspaper would have been quite intelligible to Demosthenes. All the same, Goodwin's rare Yankee ingenuity was put to the test when, concocting a Greek playbill for the Harvard performance of the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' and wishing to notify patrons of the means of reaching the theatre, he was confronted with the necessity of inventing a word for 'horse-car.' Invent he did, though; and the resulting formidable polysyllable subsequently proved to be almost exactly identical with the term employed in Athens, when that mode of conveyance was there introduced. But even the best master, alas! is fallible. One day, having, as he thought, informed an Athenian cobbler that he would soon be back, he was disconcerted to see the artisan burst into a laugh and then watch him with an expectant grin. Only a moment was needed to solve the mystery. Blushing, he turned to his companion with the remark: 'I believe I have told that man that I am going to turn a somersault.'

Returned to Harvard in that same year, 1856, he was made Tutor in Greek and Latin. Only four years later, at the age of twenty-nine, he was appointed Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, to take the place of Felton, who had become President of the College. Thus began his forty-one years of active service, one of the longest terms on record in the University. It is said that he was absent from recitations but three times during this period.

An attack of shingles that seized him late in life was perhaps his first experience of physical pain. He was made Emeritus in 1901, but for seven years longer continued his lectures on Plato's 'Republic' and Aristotle's 'Ethics.'

He was twice married; on February 3, 1864, to Emily Haven Jenks, by whom he had two sons; and on June 6, 1882, to Ellen Adelaide Chandler. Though of strongly contrasting types, both ladies were of great charm. He himself was a charming host, ready of speech and abundant in story. Until a trip to Mexico in 1908 his health had always been perfect; but after his return it was never the same, and he died at his house on Follen Street on June 15, 1912.

To the almost hopelessly low standards of scholarship of the fifties — the monotonous recitation with the perfunctory questioning — Goodwin brought a preparation for his subject greater (so Charles William Eliot has remarked) than that of any tutor before him. It is true that there were then comparatively few to appreciate his scholarship, because his teaching appealed most to those who needed no spur, and Greek was a prescribed subject through the junior year. The result of introducing the elective system was a revolution both in the substance and in the methods of teaching. Excellent as this change was, other consequences were appalling. The loss in numbers to the Greek classes, the apparent failure of contemporaries to see the value of Greek for modern education, the spectacle of young men aiming at literary culture without a knowledge of the language of Homer, Socrates, and Plato — all these things dismayed him; but while he never changed his opinion concerning the importance of classical study as the foundation of culture, he wanted no return to the system of his own undergraduate days, his motive being always the welfare of scholarship. So he welcomed the new situation, and insensibly found in it the best field for his own learning and tastes. His words about President Felton are in a measure true of himself: 'While he could not bear to use his beloved classic authors as a means of forcing unwilling youth to necessary discipline, he was an overflowing well of learning and scholarship to all who sought him with a true desire to learn.' His effect upon his students is, we are told, easily traced by

a temperate and rational style, with nothing of extravagance, exaggeration, or perverse ingenuity; for he seemed to have schooled his own temperament to the balance of imagination and reason characteristic of the Greek writers he loved. His views on the elective system are expounded in his speech 'On the Present and Future of Harvard College,' delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa in 1891, wherein he analyzes the relation between liberal and professional studies, and maintains that the scholarship of the studious, at least, has been immeasurably raised.

Goodwin was one of the first American Hellenists to be recognized abroad. His 'Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verbs,' a work of great range and accuracy, of lucid and exact statements, and of sobriety in preferring facts to theoretical discussion, produced a profound impression in this country, and an almost superstitious regard in England; for at the time of its publication in 1860 much of Greek syntax was practically unknown or inaccessible to English-speaking students. One philosophical critic has called it 'the best manual of philosophy ever written.' A second edition of this book, enlarged and in great part rewritten, appeared in 1865. The 'Greek Grammar' was published in 1870; and in November of the same year was published Plutarch's 'Morals,' in five volumes, on which Goodwin had spent much time and labor for several years. This was a revision of the translation 'By Several Hands' made at the end of the seventeenth century.

The author received honorary degrees from Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh, and in 1905 Göttingen renewed his doctorate after fifty years. He was similarly honored at home by Amherst, Columbia, Chicago, Yale, and Harvard, and in 1903 was elected an Overseer of Harvard, an honor somewhat rare among Harvard teachers. He was made Knight of the Greek Order of the Redeemer; was the first director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, Vice-President of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He taught Greek at Radcliffe College, and was long a member of its Council. He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, the American Oriental Society, and the American Philological Association. He contributed several

articles to the publications of the last, and wrote occasionally for the *North American Review* and other periodicals.

Against the national policy of protection he cherished a fierce hatred, sometimes contending that it is right to smuggle, since there is no iniquity in breaking an iniquitous law. Such a notion, by no means uncommon in the academic circles of his day, is an interesting forerunner of a present characteristic attitude of Academe toward certain recent legislation. And it illustrated in him both the Yankee and the Greek spirit of revolt. For in Goodwin Hellas and New England were strangely, though not incongruously, mingled. He was a man of contrasts. Chiefly known as an uncannily subtle analyzer of language, he loved literature as literature for its art and its message; his favorite work was the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus.

Powerful in frame and beautiful in face, he was singularly awkward in his motions. A nervous twitch and an embarrassed manner were oddly at variance with the really Olympian serenity of his temper. The austerity of his aspect was mitigated by a voice sweetly and perennially youthful. Built physically and morally on a large scale, he was almost morbidly conscious of his somewhat Gargantuan feet, which, in his regular classroom, were screened from the too insistent scrutiny of his pupils by a cloth fastened across the front of his desk. Yet his was a character that primarily commanded veneration; his a personality of unquestioned distinction.

Professor Palmer, who was associated with him in the deliberations of the Faculty for thirty years, tells us of his foresight, comprehensive planning, resourcefulness, clear speech, and masterful leadership. His words always dealt with the central matter of discussion, were marshalled with consummate generalship, and were driven home with a fervor, epigram, and neat citation of precedent that made them formidable — the more formidable because so fair — to those who would dissent; and this easy intellectual force attended him everywhere. He held strong opinions where matters of scholarship were involved, and his championship was at once ardent and temperate: he never lost his self-control in the heated discussions in the Faculty meetings over the Greek requirements.

In Goodwin, sound intellectual vigor and broad culture by no means excluded tenderness; scholarship never begot unsociability. Indeed, he delighted in companionship and exhibited keen wit and humor in his dealings with his friends. Behind his superficial shyness was a warm, sympathetic heart and never-failing magnanimity; and if there was sometimes a humorous sharpness in his sayings, it was never prompted by ungenerous feeling. With Greek breadth of mind, and with Puritan loftiness of soul, he may be called one of those perfected men in whom we find the measure of civilization.

CHARLES H. GRANDGENT

1887

JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY

1839–1915

JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY qualified for membership in the Saturday Club on three distinct grounds. He was naturally a scholar with very wide interests and an omniverous reader; he was a lawyer of eminence; and he was a teacher who loved to teach.

He was born at Brighton, July 14, 1839, a younger half-brother of Horace Gray, commemorated earlier in this volume, a son of Horace and Sarah Russell (Gardner) Gray. After attending the Boston Latin School he graduated from Harvard College in 1859 with high rank, and from the Harvard Law School in 1861. He studied for a third year at the Law School, and then enlisted in the army, remaining until the end of the war. During his service he was second lieutenant in the Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry and the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, an aide-de-camp to General Gordon, and major and judge advocate of United States Volunteers on the staffs of General Foster and General Gillmore. His life-long friend, Mr. Justice Holmes, mentions the fact, that 'when he was in the army he was the first officer to meet Sherman at Savannah after the march to the sea, and is referred to in Sherman's report of his operations as "a very intelligent officer,"' which, as Justice Holmes says, is 'a striking tribute to one who barely had reached manhood from the great commander at the crowning moment of his success.'

After the war he came back to Boston and began the practice of his profession in partnership with John C. Ropes, an old friend and classmate in the Law School. Later, by the addition of William Caleb Loring (later Mr. Justice Loring), the firm became Ropes, Gray and Loring; and at the time of Mr. Gray's death, under the name of Ropes, Gray, Boyden and Perkins, it included eight of his former pupils, among them his son Roland. In 1873 he married Anna Lyman Mason, who, with their son and daughter, has survived him.

With Mr. Ropes he founded the *American Law Review* in 1866,

and edited it for several years with ability and success. Thereafter he published several treatises of marked excellence. The first edition of his 'Restraints on the Alienation of Property' was published in 1883, the second in 1895. 'The Rule against Perpetuities' had three editions, in 1886, 1906, and 1915. 'The Nature and Sources of the Law,' embodying the substance of lectures delivered at Harvard and Columbia, was published in 1909. He also published two editions of his collected 'Cases on Property' in six volumes, and various articles in magazines.

He began to teach at the Harvard Law School in 1869, before Dean Langdell came from practice to the School. He was first appointed as lecturer, and this appointment was renewed in 1871 and again in 1872 and 1873. On March 18, 1875, he was made Story Professor of Law, and on November 12, 1883, Royall Professor of Law. He resigned on February 1, 1913, and became Royall Professor of Law *Emeritus*. His term of service thus covered the whole development of the modern School, and nearly every member of the present faculty studied under him. He taught many subjects — Bankruptcy and the law of the Federal Courts, Conflict of Laws, Evidence, Constitutional Law, all branches of the law of property, and Jurisprudence — with conspicuous success. This statement gives an outline of a long, full, very useful life.

His colleague, Professor Williston spoke of him thus: — 'When Gray died there passed from among us a man whose type has always been rare and is growing rarer. It is so difficult to achieve excellence even in one department that the old ideal of a rounded life and a broad intellectual outlook has been almost surrendered by men of serious purpose, as inconsistent with any plan of real accomplishment. Gray, however, found no inconsistency. He was at once a specialist in a narrow and difficult branch of the law, a lawyer in general practice, a man of affairs, a teacher, a writer, a well-read scholar in various fields with cultivated interest in letters and art, and a man of the world by no means averse to mingling in congenial society.'

This same colleague has described him as a teacher in these words: 'He came to Cambridge . . . first as a lecturer and afterwards as a professor. He became a convert rather early to the

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John C. Gray

many changes which Langdell introduced not only in the teaching but in the administration of the Law School, and Gray himself was a most useful factor in bringing these changes to a successful outcome. Langdell was a genius, but he was rather well endowed with the peculiarities of genius, and after his first years in Cambridge failing eyesight made it more difficult for him to keep up with the progress of modern law. How the Law School would have fared if it had not been that there were associated with Langdell other men with other capacities it is a little difficult to say. At any rate, Gray was most valuable in convincing the bar of Boston that there must be something in the new-fangled way of doing things or Gray would not have believed in it! Gray had a reputation, wonderfully well deserved, for sound common sense, and if he thought it good, there must be some good in it.

'There was current in the Law School some years ago, among students, a saying which illustrates the attitude of the student body toward Gray:

'"If you want to know what the law used to be, go to such an one of his colleagues; if you want to know what it is going to be, go to such another; if you want to know what the law ought to be, go to a third; but if you happen to want to know what the law is, go to Gray."

'His manner in the lecture room was ideal. He spoke with perfect clearness, and he always had a faculty for reducing high-sounding legal formulæ to homely expressions, which made his hearers understand exactly what was meant. And this was often done with a wonderful verbal felicity, which made his phrase stick in the mind, although his words were intended merely to make clear what legal verbiage sometimes makes muddy.

'I remember his definition of "an act of God." It is something disagreeable that nobody can help, said Gray. On another occasion, when he was expressing a little distaste for that method of legal reasoning which perhaps some of his colleagues may have been guilty of — a method which takes the decision of a case as settling the actual point involved by the reported facts, but carefully puts the decision on new reasons and explains it as meaning something entirely different from what the judges who decided it thought it

did — Gray said: "This method of legal reasoning puts the decisions of the court on a par with the utterances of Balaam's ass — divinely inspired, but presupposing no conscious intelligence on the part of the creature from whom they proceed."'

Of his scholarly instincts the words of his intimate friend, Mr. Justice Holmes, may be quoted: 'His knowledge, his immense reading, his memory, were not confined to the actualities of the day. Alongside of mathematics, and the latest German works on jurisprudence, alongside of his mastery of the law, equally profound and available for teaching in the Law School and advising upon great affairs, he not only kept up the study of Greek and Roman classics, but he was familiar with a thousand by-paths among books. I think he could have given a clear account of the Bangorian controversy, the very name of which has been forgotten by most of us, and he could have recited upon all manner of curious memoirs or upon pretty much any theme that falls within the domain of literature, properly so called. He loved books, and his beautiful collection ranged from the Theodosian code to curious eighteenth century tracts.' In the words of another friend, 'He read everything and forgot nothing.'

I may add a few words of personal tribute. Seven years my senior in collegiate standing, I first met him when I was a junior in Harvard, and he was a singularly handsome youth just returned from the army with his life before him. I saw him last in his chamber after his work was done and he was waiting with perfect serenity and cheerfulness for the end which as we both knew could not be far distant. I served under him when he was editing the *American Law Review*, and I have practised law side by side with him ever since I was admitted to the bar. It is singular how often two men may both be in active practice for years in the same city without ever crossing swords, and this was my experience with John Gray. Twice in forty years I was opposed to him in lawsuits, but they both went off on questions of law raised at the outset. I have met him in consultation, and my firm was often retained against his, generally in cases involving the construction of a will which were argued by my partner, but I can recall no instance in all that time of any friction in my dealings with him such as is almost inevitable

between counsel where facts are in controversy. His engagements at the Law School naturally kept him from taking part in protracted hearings, and the tedious investigation of contested issues or the strain of a jury trial were not to his taste, so that our paths did not cross. My relations with him, though never intimate, were mainly social.

For more than forty years I met him at the monthly meetings of a small dinner club to which we both belonged, where conversation was unrestrained; but, while Gray enjoyed the meetings and listened with evident pleasure to what others said, he himself said little. He was never controversial, never inclined to talk for the pleasure of discussing some question on which we differed. He seemed to enjoy more the exchange of views with a sympathetic neighbor on some literary topic, or like subject, where no violent difference was possible. He had decided opinions and was always willing to state them, but he was not concerned that others should adopt them. He espoused no cause, but was a scholar interested in observing and studying the world and feeling no obligation to take part in its conflicts. He was more at home in his library than in the arena. His true rôle was that of the student, the teacher and counsellor, and he was guided wisely in choosing the work of his life. Whatever he did was done well. He went through life serenely, earnestly, modestly, with scrupulous regard for the rights and feelings of others, but without seeking notoriety or apparently even caring for the recognition which was his due. He seemed in his daily labors to recognise and act upon the truth stated by Justice Holmes, that 'the root of joy as of duty is to put out all one's powers for some great end . . . to hammer out as compact and solid a piece of work as one can, to try to make it first rate, and to leave it unadvertised.' Wherever he went he inspired confidence, and he carried with him always the high respect and warm regard to all that was best in this community, whether men knew him as associate, opponent, teacher, or friend. He died, February 25, 1915, in the fullness of years with his mental vigor unabated, and still enjoying the intellectual pursuits in which he had taken pleasure throughout his life.

MOORFIELD STOREY

EDWARD CHARLES PICKERING[1]

1846–1919

EDWARD CHARLES PICKERING was born in Boston on July 19, 1846, the son of Edward and Charlotte (Hammond) Pickering. He was a descendant of John Pickering, who came from England and settled in Salem in 1642, and a great-grandson of Timothy Pickering, Harvard graduate, soldier of the Revolution, Postmaster-General, Secretary of War and of State in the early years of the Republic. From the Boston Latin School he entered the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard, where his ability attracted the attention of his instructors, and upon his graduation in 1865 won him a place on the faculty in mathematics. Two years later he was called to the Thayer chair of physics in the recently organized Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Here the ideas of President Rogers, and during his illness the sympathetic execution of them by Acting President Runkle, were very favorable to the tastes and abilities which Pickering brought to the new field. Through the establishment of a chemical laboratory the study of chemistry had just been revolutionized; and when Pickering presented in full detail a plan for a physics laboratory on similar lines — a plan later highly commended by the great Tyndall — he met a cordial response, and settled down to the nine years' work whose fruits were the first working laboratory of physics in the United States. His universally commended textbook 'Physical Manipulation,' published in 1874, was another result of this period. While at work in his laboratory Pickering had made a special study of the light and spectra of the stars. The death of Joseph Winlock in 1875 left the chair of astronomy at Harvard vacant; and Pickering, whose genius for organization had been so well proved at the Institute of Technology, was called to occupy it, and appointed director of the Observatory, a position he was to hold with solid and brilliant success for the rest of his life. He was

[1] A memoir of Pickering by his fellow-worker at the Harvard Observatory, The Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, will be found in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June 1919.

married on March 9, 1874 to Lizzie Wadsworth Sparks, the daughter of Jared Sparks, President of Harvard College from 1849 to 1853.

The Observatory had at Pickering's coming a working force of only five or six persons. The line of development seemed clear, and the choice of Pickering as the leader wise; but it was through a quality essentially different from those which recommended him to the college that he produced the splendid result which we see today. He was one of those too rare scholars who see no competition in the search for truth, and who so love their work that another's contribution to it is as much a triumph as their own. It is said that Pickering often returned more than the salary attached to his position for the furtherance of astronomical investigation; his broad encouragement of coöperation, of the pooling of results, even more than generosity in material things, called out the sincerest efforts at home and established valuable friendly relations abroad. The present network of coöperative interests in astronomical observatories throughout the world, though logical and indispensable, owes its existence in no small degree to Pickering's conception of and reverence for his own work.

His zeal in his studies continued to be directed towards examination of the light and spectra of the stars. With a splendid instrument, the lens of which had been ground to his order by Clark, he began the work which has gained such wide recognition for himself and for the Harvard Observatory. He devised a meridian photometer with which he made more than a million and a half measurements; and he applied photography to astronomy on a scale greater than ever before attempted. At the time of his death on February 3, 1919, he was overseeing the huge work of completing the Draper Catalogue, a compilation of 220,000 stars covering the entire sky, as classified by Miss Annie J. Cannon, his devoted collaborator. He furnished data upon the physical properties of stars to many laboratories, being in close coöperative alliance with professors of astronomy both in America and abroad; and he established the Harvard standards of expressing stellar magnitude which have been adopted throughout the world.

In 1890 Pickering was enabled through the generosity of Uriah

A. Boyden to establish the observing station at the high altitude of Arequipa, Peru; and there his brother, William H. Pickering, extended the work begun in Cambridge until photographic charts of the entire heavens were made. These studies have been published in the 'Annals' of the Harvard Observatory. He made many scientific expeditions, which included the object of observing two total eclipses of the sun; and during these the problems of mountain surveying and the height and velocity of clouds attracted his attention, and interested him in the organization of the Appalachian Mountain Club, of which in 1877 he was made the first president.

His services to science have been so widely recognized that a mere enumeration of his honors is impracticable here. He received gold medals from various learned societies; the degree of Doctor of Laws from six American universities, including Harvard in 1903; Doctor of Science from Victoria; and Doctor of Philosophy from Heidelberg. He was a member of many scientific academies in his own country, and held honorary or corresponding connections with the Royal Society of London, the Royal Astronomical Society, and the great academies of St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Rome. When, at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1911, the claims of astronomers were considered, he at once commanded the recognition of his colleagues, and was unanimously chosen to preside at the meeting the following year. But the greatest monument to his memory is the photographic 'library' at Harvard, 300,000 plates, weighing about ninety tons — a history of the heavens from the time of the application of photography to stars. The immense and often unattractive labor of his investigations was inspired by the faith that its value would increase with the passing of time, even though decades or centuries might be required to reveal the true scientific import of its results.

But Edward C. Pickering was always greater than his works — humbler as the years brought him the greatest honors the scientific world could bestow; helpful to all he could reach; extraordinary in administrative ability; undisturbed always in courtesy and poise; and exceptional in personal attraction and social grace. His work

was not of the kind that attracts public attention; he called himself a 'collector of astronomical facts'; but no better example than he could be adduced of the truth of what he himself once said early in life: 'Science is an ennobling pursuit only when it is wholly unselfish.'

1888

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

1836–1907

MRS. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, in her volume of reminiscences, 'Crowded Memories,' has told a characteristic story of Aldrich on a visit to Monte Carlo in 1875: 'Mr. Aldrich placed on one of the green tables a twenty-franc piece and played at "Rouge et Noir." With a joyous unconcern, and a gay little nod to the *croupier* as he staked his napoleon, he said, "Success to it. Vive le Roi." The adjuration was heard by the fickle goddess who watches over this alluring game, for when, after a few turns of the roulette, the napoleon returned to the hand that gave it, it brought with it many followers — gold enough to buy a string of lapis-lazuli beads and a cross of topaz.' This anecdote is typical of Aldrich in two respects: he made his play with a jest — and a neat one; and good fortune attended it. Thus he went through life, graceful and charming, in mind and person, and, except for a devastating grief near the end of his days, the death of one of his twin sons — as if the fates must remind him that he was not quite immune from the common lot of sorrow — rarely fortunate in circumstance, in human relationships, and in achievement.

The record of it all is ample, for, besides Mrs. Aldrich's book, the excellent 'Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich' by Mr. Ferris Greenslet, freely drawn upon by Mrs. Aldrich, presents the personality of its subject, and the distinctive place in American letters which he occupied from the time of the Civil War until his death in 1907, with a fulness which would render any extensive account of him in this place superfluous. Let us content ourselves, then, with placing him in the Boston circle of his time, remaining the while fully aware that his place in it was precisely what it was for the very reason that his interests and contacts were so slightly confined by local boundaries.

'Though I am not genuine Boston,' Mr. Greenslet quotes Aldrich as fond of saying in his later years, 'I am Boston-plated.' He would doubtless have regarded his election to the Saturday Club as

one of the coats of the plating. This did not occur until 1888, twenty-three years after he had moved from New York to Boston, and eight years after he had become editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. If he never became a frequent participant in the monthly meetings of the Club, it was not at all because of any detachment from the literary society of the town. His first relations with Boston seem indeed to have impressed him with its superiority as a dwelling-place for a writer. 'The humblest man of letters,' he wrote to Bayard Taylor in 1866, 'has a position here which he doesn't have in New York. To be known as an able writer is to have the choicest society opened to you. Just as an officer in the Navy (providing he is a gentleman) is the social equal of anybody — so a knight of the quill here is supposed necessarily to be a gentleman. In New York — he's a Bohemian! outside of his personal friends he has no standing.' In the more strictly literary circle Aldrich was so much a figure by 1887 — the year before he joined the Saturday Club — that with Julia Ward Howe, Dr. Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, he bore, though most reluctantly, a part in an 'Authors' Reading' for the benefit of a Longfellow Memorial Fund, at which the only non-Bostonian celebrants were Mark Twain and George William Curtis. Nothing but his admiration and affection for Longfellow could have carried him through this ordeal, for public speaking was always so abhorrent to him that he is found writing in 1893: 'I am not a public speaker, and so not worth my salt at a banquet where stand-up and give-and-take felicities are expected. In private I can be as injudicious as anybody! I retired from our jolly Tavern Club because a fellow couldn't eat his dinner there without a creepy dread of being "called upon."' It was indeed in private, where he could be 'as injudicious as anybody,' that Aldrich was socially at his best.

And that best was uncommonly good. How much of the nimble wit, sprightly audacity, and sensitive perception that marked his spoken and written word through life came to him at his birth, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836, of substantial colonial ancestry, it is hard to say. Whatever he may have derived from his forbears, it is certainly to be assumed that he de-

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

rived much from the varied circumstances of his boyhood — in the romantic New England town of his birth, in New York, and in New Orleans, which seems especially to have fed a certain un-Anglo-Saxon quality in him which mellowed his New England inheritances. The parental plan to prepare him for admission to Harvard College was thwarted by the death of his father and consequent financial disabilities. At sixteen, when he might have been entering college, he went instead to work in the New York commission-house of his uncle Charles Frost — an admirable merchant who met an announcement of his nephew's that the editor of *Harper's* had just paid him fifteen dollars for a poem with the question, 'Why don't you send the d——d fool one every day?' Even without such encouragement, the young clerk would have done as he did, and put much more of his heart into the writing of verses than into the keeping of ledgers. Before he was nineteen, in 1855, he brought out a book of verse, 'The Bells, a Collection of Chimes, by T. B. A.,' which he came to regard as mere 'juvenilia,' and produced a poem, 'Babie Bell,' that won so instant and widespread a success that it determined him to quit business for literature.

In the ten years from 1855 to 1865 Aldrich served a valuable apprenticeship in writing and editing. It was no bad thing for him that the scene of this experience was New York rather than Boston, where the 'Augustans' of American literature were occupying so extensive a place that any beginner such as he would have found himself much overshadowed. All independently of them he was making himself a reputation as a poet which won him in 1865 the recognition implied in the publication of 'The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich' by Ticknor and Fields — a sort of accolade tantamount to being 'taken into the family' of Boston writers. Meanwhile he had made many friendships and associations with the New York group, serving under N. P. Willis and G. P. Morris — of 'Woodman, spare that tree' fame — as a critic for the *Evening Mirror*, and as an assistant editor to Willis on the popular *Home Journal*. In this period also William Winter, Edwin Booth, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Bayard Taylor became his friends — as it proved, for life. In the Bohemia of the time and place he

encountered Walt Whitman, whose recorded praise, 'Yes, Tom, I like your *tinkles:* I like them very well,' may be matched by Aldrich's later dictum, 'Whitman's manner is a hollow affectation, and represents neither the man nor the time.' It was indeed in this New York period that Aldrich became fixed in the sort of fastidiousness which led him to exclaim, when Kipling came along, 'At a time when it is supposed to be poetical to write "Gawd" instead of God, . . . perhaps silence is the best poem for a man who respects his art.'

The year 1865 was marked for Aldrich by two important events besides the Boston publication of his poems. One was his marriage to Lilian Woodman, with whom he shared for the remainder of his days a domestic life of great felicity. The other was the invitation, which he accepted, to move himself from New York to Boston and assume the editorship of a weekly journal, *Every Saturday*, published under the same auspices as his recently issued poems. Thus he began his 'Boston-plated' existence of more than forty years. His elders in the local field of letters received him as a sprightly younger brother. 'I don't think that any four famous authors,' he wrote in later years, 'were ever so kind to an obscure young man as Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes were to me.' With Longfellow, whose name might just as well have swelled the list from four to five, his relations were perhaps even closer, for it was the poetry of Longfellow that first stirred in him as a boy the impulse to express himself in verse, and it was a visit to the small house in Pinckney Street where Aldrich and his wife first established their household gods in Boston that stirred Longfellow to produce 'The Hanging of the Crane.' This was the time, moreover, when he began his long friendship with Howells, then under the same official roof with him as assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and with Mark Twain, who first crossed his path as an angry correspondent of *Every Saturday*.

Through these early Boston years Aldrich went on busily writing both verse and prose. In the field of fiction he made his greatest, and probably his most enduring success with 'The Story of a Bad Boy,' published serially in 1869 in *Our Young Folks*, another magazine proceeding from the publishing house with which he was

identified. As the years went on he continued to produce long and short stories, but this classic of boyhood and a few of his lyrics — flawless in workmanship, poignantly sensitive in feeling — seem, in this newer century now approaching middle age, his surest passports to a long remembrance.

For nine years, from 1881 to 1890, Aldrich held the editorship of the *Atlantic*, in succession to Howells; — 'not a militant editor,' his biographer declares, and 'not greatly concerned about politics and affairs,' but deeply interested in literature, and fortunate in his contributors, the disappearing 'Augustans,' and their immediate successors, of whom he himself, both as a writer and as an arbiter of the writings of others, was a highly typical representative. In the literary annals of America he stands as a conspicuous figure in the period of transition from the nineteenth to the twentieth century — reverent of past, sceptical of future values, 'as injudicious as anybody in private,' but an editor of whom it never could be said, as in one of his injudicious — even outrageous — moments he said of a successor to his editorial chair, that he was a greater man than Moses, because Moses had merely dried up the Red Sea — once, whereas this successor had dried up the Atlantic — monthly.

An old friend of Aldrich's, the late William H. Rideing, wrote aptly of him: 'It has always seemed to me that Aldrich belonged to other times than our own, and that he had strayed like a traveller returned out of an earlier century. There was something of Herrick in him, something of Sir Philip Sidney, and something of Lovelace. At the latest he would have been at home in the age of Queen Anne. . . . He literally laughed away those who crossed swords with him, and left them laughing too. His conversation was even better than his writings and like them was crisp, pointed, and inimitably and impressively whimsical. It seemed to be impossible for him to say a commonplace thing or to say anything that did not end in some unexpected turn to evoke the smiles or laughter of the listener.' The engaging lightness of touch, the quality of gaiety, that marked him in youth remained his possessions — darkened only by the sorrow that has been mentioned — until the end of a life singularly blessed by fortunate circumstance. For the details of this, and for a fuller

apprehension of the place it was Aldrich's part to fill in the literary life of his time, the reader may be referred again to the pages of his biographer and of his widow. Here in conclusion it needs only to be said that when he died in Boston, March 19, 1907, the biographical fact that seemed hardest to accept was that he was midway between seventy and seventy-one in age.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe

1891

WALBRIDGE ABNER FIELD[1]

1833–1899

WALBRIDGE ABNER FIELD, seventh in lineal descent from Roger Williams, was born in Springfield, Vermont, on April 26, 1833, the son of Abner Field of Connecticut and Louisa Griswold of Rhode Island. His boyhood was passed in the old New England town of his birth, a town small enough to bring out the distinct character of almost every man and woman in it, and thus to teach to whoever could learn self-reliance, respect for duty, and ambition to serve. At Dartmouth College, from which he was graduated in 1855 at the head of his class, he served as a tutor for three years; and after studying law for a time returned to Dartmouth for another year and taught mathematics. Judge Loring bears witness to the remarkable circumstance that in response to direct inquiry whether it was truly reported that as a student at Dartmouth he had won a perfect mark in every one of his courses through all of his four years in college, Judge Field admitted this to be the fact. After his term of teaching at Dartmouth he removed to Boston, determined upon the law as his profession, and studied at the Harvard Law School and in the office of Harvey Jewell, another Dartmouth man about ten years his senior, whose specialty was maritime law and corporations, and who was very active in Massachusetts politics.

Field was admitted to the bar in 1860, and practised in Jewell's office for the following five years. The firm was prominent, and handled cases as important as any of the day. Field's part was not mere office work: he not infrequently tried jury cases, conducted difficult equity suits, and made law arguments. He was successively Assistant United States Attorney for Massachusetts from 1865 to 1867, and Assistant United States Attorney General from 1869 to 1870. Almost at the outset a contest in the Federal Court

[1] The 'Tribute' to Chief Justice Field, by James M. Barker, in the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society* for October, 1899, has been drawn upon freely for this memoir. In the same *Proceedings* for January, 1905, a more extensive 'Memoir,' by John Noble, will be found.

with the United States Attorney of the District, in which the younger lawyer won, obtained for him from his adversary an offer of the Assistant United States Attorneyship, and his acceptance of this office opened to him the field of national affairs which furnished him with an insight into the modes of national action. This was in 1869; and thus before he went on the bench he was fitted and ripened by more than one valuable experience at the national capital, sitting in Cabinet as Assistant Attorney. Though he had developed an interest in politics, possibly through the influence of Jewell, he kept it subordinate to what he believed his means of greatest influence, the law. He was elected a Republican Representative to the Forty-Fifth Congress in 1876, and received the certificate of his election; but his seat was successfully contested by Benjamin Dean, of Boston. He was a Representative in the Forty-Sixth Congress, in 1879–81. His activities in this office gained him the acquaintance of officials from all over the United States, and prepared him further for the bench of the Supreme Court of his State, to which he was appointed in 1881. Nine years later he was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.

For many years Field had been one of the most eminent and conspicuous citizens of Boston. His scholastic experience in younger days had made him available as a member of the School Committee for two years, and he served as a member of the Common Council for three. His value was recognized by Harvard in 1886 and by Dartmouth two years later through the degree of LL.D. He was married in 1869 to Eliza E. McLoon, who died in March, 1877; and again in October, 1882, to Frances E. Farwell. A weakness of the heart had given warnings, for some time before his death, that he must not continue to tax himself to the full. These went largely unheeded, until one winter afternoon he was smitten while walking from the courthouse. This clearly presaged the end, and after a period of brave and patient suffering he died in Boston on July 15, 1899.

In personal appearance Judge Field was slightly over middle height, and of such erect carriage and bearing as to seem taller. His movements were light and easy, his look was penetrating and

direct. With his outward appearance time had dealt kindly; his blond hair remained untouched by gray, and his appearance betokened unshaken vigor. Intellectually he was alert, watchful, forceful, and always courteous — somewhat quick-tempered if opposition seemed factious or stupid or unworthy, but never in the least liable to hasty conclusions. He was quick to come to a full perception of a complicated matter, but before doing so could listen with interest and patience. His confidence in his own views was never contaminated by pride of opinion. He once said to a young man that 'the best wish he could give him was that he might not be too successful at first' — a wise wish, for the heads of young men are elastic and easily infested. No research was so great or intensity of thought so severe as to make him shrink from the labor necessary to reach a sound conclusion. The administration of justice calls for learning, knowledge of affairs, and clear insight into human nature. These come through wide experience, close study of books and things and of men, carefully made by a disciplined mind capable of logical reflection and reasoning. Add the grace from familiar acquaintance with the best literature and cultivation resulting from attrition with alert minds in various walks of life; add also a technical knowledge of law and its history, noble impulses and power for work, and the result is a great jurist. These things Field possessed to a marked degree. The conservatism which comes from wide experience was also his, and his instinct was that existing order should not be changed; yet his habit of mind inevitably recalls Lord Mansfield's 'adapting a progressive state of society to circumstances and cases entirely new'; and even friendly critics at the bar recalled what was said of the great Mansfield as measurably applicable to Field: 'His eagerness to discourage technicalities, and preference of the principles of the civil law, occasionally led him to make the law instead of expounding it.' The fact is that this descendant of the tolerant Roger Williams possessed to a remarkable degree the indispensable attribute of a great judge — common sense. It is this sensitiveness to the impulses of humanity, and the ability to keep himself and the law in touch with the advance of humankind, combined with unusual ability to think clearly that made Walbridge A. Field a good law-

yer and an eminent judge. The law is not a dead letter; it is capable of being a great living force representing man's progress, and assisting in the attainment of the Golden Rule as a standard of life. Field was not merely versed in the learning of the centuries; his sense of equity and justice was attuned to the living humanity of to-day; and it is for this that his memory is blessed.

But back of all is the man as he was to his friends: tolerant, cultivated, scholarly. It has been said of him that his mind never grew old, and that his heart was young to the day of his death. With the ripe maturity of manhood he kept a freshness of appreciation, a genuine sympathy with the activities of life mental and material, and above all the sensitiveness to the newest thought of the world that is youth's eternal characteristic. Outside the law his fertility of mind made him an interesting and delightful companion. He talked little about people, and never maliciously; but in the field of general ideas he was discursive and humorous. His gift of repartee was extraordinary, but because of his sweet temper, never stinging. He was an unpretentious and attractive host to his friends at his house in the quarter whence fashion had withdrawn; and it is said by one of these friends that, attracted by his look of simple and unaffected kindliness, children would sometimes ask him to join them at play on the street.

1893

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON[1]

1834–1919

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON was one of those privileged individuals whom the world permits to be themselves and would not willingly see changed, even for the better — an outstanding example of the truth that the joy of gods and men is evermore in personality.

Possession of this precious gift — the enviable power of being somebody — was in his case hereditary. When the Lord decided that in the evolution of his universe the time had come to sow the seed of Boston, and send forth choice grain to the preliminary planting of the town of Salem, he chose a Higginson to be its spiritual leader; and, whether or not the trait has come down in direct succession from the Rev. Francis Higginson, it is certain that the possession of vivid personality has been in recent generations a family inheritance. The Higginsons as we know them have received a larger infusion of nature, human and divine, than has in general been accorded to the rest of us. In the distribution of Bostonian complexion, spiritual as well as physical, the color has run — this family almost monopolizing the brighter tints.

It is impossible to present a personality in words. Biography is a statue with a sheet thrown over it: you can make out the general dimensions and the main lumps and bumps, but not the lines that carry the expression. The portrait in the Harvard Union helps — more perhaps than any written word. It is a good picture and a good likeness — one of Sargent's best. The artist was attuned to register the manly qualities and was in this instance interested in his subject. And yet it misses much of what we loved in Henry Higginson. It is too exclusively the business man. There is nothing of what Owen Wister well called his wistful smile, nor of the over-

[1] Detailed biography is unnecessary here. The ground has been well covered by John T. Morse, Jr., in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* of March, 1920, and by Bliss Perry in his *Life and Letters* (Atlantic Monthly Press, 1921). The following is an attempt to present a likeness without too much repetition.

tones of human intercourse, the nine-tenths of conversation that remains unspoken — the challenge, the human understanding, the smouldering possibilities of racy speech. Yet there was high visibility in the subject. The ardent spirit had carved its acrostic very legibly upon his face. If Rembrandt could have made the portrait, there would be no further need of words.

It is characteristic of Henry Higginson that the first glimpse of him that history affords is as a leader of the forces of the Boston Latin School, wounded in a stone and snowball fight close by where the statue of his friend and comrade Robert Gould Shaw now stands. Physical courage was in him an outstanding characteristic. And blended with it was not a little of the sheer *gaudium certaminis*, a characteristic that he shared with his friend and one-time leader Francis Barlow and with few others in the same degree, that made the fiercer experiences of war delightful to him, and must have been partly responsible for his behavior in the 'rough and tumble fight' at Aldie Gap (June 17, 1863). Coming up in the train from Manchester one morning thirty-five years after that experience and reading in the paper about the battle of Santiago, he said to his friend Col. Charles Peirson, another of the type: 'Charlie, don't you envy those fellows?'

Besides his fighting spirit, Higginson gave early evidence of another kind of courage when, forced by trouble with his eyes to give up college in December of 1851, his freshman year, and after six years spent in a rather desultory manner between study, business, and foreign travel, he settled down in Vienna at the age of twenty-three to study music. Think of the reaction among his Boston friends! 'A mere musician, not even a composer, but a piano player! What could that son of good George Higginson be thinking of!' Remember it was long before the days of Paderewski. Even to-day such a proceeding would be considered by right-thinking people almost immoral. What made the matter almost worse, he did not expect to follow music as a profession, unless as a last resort if all else failed, but regarded it principally as a happiness. Music was his 'supreme interest . . . almost his inner world,' which he 'enjoyed in the depths of his soul as nothing else.'

His joining the First Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry in the

H. L. Higginson

fall of 1861 was another instance of his social courage. Cavalry in the northern armies had at that time won but little encouragement and less success. As a fighting arm it had become a by-word. 'Whoever saw a dead cavalryman?' The First Massachusetts Cavalry was formed with the deliberate purpose of remedying this condition. It was more than a regiment; it was a declaration of faith, a first step in that demonstration that shop-keeping Yankees could beat the southern chivalry at its favorite game, which was completed three years later by Sheridan when, with the aid of Higginson's best friend Charles Lowell and other brilliant officers, he 'sent Early whirling through Winchester' and gained for the Union the permanent control of the Shenandoah. To leave the Second Massachusetts — that splendid regiment, containing so many of his friends, in which it so soon became the fashion to be killed — and go forth with Greeley Curtis, Charles Francis Adams and a few others upon this forlorn hope with the design of conquering the opinion of both North and South, was a very sporting thing to do.

Going South after the war to be a planter was a similar adventure. What did a good Bostonian and his young wife expect to do in that galley? A part of what they actually did do consisted of teaching reading and writing to the younger field hands (Mrs. Higginson describes the field hands as a pretty fierce people) for an hour in the middle of each day — the children, as a preliminary to their literary exercises, changing their clothes and washing their hands and faces in pails provided for the purpose — an unusual course of training for a Boston banker.

The Symphony Orchestra was one more example. 'Why does he do it all himself?' 'Why so presumptuous in aim?' Boston had already lost the sense of leadership, and to set out to rival Paris and Berlin in music seemed absurd.

As an exhibition of yet another kind of courage — few of us knew that, behind his unfailing high spirit and his geniality, he was, as a result of the bullet wound at Aldie Gap, for some years before his death hardly ever free from pain.

Coming back from the South 'bringing with him a strong pair of hands and the knowledge that if nothing better offered he could

drive a team,' Henry Higginson settled down instead with Lee, Higginson and Company (January 1, 1868). The source of the business success that followed was characteristic. According to his cousin John T. Morse, Jr., three of his best investments were the result of his power of recognizing character and ability in his friends, of his faith in them and his sporting propensity for backing his opinion. His large participation in the romance of Calumet and Hecla — a romance that paid, as it turned out, some four hundred per cent a year upon the original investment — was his expression of opinion upon his brothers-in-law Alexander Agassiz and Quincy A. Shaw. His confidence in Bell Telephone rested on the character of the elder James J. Storrow (to whose name I would add that of William Forbes), his belief in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad upon that of another cousin, General Charles J. Paine. His principal business losses had a similar origin, arising from less judicious investments in personality. In his judgment of men he had a strong instinct for the bull's-eye, but his shots outside the centre were erratic — like the record of those ball-players who, with a meagre batting average, have yet a special talent for home runs. Closely allied to this special instinct for the best was his utter modesty as to his own talents, and his corresponding admiration for such friends as Charles Lowell, John Bancroft, Stephen Perkins, and the companion of his daily walk down town, the present Charles Francis Adams.

Deepest of all in Henry Higginson, his strongest characteristic was, as Bishop Lawrence has said, his genius for friendship, shown both in the depth of his affection and his unfailing loyalty to old friends and in a remarkable capacity for making new ones.

There was also in his affection for young men a strong maternal quality, evidenced in his feeling towards the Harvard students and even for those who had the misfortune to have gone to Yale — perhaps the crowning instance of his propensity for outraging decent and revered tradition. I think it was as a kindergarten for budding youth that he took most interest in Lee, Higginson. He always seemed to me like the old knight of the castle — a part I once saw him play in some theatricals — giving sympathetic, spirited advice and the inspiration of high example to the appren-

tice squires who were sent to him. If he had risen to high military rank I am certain that he would have added the appellation of 'Mother Higginson' to his youthful *nom de guerre* of 'Bully Hig.' And he knew how to send his young friends forth to high emprise. When Cameron Forbes was appointed Governor-General of the Philippines he wrote to him: 'It is a call from your country and you cannot refuse. Even if you should not return, we should mourn you, but we should be glad you had done the right thing. Go, and an old man's blessing be with you.' I wish I could include a further letter upon the same theme sent to Forbes in answer to an invitation to join him. It is a classic which should be included in the reading of every young man entering upon life.

Speaking of his literary skill, I heard him make perhaps his first, and, so far as delivery was concerned, most artless speech — the one to the Harvard students upon the presentation of Soldiers Field. He spoke from a teacher's desk in Sever Hall. He had written it all out, had learned it, more or less, by heart, and tried to recite it with Frank Balch sitting on the steps as prompter. John T. Morse says of this speech that as an utterance of deep feeling, made more intense by restrained expression, it is not surpassed in English literature. And yet, high as it stands as a piece of rhetoric, it was the man behind it, the sincerity, the simplicity, the utter reality that seemed to know no art, that carried furthest.

In all his relations to young people he had the essential gift of contemporaneousness. And yet I always felt that he was bringing them a message from a brighter time. He had grown up in the days when, under the heartening and authoritative messages of Emerson, all things seemed possible; when Boston was still a leader, and when faith in democracy and in America as its chosen instrument was still the religion of her youth — a religion of which his remark to Charles Lowell when, on June 2, 1854, they had watched the return to slavery of Anthony Burns: 'Charlie, it will come to us to set this right,' was an inevitable expression. He seemed to me to have, besides, a feeling, which I thought I recognized also in Mrs. Charles R. Lowell, in William Forbes, in Mrs. Higginson and several others, of belonging to a shining fellowship

of youth, a group of happy warriors who shared a secret which they were glad to carry to the younger generation but could not wholly tell.

This ideal patriotism was, next to friendship, his ruling passion. It is interesting to read his own statement that it was his strongest motive in establishing the Symphony Orchestra. America was to have as good music as there was. The orchestra was indeed his great accomplishment, the fullest expression of his life. It was the conscious motive in his business career, in which instead of 'living very comfortably, earning all that we need to be good and useful citizens and enjoying life without being overworked,' he deliberately chose to 'work harder, earn a great deal more,' in order to carry out this cherished ideal of his youth. His desire in it was not to do people good or to educate them, but to give them something of the great happiness that he himself had always found in music.

Another quality was illustrated in his dealing with the orchestra — his determined rectifying of mistakes. If the leader was not successful, he looked for and found a better one. When Gericke, the real creator of the orchestra, was getting tired, he made him take a year's vacation and found a substitute. He would not accept a situation other than the best.

The orchestra (1881–1918), the Harvard Union and Soldiers Field were characteristic of his giving. Behind it there was always something more than generosity — the expression of a passionate patriotism and a democratic faith. And in his giving there was no limit but the need — an attitude which gave his brother Frank, who always disagreed with Henry's philanthropic purposes and always helped him in their execution, occasional opportunity to come in with effective assistance in dealing with both human and financial problems.

If I have spoken much of virtue, it is not for any abnormal dearth of material of another sort. Neither Henry Higginson nor any of his friends would deny the robust quality of his prejudices or his capacity for occasional wrongheadedness. He must frequently have caused the gods to smile, sometimes to smile and weep, and have cheered the dull hours of the recording angel. He

had, if not redeeming vices, a heaven-sent proclivity for serving the gods against the written word.

To revert, in closing, to his inmost constituting quality: — his virtues, which were many, were forgiven him, for he loved much.

JOSEPH LEE

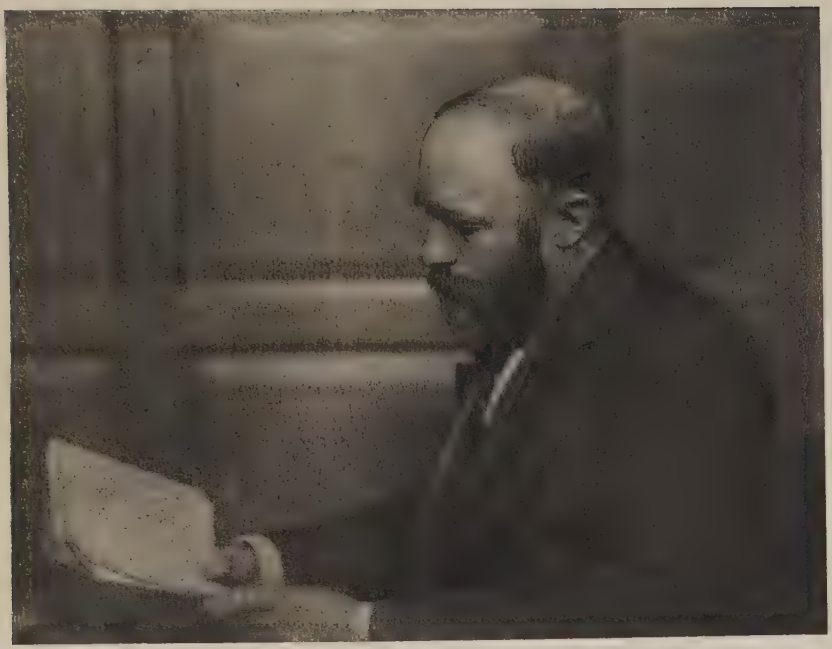
EDWARD WILLIAM HOOPER

1839–1901

Edward William Hooper, the son of Dr. Robert William Hooper and Ellen (Sturgis) Hooper, was born in Boston in 1839. The family, then living in Winter, moved through Summer to Beacon Street. As a youth he found more joy in nature, books, and art than in games and miscellaneous company, and his manners were quiet, yet he was by no means lacking in will and spirit. He went to Harvard College and was a member of the Class of 1859. John Chipman Gray, Henry H. Richardson and William Everett, all later associates in the Saturday Club, were his classmates. He graduated at the Law School in 1861.

In that year the call of his country came to Hooper, as to all the youth of the land. The first victory in those anxious days was won by the Navy, and, in the large tract of shore then recaptured, a new demand, unthought of, suddenly came to the country, and opened a field to the young volunteer.

Captain Rufus Saxton of the United States Army, appointed Quartermaster at Hilton Head on its capture, was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers in April, 1862, with orders to take possession of all the abandoned plantations in this new Department of the South, and was given charge of the inhabitants there, and of any who should later arrive, with large authority. He was to act under orders of the Secretary of War, and was largely independent of other military authorities in the department. General Saxton was a strong anti-slavery man. Nearly a thousand negro refugees had gathered there. Some provision for them was imperative. It was also important to secure the cotton crop of the last year and plant for the coming season. The Treasury Department strove to interest patriotic Northerners friendly to the slaves to come to organize, civilize, and employ these helpless people. To the volunteer helpers was promised only transportation, subsistence, and protection. Edward L. Pierce of Milton was sent down by the Department to take full charge of this serious undertaking and man-



age the negroes, and he proved equal to his task. The Boston force, recruited by the Educational Commission for Freedmen, promptly organized in response to Pierce's appeal; New York and Washington did their part. Massachusetts furnished twenty-nine men and four women. Edward Hooper, fresh from the Law School, destined to be a most valuable helper, was with them. He was at once chosen by Mr. Pierce as his private secretary.

In May, 1862, Harriet Ware, one of the four ladies who volunteered from Massachusetts, writing of the Sunday observances, says, 'It is the first time that I have been up, and I am glad to have seen the sight. The church is of brick, in a grove of very beautiful live-oak trees, wreathed with grapevines and hanging moss. . . . Just as we arrived the [colored] people were all pouring out of the church after Sunday School for a short intermission before service. . . . Mr. Hooper is Superintendent, and they say has an admirable faculty of interesting the children, who are taught besides by the white people present, in classes.'

Order and system were established, the crop was harvested, a new crop sown, and the bewildered and helpless colored people soon gained confidence in the Northern men and women, who also began to understand the temperament of the nation's wards. It was by no means an easy task to accustom the Negroes to individual work and responsibility for their allotted portions of ground, which method superseded the gang system and the driver. This was the harder as at first it was uncertain whether the Government would pay wages, and also whether the Southerners about them would not reconquer such land as was beyond the reach of shell-fire from the fleet. Savannah and Charleston were within two days' forced marches. In all this work Hooper showed, not only his kindness and patience, but also his administrative talent.

The Superintendent of the Freedmen's Commission at Port Royal, writes in November: 'We are very sorry to hear of Captain Hooper's serious illness. He had kept up his strength so long on quinine during the summer that a breakdown must be dangerous now. I imagine that General Saxton misses his indefatigable zeal and straightforward gentleness.'

In the end of July, 1863, after the heroic assault on Fort Wagner,

when some of the wounded had been brought to Beaufort, Miss Ware wrote, 'Captain Hooper is invaluable — busy as possible, as he always is — I don't know what the Department would do without him. He found time to write me a long note to tell me about the wounded, and that there was no doubt of Colonel Shaw's death.'

Major S. Willard Saxton, the general's brother (who, in 'the forties,' while still a boy, had given his services to the celebrated Brook Farm Community experiment in both the field and the printing office, gives, in a letter written in 1916, these pleasant reminiscences of Edward Hooper: 'He was one of the most splendid specimens of manhood I ever have known. Every one who knew him well rejoiced in him, if they were high enough in the scale to appreciate his moral, mental, and spiritual worth. He came into our lives early in 1862, when my brother was promoted to Brigadier General. In making up his staff in Washington, he asked for the appointment of young Hooper as Captain and A.D.C. to serve with him, and his commission was signed — as was mine — by President Lincoln. It was an admirable appointment.

'Captain Hooper, who had graduated a few years before at Harvard College, was deeply interested in removing the stain of slavery from our Country. So he took hold of the great work with his whole heart and soul, and did a fine service, for which he was exceptionally well qualified.

'I was strongly attracted to him when he first came to our Department, and we all quickly formed a warm attachment for him. He became a member of our "mess" and a most agreeable and valuable one he was; so we were in daily intercourse. He had important duties on St. Helena Island which kept him there part of the time.

'Captain Hooper was a man . . . with strong convictions on all subjects, and a clear-cut and forceful manner of expressing himself. He was genial and most attractive in conversation, and was always a gentleman of the highest type. It was a great sorrow to General Saxton, his whole staff, and all the people who knew him, when he became so ill from chills and fever that he felt compelled to give up his work in South Carolina and return to the North. He was

assigned to duty in New York, on the staff of Major General Dix. . . . Captain Hooper was not, strictly speaking, a military man; but was given a commission in the army in order that he might have authority to carry out any orders the commanding General might give. But I am not aware that he was ever in the presence of the enemy.' [1]

After the war Hooper continued the study, and very modestly began the practice of law in the office of his friend John C. Gray. 'He put John Gray above every other human being,' said Major Higginson. In 1876 Hooper became treasurer of Harvard College, and held this post until 1898, three years before his death in 1901. Of his work for the University Major Higginson, again, has said, 'A very splendid Treasurer. He had a fine business head. He took in the situation and then used his own judgment. He had a great benevolence.'

President Eliot, in his annual report of 1898, made acknowledgment of Hooper's wonderful services to the University. The Corporation had received in November from the Deputy Treasurer a statement of the results of Mr. Hooper's treasurership for twenty-two years — a statement which he had begun to prepare four months earlier, and which required a revaluation of every piece of property in the University, both real and personal:

'It appears from this statement,' wrote President Eliot, 'that the number of funds and balances in the Treasurer's books increased during the twenty-two years by 243 per cent.; that the amounts of these funds and balances increased 325 per cent.; that the total annual income of the University increased 236 per cent.; that the gain on property bought by Mr. Hooper, partly sold but chiefly held, was a million dollars; that the surplus of the estimated cash value of the general investments over their book valuation increased between 1876 and 1898 from 5 per cent. to 16 per cent.; and that the estimated increase, excluding gifts, in the value of the property now belonging to the general investments, was a million and a quarter dollars. The President and Fellows declared, and put on record, their opinion that the University

[1] Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson pays a brief tribute to Captain Hooper in his book of essays entitled *Carlyle's Laugh.* — *E. W. E.*

rests under lasting obligations to Mr. Hooper for greatly increasing its property in spite of adverse conditions and troublous times, and for inspiring throughout the community a well-grounded confidence in its financial management — an opinion in which all the alumni and friends of the University heartily unite.'

In a recent letter President Eliot wrote: — 'Mr. Hooper's record gives a striking exhibition of the great service which an alert, skilful, and sagacious treasurer can render to the University. His achievements as Treasurer were the more remarkable, because a considerable proportion of the investments of Harvard University were in real estate, and Mr. Hooper was disinclined to real estate investments on the ground that they were liable to great changes of value which the investor could neither foretell nor control.'

Hooper was in youth perhaps shy, but certainly one of the silent people who are rather uncomfortable for a host or hostess to deal with in a parlor. This habit seemed likely to become fixed. On one occasion a doctor — very probably the great surgeon Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, who was his uncle through marriage, and knew that there was in the family a tendency to melancholy — kindly and plainly told the youth that he must break through the silent habit, and *at once*, to save himself from becoming before long dangerously melancholy. His strong and sensible character showed itself, for he at once went among his mates and into society; and, his cousin tells me, there seemed no transition stage, for Edward at once became, in word and deed, a delightful and helpful man, and so continued until his last illness.

'Edward Hooper!' exclaimed Henry Higginson, when I asked about him. 'He was as near golden as any man ever was: a high-minded gentleman, keen as a briar. Hooper knew how to look into things with excellent judgment and with forethought. He was the best kind of a man, and yet so appreciative of other people. John C. Gray was his classmate in College and they were increasingly friends through life.'

It is pleasant in thinking of a man whose active life was spent successively in the study of law, in difficult and novel administration, and in careful and important financial management, to re-

member what happy resources he had in his friends and his tastes. A lady, a very near relative of Hooper, tells me that sometimes, bored by the daily newspapers, he and she agreed to throw them aside for a time, and betake themselves for comfort and self-respect to Addison's *Spectator*. She said that he took little or no interest in sports for recreation, but chose rather to go and look at pictures, and get lost in them. Among the Old Masters he cared less for 'the primitives,' rejoiced in Leonardo, Michel Angelo, and Rafael, and Correggio at his best; cared less for Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. He cared for William Blake's strange imaginative conceptions. Certain Turners were favorites; others decidedly not. Very strong and exclusive in his preferences, he especially valued, of American painters, La Farge, Hunt, and Winslow Homer.

With all his kindness and good manners, persons who valued and talked 'literary art' aroused all his intolerance. I know that, as a Director of the Museum of Fine Arts, he was hard to suit among the pictures, even fine and rare ones, offered there for purchase or acceptance.

At all times he loved to go apart and look up into the sky. As might seem to follow from that, he is said to have been a wonderful story-teller.

Mr. Forbes, in recommending Hooper for the Club, spoke of him as 'sturdy and independent, like his father, and with some of his mother's poetry infused.' May not this verse of hers fitly stand at the end of this paper?

'I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke and found that life was duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, unceasingly;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee.'

EDWARD W. EMERSON

1894

WILLIAM STURGIS BIGELOW

1850–1926

WILLIAM STURGIS BIGELOW was born in Boston, April 5, 1850, the son of Henry Jacob and Susan (Sturgis) Bigelow. He graduated from Harvard College in 1871 and from the Harvard Medical School in 1874. He then went to France, where he studied for five years with Pasteur and Ranvier, and on his return was made Surgeon to the Out-Patient Department in the Massachusetts General Hospital and Instructor in Surgery at the Harvard Medical School.

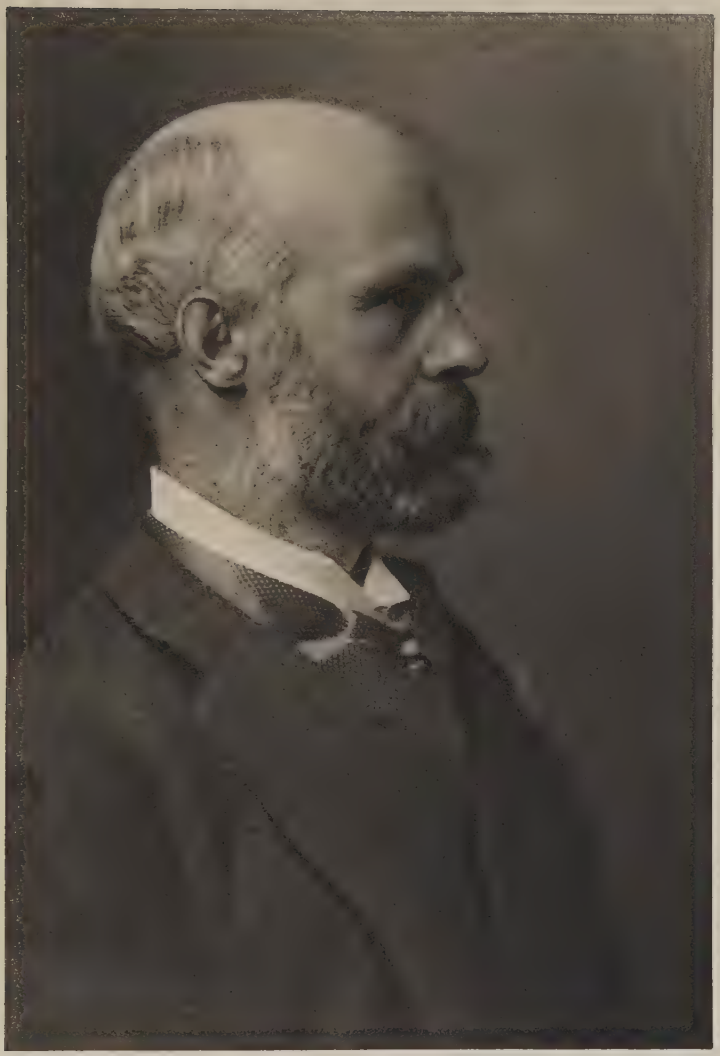
He came from distinguished ancestry. His great-grandfather, the Rev. Jacob Bigelow (1741–1816), was pastor in Sudbury, Massachusetts, for forty years, during which time there was neither schism nor division among his parishioners; a long period of service, but one which was surpassed by his predecessor, Israel Loring, who died at ninety after sixty years of service. The success of the Rev. Jacob Bigelow may have been partly due to the very excellent advice contained in his ordination sermon preached by Jacob Cushing, in which the importance of prudence and moderation was especially stressed. The boyhood of his son, Jacob Bigelow (1789–1879), who became one of the really great men whom this country has produced, was spent in the simple home of his father amid this beautiful and interesting rural region of the Charles River and Sudbury, and this was probably of importance in the development of those qualities for which he became distinguished. Jacob Bigelow attained distinction in many directions. He obtained the M.D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1810, was Professor of Materia Medica in the Harvard Medical School from 1815 to 1865, and from 1816 to 1827 was the Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts, in the academic department of the University. He was also an active and unusually successful practitioner of medicine, the author of famous works in both botany and medicine, and of addresses and essays on education and other matters. He was a firm

opponent of the importance of classical education as a preparation for life, and in the essay on 'Utilitarian Studies' the subject is vigorously treated. He was the first to recognize that many of the most important diseases are self-limited and not influenced by treatment, a fact not so true now as it was in his time, and the essay on this remains a classic. He was also one of the founders and for a long time Vice-President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a fitting association, since it was he who, as early as 1829, had given currency to the word 'Technology' in its modern application.

His son, Henry Jacob Bigelow (1818–90), the father of William Sturgis Bigelow, graduated from Harvard University in 1837 and from the Harvard Medical School in 1841. He spent three years in European studies and on his return was made in 1846 a visiting surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and in 1849 Professor of Surgery in the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Bigelow was the first surgeon in America during his time winning this position not only through his skill as an operator but by his contributions to the science and art of surgery. Like his father, he was a versatile man, interested in art, a trustee of the Art Museum, fond of mechanics, and had many hobbies, taking up one after another and thoroughly mastering each. He will be remembered mainly by the method he devised for the reduction of dislocation of the hip, and by his operation for stone in the bladder. He is said to have been imperious and intolerant of opposition.

It seems evident that the late Dr. Bigelow, while not lacking in the intellectual abilities of his forbears, had not the force of character which was so conspicuously present in the father and grandfather, and he held a much more liberal attitude towards the world. We are too apt in heredity to regard only the male progenitors; and in Dr. Bigelow's case there is little doubt that the qualities of the grandmother and mother, who were both intelligent women of gentleness and charm, were of material influence in the formation of character.

Though Dr. Bigelow possessed the qualifications, keen intelligence, good training, family tradition, and social position, which would surely have given him success as a medical practitioner, he



never practised medicine, and seems not to have been greatly attracted by the profession. When he returned from Europe in 1879 he brought back with him a large collection of apparatus and glassware, such as was used by Pasteur in his early studies of bacteria before his methods were superseded by those devised by Robert Koch. It is perhaps fortunate that Dr. Bigelow did not go into professional life, for the service he rendered in making the art and philosophy of the East more familiar to the West was of possibly greater value. From 1881 to 1888 he was in Japan, where he travelled much and took part in a number of archeological expeditions of the Japanese government. The period was the most favorable of any, before or since, for the study of Japanese art and for acquiring treasures from the old feudal houses. He brought back with him a collection of 26,000 pieces, all selected with discriminating knowledge and illustrating the art periods of the country all of which without restrictions he gave to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Of this collection the Bulletin of the Museum in 1911 says, 'The estimate placed on this collection has been confirmed in the course of years by many connoisseurs of oriental art. Of the more than 5000 Chinese and Japanese paintings now in the Museum more than three-fifths belong to the Bigelow collection. These comprise some of the finest examples of all periods, from the earliest times to the very latest, and form the most valuable part of Dr. Bigelow's gift. His collection of Japanese prints, lacquer, swords, and metal work, and Chinese glass, are extensive and of the highest interest, as are also the wood sculptures, both the Buddhistic and the purely decorative. Every branch of Chinese and the Japanese art is represented.' These collections, together with those of Dr. Charles G. Weld and the ceramic collections of Edward S. Morse, give the Boston Art Museum a unique position in oriental art, for it is the finest collection in this or any other country.

Dr. Bigelow's visit to Japan was important in another direction, for he sent to the Arnold Arboretum collections of seed from the Nikko region from which have been grown two of the handsomest trees in the collection, namely the Sargent Cherry (*Prunus serrulata*) and a crab-apple (*Malus sieboldii*). The last is a shapely

tree now fifteen feet high, with dark green leaves and rose-tinted flowers. The cherry is the most strikingly beautiful of all trees flowering in the early spring, and has formed the best stock for grafting other varieties of the cherry.

It is not surprising that the philosophy of Buddhism should have made a deep impression on this rather shy, sensitive man, with his great intelligence and intellectual freedom and liberality. He made a profound study of the religion, under a priest of the Tendao or northern Buddhists, though his own sect was the Shingon, and would himself have become a priest had not the condition of his health prevented his taking the final vows.

He was fortunately chosen, long afterwards, to give one of the Ingersoll Lectures at Harvard, and this lecture, subsequently extended and printed under the title 'Buddhism and Immortality' (1908), gives a singularly clear exposition of a subject by no means easy to understand. In the first place he discusses sensation, consciousness, and will, agrees with the Buddhist conception of man as consisting in states of consciousness, and compares what he terms the general consciousness of the universe with the hypothetical ether which pervades all things and all space. The will which is the assertion of a form of consciousness, from within outward, underlies and overlies all other forms of consciousness. The last part of the lecture deserves quotation. 'There is a Japanese proverb that says, "There are many roads up the mountain but it is always the same moon that is seen from the top." The Japanese themselves, with a liberality worthy of imitation, apply this saying to different forms of religious belief. The mountain may well typify matter, and the summit the highest accessible point on which a climber can stand and maintain his separate individual existence in terms of consciousness drawn from the material world. This peak may be accessible by any religion or without any religion. But Buddhism and its genetically associated systems look beyond. The mountain-top is the apotheosis of personal existence, the highest form of consciousness that can be expressed in terms of separate individuality, a sublime elevation, where many a pilgrim is content to pause. Below him are the kingdoms, above him are the stars; and kingdoms and stars alike are his. But it is not the

end. Deeper than the kingdoms, and higher than the stars, is the sky that holds them all. And there alone is peace, that peace that the material world cannot give, the peace that passeth understanding trained on material things, infinite and eternal peace, the peace of limitless consciousness unified with limitless will. That peace is Nirvana.'

Dr. Bigelow spent his summers on the Island of Tuckernuck, the western half of which had been bought by his father, who was attracted by the opportunities it offered for plover shooting. He lived there in a manner which combined primitive life and luxury, and attracted to him a close coterie of friends, among whom were Edward W. Hooper, Henry Cabot Lodge, Drs. H. P. Walcott, and F. C. Shattuck. Other intimate friends were Theodore Roosevelt and Henry and Brooks Adams. He was a good shot with the pistol and fond of the sport. He had inherited from his father the spirit of scientific research and facility in experimentation. At Tuckernuck he devised an interesting series of experiments to show that configurations comparable to the craters and mountains of the moon could be produced by firing projectiles of various speeds into a more or less plastic mass, using for this purpose various sized bullets which were fired into pans of plaster of Paris, and he produced in this way the well known depressions with elevated rims.

In addition to the lecture on Immortality, he published nothing save a memoir of his father, and that was without his name. Though a very reserved man, mingling but little in the world and in affairs, Dr. Bigelow had a rare charm of manner, a great capacity for friendship, and was a genial and generous host.

He died in Boston, October 6, 1926, quietly, from cardiac weakness, after having suffered for some years a difficulty in walking.

W. T. Councilman

1896

JOHN FISKE

1842–1901

EDMUND FISKE GREEN was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on March 30, 1842. In 1855 his name was legally changed to John Fiske. Not only was he a native of New England, but his family was of the old Puritan stock. His boyhood was spent in Middletown, Connecticut, where the old traditions were preserved. He graduated at Harvard in 1863, and after that his home was in Cambridge. On September 6, 1864, he married Abby Morgan Brooks— their wedding was the first in Appleton Chapel.

It might seem that heredity and environment had combined to make Fiske a typical New-Englander, but there was something in his nature that resisted. As a matter of fact, he never fitted into the pattern of the community of which he was a part. It was not that he was unsocial or that he consciously detached himself from its primary interests. It was rather that he went his own way without very much regard to the habits of his neighbors. He might walk along the same road, but he was not careful to keep step with them. He was a scholar of a type more common in Europe than in America. Big of body and capable of great exertion when he so willed, he would have been at home in a German University. He never found his niche in an American University.

In his early years he was looked upon as an intellectual prodigy. Many stories are told of his youthful feats. The acquisition of knowledge was always easy to him, and his appetite for knowledge was omniverous. He had an ability to turn on his mental machinery and to turn it off at will. It was never going round for the amusement of others, or in response to a nervous impulse. He was remarkably free from mental conflicts. He was not afflicted with a 'New England conscience.' Perhaps it was because of his way of treating his mind as a machine to be used for his own purposes, without much regard for the expectations of others, that it has been difficult to do justice to his actual achievements. His life work did not follow any well recognized plan, and his successes,

therefore, in spite of his great industry, seemed more or less accidental.

His constitution fitted him for original research in any field that he might choose to make his own, but he did not win his fame by such work. He had the stuff that great professors are made of. Yet, though he gave occasional courses of lectures in Harvard University, he never became a full professor. His highest academic rank at Harvard was that of assistant librarian. At Washington University, St. Louis, he was a non-resident professor, giving a course of lectures each year, but with no further duties. Moreover, he did what seemed suspicious to scholars of the stricter sort. He changed in mid-career from one subject to another. This was swapping horses while crossing a stream — always a dangerous performance. Having gained a reputation as a philosopher, he hazarded it by becoming a historian.

Fiske's lectures on the Cosmic Philosophy had made his name familiar not merely as a disciple of Herbert Spencer but as an associate. The friendship of the two men was based on a genuine intellectual comradeship, and the American gave as much as he received. Indeed, he seems to have given more. He was not repelled by the aridity that other persons recognized in the mind of his hero. He found Spencer 'charming' and at times even 'jolly.'

Fiske stood before the public as the philosopher militant. He had all the zeal of a propagandist. Evolution was a holy cause to be defended. He issued forth like the Red Cross Knight when he rode through the enchanted forest with Lady Truth by his side.

> 'Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit
> As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.'

Fiske thoroughly enjoyed himself, and he found an audience eagerly awaiting his words.

Then suddenly he turned from cosmic philosophy to American history. Even in this field he did not play the game according to the rules. He might have devoted himself to a connected history of the nation. What he did was to produce a series of monographs. They all bear the impress of the popular lecturer. They grew out

John Fiske.

of occasions and in answer to popular demands. They do not form, nor were they intended to form, a completed whole.

If one followed the example of recent biographers, one might treat John Fiske as an example of frustrated genius. He never accomplished that which we might have expected of a man of his endowments and opportunities. It is, however, much more profitable to appreciate what John Fiske actually accomplished than to speculate on what he might have done if he had used his powers differently.

John Fiske was a great teacher. He was a teacher not of youth, but of men and women of mature years. He was a pioneer in the field of adult education. He had the ability to stimulate other minds and make them understand not only the results of investigation, but the methods by which the results were reached. This is a gift beyond the reach of the mere popularizer. It is creative. The clarity of his style was unusual. He had the ability not only to think in the presence of his audience, but to set them to thinking also. No matter what the subject was, it became interesting through his presentation.

One is inclined to smile over the modest letter of Darwin to Fiske after the publication of the Cosmic Philosophy. 'With the exception of special points I did not even understand H. Spencer's general doctrine, for his style is too hard work for me. I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are, and I think I understand nearly the whole.' This was not self-depreciation on Darwin's part, and he was not given to irony. Fiske had really made him see the larger implications of his own discoveries. He was 'a lucid expositor and *therefore* thinker.' A higher tribute could not be paid to a teacher.

I remember in a Western city listening to a course of lectures by Fiske on the campaigns of the Civil War. What impressed me was the remarkable way in which the audience followed the lecturer. They were using their minds. Each step was made clear. Military strategy was not treated as a mystery, but as something well within the powers of an intelligent person. As I came away I said, 'That man knows how to teach.'

Fiske's mind was a free port. Intellectual goods were not merely

exchanged. The goods that were received were worked over and prepared for new markets. But the goods themselves were genuine, and the workmanship was conscientious.

In the quarter of a century since the death of Fiske, we have been able to appreciate more fully the kind of work he did. He was the last, and in many ways the most successful, of a group of men who felt the necessity of interpreting modern science to the general public. Huxley and Tyndall had found that the popular lecture could be used effectively. They were enabled to direct the thinking of multitudes, through 'lay sermons.'

After the death of John Fiske, there was no one in this country who took his place. To-day there is an amazing gulf between the scientifically educated classes and the general public. Anti-evolution laws are indications of the fact that the great body of the people are in woful need of good teaching in regard to fundamentals. In order that they may be won they must have the personal presence of a teacher in whom they have confidence.

Mrs. Mary Hemenway invited John Fiske to give a course of popular lectures on American History in order to stimulate the patriotism of the new generation. These lectures in the Old South Church of Boston led to other engagements in different parts of the country. The lecture rather than the book was his starting-point. Choosing a theme, 'I look it up or investigate it, and then write an essay or a lecture on the subject. That serves as a preliminary statement either of a large subject or of special points. It is a help to me to make a statement of the kind — I mean in the lecture or essay form. In fact, it always assists me to try to state the case. I never publish anything after this first statement, but generally keep it with me for several years, and possibly return to it again several times.'

The result of this method was that a number of monographs were written covering some of the most interesting periods of American History. Each one is readable and produces its own impression. One wonders whether this is not, after all, the most fruitful method for the historian in dealing with the varied life of America. We have had rather a succession of episodes than a continuous unfolding of national history. The time is not long enough

for a work like Green's 'History of the English People.' Fiske, however, gave his readers a sense of the unity and continuity of American history by connecting its events with his cosmic philosophy. The New England town meeting and the struggle for independence were not treated as isolated events. They were phases in the evolution of free government. While Fiske might not accept the doctrine that history is 'philosophy teaching by example,' he practised it. His evolutionary philosophy influenced his historical judgments. The facts arranged themselves in a certain order and moved in a certain direction. That which was incongruous was omitted. But both the selections and the omissions were made openly, by a fair-minded man, who knew what he was driving at. His great theme was expressed in the title of his essay on 'American Political Ideas Viewed from the Stand-point of Universal History.'

It would be interesting to compare Fiske's use of history with that of H. G. Wells in his 'Outlines.' Each was addressing the general reader and seeking to interest him in history and philosophy. Wells does it by a rapid survey of the progress of humanity from the earliest time. The breathless reader is hurried through the ages. He sees just what Wells wishes him to see, and is finally left on his own door-step with the injunction to get ready for the next step, which will be into the still more changeful future. The whole force of the yesterdays is felt as he is catapulted into tomorrow. John Fiske, on the other hand, chose a limited period of time, and showed us the ancient forces at work in it. His method was to use events as illustrations of tendencies. He gives us a cross-section of history rather than a longitudinal strip.

Fiske prided himself on his theory that the prolongation of infancy played a large part in the development of the human race and contributed to its progress. He looked upon this as his original contribution to the doctrine of evolution. In his own case he passed through the period of dependence very rapidly. His early precocity seems to have done no lasting damage. Before he was twenty he had gained a reputation for independent thought, and an article written while an undergraduate, on 'Mr. Buckle's Fallacies' was included in his 'Darwinism and Other Essays.' His

reputation so early achieved grew steadily through forty years of productive literary effort. He died, July 4, 1901 in the fulness of his powers and of his fame.

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS

SAMUEL HOAR

1845–1904

SAMUEL HOAR, the eldest son of Ebenezer Rockwood and Caroline Downes (Brooks) Hoar, was born at Concord, Massachusetts, on September 27, 1845. He drew his blood from stocks long distinguished in the annals of state and country for ability, character, and public spirit, and from them also he inherited the powers and the tastes which from his cradle destined him for the bar. A lineal descendant of Roger Sherman, whom John Adams described as 'one of the strongest and soundest pillars of the Revolution,' he came also from families of Lincoln and Concord, which sent not less than six members to the fight at Concord Bridge. His grandfather, Samuel Hoar, was a leader at the Massachusetts bar, and the traditions of his grave wisdom tempered by a sense of humor, his influence over juries, his strong character, will not soon be forgotten among us. His father, eminent alike at the bar, on the bench, and in high political office, a judge of our highest court, an Attorney-General of the United States, a member of the Joint High Commission which settled our controversies with Great Britain after the Civil War, was the type of the best that Massachusetts can produce. It was he who was described by James Lowell in these words:

> 'The Jedge who covers with his hat
> More wit and wisdom and shrewd Yankee sense
> Than there are mosses in an old stone fence.'

Judge Hoar's sincere love of freedom, his high ideals of public duty, his absolute independence, his indifference to selfish considerations, his rugged honesty, his brilliant wit, the rare combination of qualities which were united in him, won the admiration and respect of the best wherever he was known. From him as from his ancestors on all sides Samuel Hoar derived a great inheritance of character and strength, and he felt the full force of the obligations which such an inheritance imposed upon him.

He was prepared for college at the famous school of Mr. San-

born in Concord, to which so many men and women look back with pleasure, and was still there in 1862, when, without consulting his parents, he enlisted at Portland in a Maine regiment. From this he was transferred at his father's request to the Forty-Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, a nine months' regiment, with which he served during the campaign which ended with the capture of Port Hudson. He took part in the two attacks upon that stronghold, and afterwards in a battle at Donaldsonville in Louisiana, where he was sunstruck. The stroke was followed by malarial fever, and when his regiment was mustered out he returned home so much reduced in health that he had lost fifty pounds in weight, a large percentage of his capital at the time.

He resumed his preparation for college, and entered Harvard in 1864 as a member of the Class of 1867, with which he graduated. He immediately began the study of law in the office of his uncle, George F. Hoar, at Worcester, where he remained till October, 1868, when he accepted the position of pardon clerk in the office of the Attorney-General at Washington, under his kinsman William M. Evarts. He retained that place for a while under his father, when, on the accession of General Grant to the presidency, Judge Hoar succeeded Mr. Evarts. Under such auspices he enjoyed unusual opportunities of seeing the distinguished men of the day and of learning how history is made, and he did not neglect them.

He left Washington in the summer of 1869, spent a year at the Harvard Law School, was admitted to the bar in June, 1870, and was shortly afterwards appointed clerk of the District Attorney for Suffolk County. He held this position for two years, gaining much familiarity with criminal law and practice, and adding to his knowledge of men by seeing something of the unhappy class with which a public prosecutor is brought into constant contact. In 1871, he had married Miss Kate Wise, of Baltimore. In 1873 he became one of the editors of the *American Law Review*, and continued to act as such for six years, finding the work congenial and interesting. These positions occupied only a part of his time, and the rest he devoted to general practice, upon which he entered with keen enjoyment. When his father resigned the office of Attorney-General and returned to the bar, his son joined him, and they took

offices together in Pemberton Square, where they continued until Judge Hoar's death.

As a member of the bar he had an extensive and varied practice, for many years was counsel of the Boston and Albany Railroad Company and the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, and had a great variety of private clients. To illustrate the combination in him of character, knowledge of human nature, and skill the following anecdote may be told: An old farmer of Middlesex had lent the two sons of a neighboring farmer five thousand dollars, taking their note endorsed by their father, and he held it until after the statute of limitations had run, and with this situation he came to Samuel Hoar who told him that his claim was outlawed, but that he would bring suit on the note and see what happened. When the case came on for trial the judge on the bench was Judge Colburn, a thorough-going Yankee of the best type; and the endorser of the note, a sturdy old Yankee of good character, was placed on the stand by his counsel to prove some fact in order to establish his defence. Hoar cross-examined him thus:

Q. How old are you, Mr. A?

A. Well, if I live until next May I shall be eighty-four years old.

Q. Well, then, your sands of life are nearly run out?

A. I suppose they are.

Q. The plaintiff in this case was a friend of yours?

A. Yes.

Q. And this $5000 is a large part of his property, isn't it?

A. I suppose it is.

Q. And you know that he lent it to your sons relying on your endorsement, don't you?

A. Well, I suppose he did.

Q. Now, do you want to go down to your grave feeling that your friend has lost $5000 because he trusted you a little too long?

To a vigorous objection from counsel for the defendant, Judge Colburn said, 'No, let him answer, it is a fair question.'

The old man wriggled and shifted from foot to foot, and finally said:

A. No, I do not.

Q. Are you willing that judgment be entered for the plaintiff in this suit for the full amount of the note and interest?

Again there was a vigorous protest from counsel, and Judge Colburn said, 'This is his case and he has a right to give such direction as he chooses.'

He answered: 'Yes I am.' The judgment was so entered.

A few days afterwards the old farmer came into Mr. Hoar's office and said, 'You put me in rather an embarrassing position on the stand the other day, Mr. Hoar.'

'Well, I suppose it was embarrassing.'

But the old man continued: 'I never was so proud of anything in my life as I was of the answer I gave you, and I came to see whether you would let me have a few days to pay off the judgment.'

'Certainly,' said Hoar, 'you may have all the time that you like.'

Descended from the brother of Leonard Hoar, the early president of Harvard College, he inherited a loyalty to the College, in the conduct of whose affairs his ancestors had been much concerned. He was chosen an Overseer in 1887, and a member of the Corporation in 1894. In these positions and as its counsel in legal matters, he freely made large contributions to its service, and among its counsellors there was none whose judgment was more valued or whose devotion was more absolute than his. He was elected President of the alumni in 1903.

As an illustration of his method the following anecdote may find a place here. While he was a member of the Corporation of Harvard College it was proposed to make it a rule that all officials of the College on Commencement or any other public occasion should wear gowns with varying insignia in the way of collars or other distinguishing marks, a legal gown having one color, a medical another. Hoar opposed it vigorously and it was abandoned, but it was then proposed that the order should not be mandatory but should be permissive, so that any man who wished to wear the gown might do so. Hoar took no part in the discussion of it until Mr. Eliot turned to him and said, 'Mr. Hoar, haven't you anything to say on this proposition?' 'No,' said Hoar, 'I am willing a damn fool should dress like one.'

Though he inherited from many sources the aptitude for public

life, he seems not to have felt its attraction. In 1878 he was for a year a member of the Republican State Committee, and he served one term in the Massachusetts House as a representative from his district in 1881. He never held nor apparently desired any other political office. When Mr. Blaine was nominated for President in 1884, Hoar felt the same instinct which had led his family a generation before to leave the Whig party, and he became an active member of the Independent Committee which led the Republicans who refused to support the candidate of their party. He threw himself into the campaign, which resulted in the election of President Cleveland, with the utmost vigor and enthusiasm, and was of the greatest service in the councils of the Committee; but his regard for the feelings of his father and uncle, who remained with the Republican party, prevented his taking a more public part in the work, or making any speeches during the contest. From that time on, whatever his private feeling may have been, he took no active part in politics, though he consistently supported the Republican party. His strong public spirit showed itself, however, in the service which he constantly rendered to his native town. He contributed largely to the success of her various anniversaries, and his address as presiding officer at the exercises held in 1903 to celebrate the centenary of Emerson ranks high in this class of oratory. He was a stanch supporter of the ancient Unitarian church in Concord, and a constant attendant at its services, and he was untiring in his affectionate devotion to his family, where his happiness largely centred.

The Vice-President of the Bar Association of the city of Boston, a Vice-President and member of the American Unitarian Association, the President of the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-Minded, the President of a savings bank, the Vice-President of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, the President of the Union Club, Samuel Hoar touched the life of this community at many points, and there were few of his contemporaries who in so many ways, with such unvarying readiness, with so little ostentation, and with so little desire for public recognition, contributed so much to help and to maintain the high traditions of Massachusetts citizenship. He seemed in the full maturity of his

CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT[1]

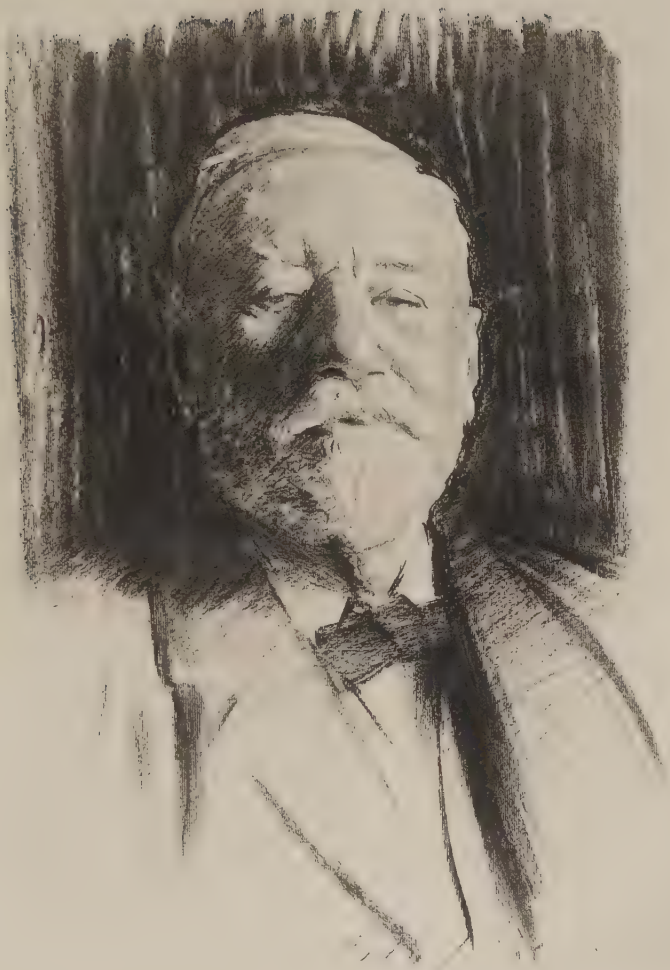
1841–1927

Charles Sprague Sargent was born in Boston, April 24, 1841, and died at his home, 'Holm Lea,' Brookline, Massachusetts, on March 22, 1927, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was the sixth in direct descent from William Sargent who settled in Gloucester, Massachusetts about 1675. Fourteen children were born of William Sargent and his wife, Mary Duncan Sargent, and from one of these, Epes Sargent, Charles Sprague Sargent is descended. Among the many descendants of Epes Sargent there is an unusually large number of distinguished men and women, persons of wealth and position. From this family great artists have sprung, John Singer Sargent (b. 1856), who was for more than thirty years one of the greatest living figures in the world of art, Henry Sargent (b. 1770), one of the prominent early American painters. Other members have been prominent merchants, bankers, writers, and horticulturists. The numerous portraits in the Sargent genealogical volume, among them several excellent Copleys, show a marked family type. They have generally been large, robust, and long-lived, with a singular absence of such chronic disease as tuberculosis.

Charles was the son of Ignatius Sargent, a well-known East India merchant, banker, and financier of Boston, and Henrietta Gray, daughter of William Gray, also of Boston. Ignatius Sargent was a strong, silent, shy man of integrity and good judgment, tenacious of his opinion of men and affairs. In 1845 he bought the Murdock land in Brookline which formed the nucleus of the celebrated estate Holm Lea, and he continued to add to this until the end of his life. In the development of it he found for many years his greatest pleasure, becoming interested in horticulture, in which he gained a well-merited reputation.

Charles Sargent prepared for Harvard College in the private

[1] A more extended memoir of Professor Sargent by Ernest H. Wilson, appeared in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, for June, 1927.



school conducted by a member of the family, Epes Sargent Dixwell, and graduated from Harvard in 1862. His college career was in no way distinguished, and the very heterogeneous list of his courses of study shows little that could have been in preparation for his future work. The only science studies were the required mathematics, three courses in chemistry and one in physics; some attention was given to languages; there were two courses each in Greek and Latin, and one each in Anglo-Saxon, Spanish, and Italian. Immediately after graduation he joined the U.S. Army and was made first lieutenant in the Second Louisiana Infantry, and subsequently was attached as aide-de-camp to the Department of the Gulf at New Orleans. On March 26 he was brevetted major of volunteers 'for faithful and meritorious service' during the campaign against Mobile, and on August 26, 1865, he was honorably mustered out. The letters he wrote to his family during his army life give little evidence that his imagination was stirred by the events in which he was taking part, and, curiously enough in view of his later career, there was little description of what was to him a new and strange country. He then travelled extensively in Europe for three years, and, returning to Boston, devoted himself to the study of botany under Asa Gray and to the pursuit of agriculture and horticulture. In 1872 he was made Director of the Botanic Garden in Cambridge, and was Professor of Horticulture at Harvard during 1872 and 1873. Up to this time he had in no way shown the great capacities which were in him. As Director of the Botanic Garden and as Professor of Horticulture he showed no particular interest or ability, and his administration was in no way marked. He was a man slow to develop, and was over thirty before he began to show his great capacity.

In 1873, however, there were two circumstances which profoundly affected his future career, and from this time on there was gradually developed the Sargent whom the world has recognized as the great horticulturist and one of its great men. He married on November 26, 1873, Mary Allen Robeson, daughter of Andrew Robeson of Boston, a beautiful woman of commanding presence, an ideal companion; like him she loved nature, trees and flowers; she accompanied him on many of his travels; she went with him on

his cruises along the Florida coast for the exploration of the Florida Keys and into Mexico. She was a skilled artist in water colors, and painted the drawings illustrating the flowers and the fruit of the trees represented in the Jesup collection of American woods prepared by Sargent for the American Museum of Natural History in New York. She was a woman of great social charm, of natural kindness of heart, broadly sympathetic, the charming hostess of a hospitable home. Holm Lea has been regarded as one of the most beautiful estates in America, and the home fitted it perfectly.

The second circumstance was his appointment in the same year as Director of the Arnold Arboretum. In 1868 James Arnold, a merchant of New Bedford, died leaving to three trustees one and one-half of the twenty-four parts into which his estate was divided, to be used for the improvement of horticulture and agriculture or for other philanthropic and scientific purposes. The trustees turned over the bequest to Harvard University, which on its part agreed to devote 125 acres of the Bussey farm, which had been left to the University for a school of agriculture, to form an Arboretum, in which should be assembled trees and shrubs, both native and exotic, which were hardy in the New England climate. It is difficult to see how Harvard College should have made such an eminently wise appointment as that of Charles Sargent as Director, for he had shown no special qualifications for the position.

It was probably of advantage that Sargent entered upon the position with a free mind, not hampered by having imbibed the opinions of others through education or example. The conception of an arboretum and the methods of work for its accomplishment were vague, and Sargent necessarily was obliged to go very slowly and to form his ideas as the work progressed. The position was not an alluring one. As he said later, he found himself 'with a worn out farm partly covered with native trees nearly ruined by excessive pasturing, to be developed into a scientific garden with less than $3000 yearly available for that purpose, without equipment or the support and encouragement of the general public which then knew nothing about an arboretum or what it was expected to accomplish.' Support was lacking not only from the general public but from the college authorities, as was clearly shown a few years

later by their opposition to the plan advocated by Sargent and F. L. Olmsted, who was at the time devising a park system for the city, to include the Arboretum in it. By this wise arrangement the public were admitted to the grounds and the necessary roads and paths made and policed by the city. Charles Sargent was one who looked far ahead, and the arrangement with the city, which took over the title to the land and freed it from taxation, was made for one thousand years and renewable at the end of the period for another thousand.

The young director apparently arrived early at a conception of what the Arboretum should be, and this ideal was never departed from. Late in life he wrote, 'the Arboretum is a museum and, like other museums, its first and real duty is to increase knowledge. The fact that the grounds where the museum objects (trees and shrubs) are displayed are beautiful and well arranged is a valuable asset of course, for it draws persons here who would never come if the arrangement was not attractive. The Arboretum is sometimes spoken of as a school of Forestry or of Landscape Gardening. It is neither, but a place for the study of trees and shrubs as species, their character, distribution, nomenclature, uses and their commercial and æsthetic value; that is the information essential to successful forestry and landscape gardening.'

It was in a way fortunate that the low state of the funds necessitated the starting of the project in a small way. There was a small greenhouse on the Bussey property and in this the seeds for the future plantings were propagated. Sargent was a wonderful judge of the capabilities of men, and always enlisted their enthusiastic support. In the beginning he secured the services, as propagator, of Jackson Dawson, who possessed great knowledge of plants and was most skillful in their propagation and remained with the Arboretum to the end of a long life. One of the best pieces of work done at the Arboretum was the restoration of its native trees, which were in a bad condition as the result of excessive grazing. By a scientific process of pruning the trees were converted into a seemly forest. From its inception the Arboretum was a unit. Though a part of the botanical division of the University, the connection was a loose one and the plans of the director were in no

way hampered. He collected independently the funds for its support and expended them as he willed. He was a dictator, but a wise one, in that he sought information from all sides before resolving upon a policy, but when the decision was made it was inflexibly carried out. Students were welcomed at the Arboretum and helped in their work in the library and the field, yet there were no set courses as a part of an academic programme. The knowledge of the institution and the fame of its director gradually extended and with this new opportunities came.

It began to be realized early in the seventies that the timber supply of the United States which had been considered unlimited was beginning to show signs of exhaustion; interest in the forests awakened, and agitation for the planting of trees began. Sargent reported to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture on the trees of Massachusetts in 1876, and in 1879 made a report on 'The forests of Central Nevada' which was translated into French. This agitation caused the government of the United States to authorize a special study of the forests of the country in connection with the Tenth Census of 1880, and Sargent was made chairman of a commission appointed for this purpose. In connection with this work he travelled extensively and studied at first hand the important forest areas of the country and published the results in a comprehensive report appearing as a separate volume of the 10th Census in 1880. Sargent was better prepared to do this work than any one else in the country, and the preparation was through the slow and careful work of his early years in the Arboretum. It was further important, for out of it grew his great work on 'The Sylva of North America' in fourteen octavo volumes appearing between 1891 and 1902. This work found appreciation everywhere and gave the author a great reputation. The whole work is based upon personal observation and study, though a great deal of library and herbarium work was done in searching for and studying what others had regarded as type specimens, looking up the earlier literature, and in clearing up a confused nomenclature. Sargent says of this work, 'Many years ago when I first realized the difficulty in obtaining any true knowledge of the trees of this country I formed the plan of writing a Sylva which should contain an account of all the species

which grow spontaneously in the forests of North America. The books which had been written on the subject related only to the trees of comparatively limited regions and therefore presented no general or systematic view of the composition of our forests.' His descriptions have great charm in the simplicity of expression. There is no attempt at fine writing, rarely an expression of enthusiasm, but this is nevertheless conveyed to the reader. On all his long journeys he collected herbarium material, and this personally collected material formed the basis of the great herbarium at the Arboretum. He formed and edited a monthly magazine, *Garden and Forest*, which was published between 1888 and 1897, and then given up from lack of support. In this there are many articles from his pen relating to forest policies.

In 1884 he was appointed by the State of New York as the head of a commission to investigate the Adirondack forests,[1] then in danger of ruthless exploitation. The report which he made formed the basis of the forest policy of the State, and saved the remains of the Adirondack and Catskill forests from destruction. When in 1896 Congress authorized the National Academy of Sciences to report on the formation of a forest policy for the country, Sargent was made the head of the commission. As a result of its report President Cleveland set aside new forest reservations in addition to the few already established, aggregating in all more than twenty millions of acres. This met with great opposition in the West, and President McKinley was strongly urged to revoke the work of his predecessor. He said he had concluded to do this, but as the result of an interview with the committee and its chairman he concluded to let the matter stand. Already in 1883 Sargent had recommended setting aside the glacier region in northern Montana as a national park, and this was done thirty years later by an act of Congress. No man has done so much to increase the knowledge of the forests of the country, and towards preventing their destruction. Still the great forests of White Pine, which he seemed to love above all other trees, have vanished, and in the regions where they were formerly so plentiful it is rare to find one tree of even half the size which Sargent described.

[1] An earlier and quite different association of members of the Saturday Club with the Adirondacks is described in *The Early Years of the Saturday Club*, pp. 130–31, 169–76.

The educational purpose of the Arboretum was carefully considered in the planting. The different species of trees were planted in small groups in order to show the effect of mass, and adjacent to these were single specimens to show the characteristics of the tree growing individually. All planting was done under the eye of the director, and the position of each tree determined by him. The interest of the public in the Arboretum slowly grew and was very much fostered by the publication of a 'Bulletin of Popular Information' issued weekly or bi-weekly in the spring and autumn. The articles were written by the director and contained simple information concerning those plants which at the date of issue were of most interest in bloom and growth. The Boston *Transcript*, by the publication of numerous articles on the Arboretum, also added to this interest of the public, until the days of the crab-apple and lilac bloom became a part of the Boston calendar. School children and Boy and Girl Scouts were conducted there in groups, and the results of observation extended by simple instruction.

The library of the Arboretum was the object of Sargent's personal attention, and a source of his special pride. It was begun as his private library in 1873, and had grown to six thousand volumes when it was transferred to the administration building on the grounds. He continued to increase it at his own expense, and it now contains more than thirty-seven thousand volumes and eighty-four hundred pamphlets. It is particularly rich in the standard works of the old botanists. He was also greatly interested in the herbarium to which he himself made notable contributions of material gathered during his travels. It was his hope that this herbarium might ultimately contain representatives of all the ligneous plants in the world, as the Arboretum should contain representatives of all which were hardy in the New England climate.

Abundant honors were bestowed upon Mr. Sargent during the course of his long and active life. He was a member of many learned academies and societies of this and foreign countries, and held various academic degrees. In 1910 he received the first award of the George Robert White medal, as the individual who had done most during the year to advance the cause of horticulture. In 1920 the Garden Club of America presented its first medal of

honorary award for his services to horticulture in general and to American gardens particularly. In 1923 the Frank N. Meyer Horticultural Medal was bestowed upon him by the American Genetic Association for distinguished service in the introduction of foreign plants, and in the following year he received the Loder Rhododendron Cup of the Royal Horticultural Society of England, which had never before passed out of England. Many plants have been named for him and many books dedicated to him.

He was a public-spirited citizen and was serviceable in different fields. He was Park Commissioner of the town of Brookline, a trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston and of the Brookline Public Library, he held office in several corporations, and was a member of several clubs. He was generous of his time and helpful towards all horticultural interests, and for many years was trustee and president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Association.

Mr. Sargent was a large man with a vigorous athletic frame, capable of endurance, with rugged health, having never known illness until the last years of his life. He came regularly to the Arboretum and remained there during the day, either walking about the grounds and overlooking the work or in his office in the administration building. In the last two years of his life he was no longer able to get about on foot, but was driven round in a small automobile which had the capacity of getting everywhere. His office was on the upper floor, in immediate connection with the library and herbarium. His door was always open and he was accessible for advice, would stop anything he was doing to talk about a matter, and then immediately resume his occupation. He was a man of exact habits, the large correspondence of the Arboretum was promptly attended to, and his desk cleared each day. Plants and seeds brought in by the numerous expeditions which were sent out by the Arboretum, and which would not be adapted to the conditions there, were distributed to other botanical gardens and the results tabulated. He was consulted about the formation of parks and public gardens in this country and elsewhere, and his valuable advice was freely given. The fame of the Arboretum brought a stream of distinguished visitors who were hospitably entertained both at the Arboretum and at Holm Lea. At the latter place the

detail of the planting in reference to the landscape was carefully considered, every plant was the best, and each received individual care. One remembers here the Kalmia plantation at the edge of the woods, the garden of tree peonies, the azalea plantation round the pond, the lilac and the crab-apple bloom, and the spring flowers in the rock garden. There were of course financial worries, for the maintenance of the Arboretum depended upon the funds he secured and, though his friends responded generously, money was lacking for many special projects. He was greatly interested in the breeding of trees, many valuable hybrids were produced in the Arboretum, and he was convinced that trees were as capable of improvement by selection and hybridization as were other plants, and the Arboretum, with its stock of plants and a continuous policy through university control, he considered the most suitable place for experimentation in this direction. It was a great disappointment to him when a request for funds for this work from one of the great philanthropic institutions was not granted.

He had the most pleasant relations with all the people connected with the Arboretum, and his death left it as a household deprived of the father.

W. T. Councilman

JOSEPH BANGS WARNER

1848–1923

One can hardly give the pre-natal history of Mr. Warner better than by borrowing the words of his classmate and friend Dr. Francis G. Peabody of Cambridge, who in a memorial says: 'Warner was of unmixed English stock; his father's ancestor, William Warner, migrating to New England in 1637, and settling in Ipswich, where both Warner and his sons later established homes; and his mother's ancestor, Edward Bangs, arriving at Plymouth in 1623. His father, Caleb Henry Warner, was Cashier of the National Bank of Commerce in Boston, later Vice-President, and from January 1878 to January, 1891, President, and a devoted member of the Congregational Church. Warner was therefore trained in an atmosphere of commercial integrity and Puritan piety; and his habitual manner of gravity and thoughtfulness testified to these mingled strains of spiritual inheritance.'

His parents moved to Cambridge when he was an infant, and there he was educated and there he dwelt during much the larger part of his life. He graduated at Harvard in the Class of 1869 with honors in Greek and Latin, Mathematics and Philosophy, and yet Dr. Peabody could say of him: 'His undergraduate life was inconspicuous, partly because for the first two years he lived at home, and in the third year, roomed alone in Stoughton; but partly also because his modest demeanor and scholarly inclinations disguised his capacity for companionship and influence.'

He graduated at the Harvard Law School in 1873, was for a year an instructor in history at Harvard College, and later gave a course of lectures on Constitutional Law at the Law School; but, preferring a more active life, began the practice of law in partnership with his classmate James J. Myers.

Their practice was largely in chambers and they advised in very important matters, in which they represented leading men. They tried difficult cases with success, but there was nothing dramatic in their methods. Warner had no sympathy with the self-adver-

tisers, but he established a reputation as a man of marked ability, whose standards were of the highest and who was a wise and safe counsellor. This reputation naturally drew to him the best in the community. When the first subway was built he acted for the Street Railway Company in framing the contract with the city for its use, dealing with novel questions and establishing a precedent.

To quote from the memorial of the Boston bar: 'When Harvard College, a legatee under the will of Gordon McKay of a large fund upon certain trusts, made an agreement with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the administration of the fund, his former partner Mr. Myers questioned the validity of the agreement and retained Warner as counsel. After a long and in some respects bitter struggle, the question was brought into court, and in determining the manner in which the question should be raised, and in the preparation of the case, his was the leading mind, but shortly before the argument he was stricken with paralysis and took no further part in the litigation, which was ended by a decision which fully sustained his views and justified the objection of the McKay trustees.'

Keenly alive to his obligations as a citizen, 'he was active in the original organization of Simmons Female College and was one of its original incorporators. He was deeply and actively interested in the early movement for the higher education of women which ultimately resulted in the foundation of Radcliffe College. He conducted the hearings in its behalf before the Legislature, and he was one of the corporation of Radcliffe College down to the time of his death, January 1, 1923.'

When in 1907 the Legislature of Massachusetts created a Commission on Commerce and Industry, Warner was appointed its chairman. The Commission was charged with very important and far-reaching investigations, as appears from the language of the statute: 'The commission shall investigate the present condition and future possibilities of investment in the Commonwealth, the present condition and future possibilities of transportation and facilities connected with it, of manufactures, of industries, the effect of the relations of capital and labor or of local or state legislation upon such industries, and, in general, may pursue any line of

investigation bearing upon the future of the industries of the Commonwealth. They shall consider what may be done, whether by legislation, by executive action, or by any other means for the exploitation and development of the industries of the Commonwealth, and may make such investigations as may be practicable through printed reports, and testimony of experts as to similar investigations in other states or by the United States government or by foreign governments.'

When it is learned that the Commission was not appointed till the latter part of July, 1907, and was directed to report on or before the second Wednesday in January, 1908, a period afterwards extended to March 18, 1908, it is surprising that they could accomplish any important result. None the less their report was important and valuable. At the time the public was very much interested in the future relation of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company with the Boston and Maine Railroad Company, of whose capital stock the New Haven Company had acquired the control. The Commission directed the larger part of its report to a discussion of this subject, and their conclusion, which favored a combination of the railroads and was wise and exhaustive, materially added to the chairman's reputation.

Socially, and it is with his social quality that the Saturday Club is naturally concerned, Warner was very attractive. 'He was a man of very clear head and acute mind, whose moral standards were of the highest, and who was thoroughly educated both in the law and in those unprofessional studies which are essential to intellectual eminence. He was fond of dialectics, more apt to question a statement than to accept it, and swift to invite discussion. He was most agreeable in conversation, with a sense of humor that enabled him to take part in the give and take of society, and he was welcome in every company which he sought. In discussion he was essentially earnest, and he did not readily scoff at serious things, but sought to hold his companions up to grave argument.'

His naturally serious nature was happily complemented by the influence of his brilliant wife, Margaret Storer, the daughter of Robert B. Storer and Sarah Hoar, a sister of Judge E. R. Hoar and Senator Hoar, and possessed of a full share of the keen wit which

distinguished her mother's family. Warner had none the less a humor of his own which tempered his earnestness.

The verdict of his professional associates may be quoted from the Memorial of the Bar:

'His intellectual endowment was of the highest order. His opportunities for study and improvement were unusual. By tireless industry and ceaseless study he brought to well-nigh perfection his mental birthright.

'He never studied or practised the arts of the orator, but he was a persuasive and compelling speaker with a rich and ample vocabulary. He argued logically and conclusively, and there was transparent integrity in everything that he said or did. He had an abiding common sense and was a master of concise and orderly statement. His temperament was equable, and his manner courteous. He was always the scholar, never the pedant. With no touch of the mixer he was welcome everywhere. In his well-ordered mentality there was no lost motion.

'He had a poise, or what Macaulay calls "graceful ease," and a natural dignity without stiffness. He was good humored without obtrusive levity. He was warm-hearted but not impulsive.

'Serious-minded, he preferred, like Dr. Johnson, sustained conversation to "broken talk."'

To these characterizations the writer would add a few words of his own: Warner was interested as a citizen in bettering the administration of public affairs, as a lawyer in the reform of legal procedure, and he gave much time to both. We were as a rule in sympathy and worked together for the same ends, though he was inclined to consider my methods too militant and preferred to give questions a longer consideration than often seemed to me necessary. He was not impetuous or prompt in action, but his mind was critical and judicial. As an advocate, however, he was tenacious of his views and masterly in presenting them to the Court.

He was subject always to severe headaches, but nothing in his health led any one to anticipate the blow which struck him down in the prime of his career on January 4, 1916. His life ended then, but his existence continued till January 1, 1923, shortly after the death of his wife, who, like himself, had suffered from a lingering illness for years.

The seven years of suffering during which he was unable to speak intelligently or to write more than a few words was a tragedy without parallel in my experience. His absolute inability to communicate his thoughts must have been terribly hard to bear, but during the whole time his courage and his fortitude never failed, and I can well recall the cheerful smile with which he greeted me, if by chance I met him while he was driving out, or called at his home. The loss not only to his family and his friends but to the state was very great, though during his years of silent illness his memory became blurred in the minds of many, who in their busy lives thought of him as dead. To those who knew him well his memory must always remain green, and it will be secure among our recollections of the men whom it was a pleasure to know and whose life was an example.

From observation at closer range come these memorable words: 'Reasoning as he had known it, was no longer possible, nor premeditated action. This he knew well enough. But there was no beating against the bars. It was as if the mind had abdicated and God had taken command. What was left was what had been innate — courtesy, considerateness, generosity, courage. He succeeded almost in robbing the thing of its tragedy.'

Moorfield Storey

1898

CHARLES RUSSELL CODMAN

1829–1918

THE older natives of Cotuit on Cape Cod are fond of telling a story of Colonel Codman, who began spending his summers there in the fifties and continued so to do till the end of his days. The story has it that he was sailing a catboat one day with his wife, and wanted to make a landing at a pier which — in the circumstances of wind and water — afforded no opportunity for 'rounding to.' Accordingly he butted into it, head on, before the wind, seized a post before the boat rebounded, and turning to Mrs. Codman, seriously jolted in the cockpit, said, 'I am very sorry, my dear, but there was absolutely nothing else to do.'

It is quite possible that the story owes much, if not everything, to the universal 'native' delight in seeing summer visitors in maritime difficulties. But the anecdote holds at least a germ of likelihood, in its suggestion of one with the habit of going straight at the objects he sought, with little care for personal consequences except as they might prove disagreeable to others. This is the temper of come-outers and reformers of the best type, and to that company Colonel Codman belonged.

As a later, and much younger, summer inhabitant of Cotuit recalls him, no less regular in his attendance at a village meeting-house than if it had been the city church (Trinity, Boston) of which he was for many years senior warden, sharing with visitors to his peaceful yet commanding Bluff Point the remarkable beauties of its situation, discussing with enthusiasm — on one remembered day — the record of national legislation during the first two years of President Wilson's administration, the public affairs in which he had himself borne a stirring part seemed as remote in their essence as indeed they were in point of time. Even when he was elected to the Saturday Club in 1898 — nearing seventy in age — his active work lay far behind him. To have known him in what still seems the present day brings deceptively near a past that is really distant.

His parents, Charles Russell and Anne (Macmaster) Codman, happened to be living in Paris at the time of his birth, October 28, 1829. On his father's side he could trace his descent to a Mayflower pilgrim, with ministers, shipmasters, merchants, and James Russell of Charlestown — who amassed a fortune in marine insurance and transmitted his name to a poet-grandson, Lowell — among his nearer progenitors. Through his mother came some of the characteristics of a mingled Scotch and Dutch inheritance. These prosperous parents lived in the house on Chestnut Street, nearly opposite Spruce, with its front door opening on a garden then large enough to hold a conservatory — the house afterwards occupied by Edwin Booth and the Hopkinson School. Its tinted window-panes bespoke the purple of an older Boston.

Born — one may say *in absentia* — into this purple, Charles Russell Codman returned to it while still a child, and had his earlier schooling in Boston. But his parents, having given this son of theirs an unconventional start in his foreign birth, departed again from the local tradition when they sent him for his final preparation for college to the Flushing Institute on Long Island, under the Rev. Dr. W. A. Muhlenberg, the saintly and accomplished clergyman of the Episcopal Church who afterwards enriched the City of New York by the establishment of St. Luke's Hospital. To this enlarging experience the youth who returned to New England to graduate at Harvard College in 1849, with Martin Brimmer and Abbott Lawrence as classmates, doubtless owed something of that freedom from the conventionalities of his surroundings which characterized him through life.

Trained for the law in the office of the Hon. Charles G. Loring and admitted to the bar in 1852, when he received also the degrees of A.M. and LL.B. from Harvard, C. R. Codman, under no pressure of financial necessity, devoted his legal knowledge to the business affairs of his family rather than the general practice of his profession. On February 28, 1856, he married Lucy Lyman Paine Sturgis, a daughter of Russell Sturgis, and in the very next year acquired a summer place at Cotuit, the village which provided so much of the background of his life. By the time the fifties were past he was ready for the first public office he held, as a member of the

Boston School Committee in 1861 and 1862. By that time the Civil War was disrupting all the processes of peace. The First Corps of Cadets, with Captain Codman, like the true Bostonian he was, in its number, was mustered into the service of the United States in May, 1862, and ordered to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. Here he displayed such abilities in the performance of his military duties that when the Forty-Fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers was organized — and dubbed the 'Cadet Regiment' for the reason that its officers were drawn from the Cadets — he was elected its colonel. For the nine months of its enlistment, in 1862 and 1863, he commanded this regiment, which took part in minor battles in North Carolina and made itself a record creditable alike to officers and to men. A memorandum of a talk about this period of Colonel Codman's life, made by Dr. Emerson, has its significance: 'In the early part of the war, when bitterness and dissension broke out in the Somerset Club over politics, many members severed their connection and joined the Union Club. Codman joined the Union, yet remained a member of the Somerset. He went to the War as Colonel of the "Cadet Regiment," the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Infantry, for nine months. When, on their return, he rode up Beacon Street at the head of his command, the Somerset Club men turned out and cheered him heartily. This memory evidently gave the Colonel great pleasure.' Dr. Emerson is responsible also for the memorandum that 'in 1864 Codman was placed in command of a battalion raised under the auspices of the Boston Rifle Club, to be in training for a new regiment when the demand should come, and three members of the Saturday Club, then juniors in college, Moorfield Storey, Robert S. Peabody, and Edward W. Emerson, "trailed the puissant pike" (Springfield Musket) under his command in Boylston Hall or on the Common.'

In 1864 and 1865, while the War was coming to an end, Colonel Codman served two terms as a member of the Massachusetts Senate. In the next decade, from 1872 to 1875, inclusive, he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, where he excelled in vigorous debate and as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. The secretary of this committee at the time was that acute observer and biographer, Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., who has

written of his chief: 'Our chairman manifested an executive capacity which called forth my high admiration. He kept that endless procession of bills moving rapidly and smoothly; especially he showed keen judgment and somewhat imperious decision in separating those which deserved consideration from the rubbish which belonged in the wastebasket. I used to marvel at his intuitive perception of merit or the lack of it. He was masterful, but neither despotic nor hasty, and I do not believe that so much as one bill failed to get the full measure of investigation which it deserved, and to be reported or turned aside with impartial justice; only no time was frittered away in discussion of idle notions or selfish schemes.'

It was thus between the ages of thirty-two and forty-six (1861–75) that Colonel Codman did his work as a chosen servant of the public. Twice in later years he was a candidate for elective office — in 1878, when he ran, as a Republican, unsuccessfully for Mayor of Boston against Frederic O. Prince, and again in 1890, when he led a forlorn hope as an 'Independent Democrat' against a popular Republican in the Cape district for election to Congress. In the interval between these two defeats Colonel Codman had sacrificed his political prospects in Massachusetts by his refusal to support Blaine and his hearty espousal of the cause of Cleveland in the presidential election of 1884. Indeed he became a thorough-going 'Mugwump,' and later an Independent with an ardent belief in tariff and civil service reform. His blunt honesty and his gifts of vigorous, effective expression gave him unusual power as a public speaker. The label of either of the two major parties could hardly have served as a permanent badge for one in whom his political beliefs and so strong an individuality were joined. What our public life loses through the absence of such men from elective office is offset in some measure by their freedom to espouse one generous cause after another, by the leavening effect of their private and semi-public influence. This was exerted by Colonel Codman in various fields of beneficence, but especially in the affairs of his church and his college and in a happy household. When Mrs. Codman died in 1907 she was survived by two daughters and three sons.

Colonel Codman's active devotion to Trinity Church, Boston, as one of its officers, covered a period of fifty years, from 1867, when he was elected to the vestry, to 1917, when he resigned the post of senior warden which he had held for thirteen years, following a junior wardenship of thirty-one, most of which were spent in close association with Phillips Brooks. His connection with the government of Harvard College did not cover so many years, but was equally significant. In 1878 and again in 1884 he was elected to the Board of Overseers, and through each of these terms of six years served as president of the Board. Elected yet again in 1891, he gave eighteen years in all to a constructive participation in the work of the Overseers, bringing courtesy, dignity, and force to his functions both as a presiding officer and in debate.

Within a few weeks of his eighty-ninth birthday, Colonel Codman died at Cotuit, October 5, 1918. He was a gentleman of a type never too numerously represented in American life — one whose independence, financial, political, intellectual, secured him a liberty which he turned to unselfish purposes. This did not lead him into the paths of high office, but into the front rank of citizenship both useful and delightful.

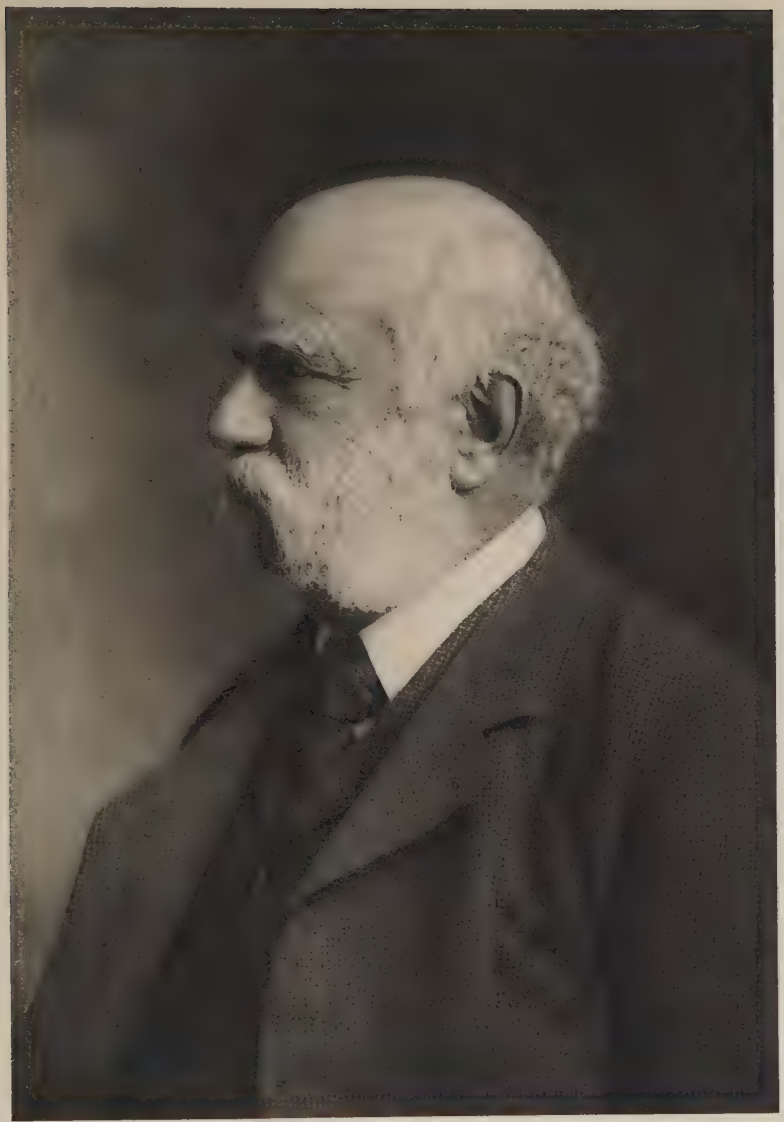
M. A. DeWolfe Howe

JAMES MASON CRAFTS

1839–1917

In 1898 James Mason Crafts became a member of the Saturday Club. At that time he held a well-deserved reputation as one of the leading physical and organic chemists of the world, and moreover had been recently appointed to the presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He enjoyed greatly the meetings of the Club, especially because many of the members were his intimate friends. At first he was a frequent attendant; but in later years he was often absent, rather because of increasing physical infirmities than from any lack of desire to be present. No one enjoyed more than he the pleasure and stimulus of good company, and he was keenly appreciative of the varied tastes and attainments of others.

The son of R. A. and Marianne (Mason) Crafts, he was born in Jamaica Plain on March 8, 1839, and as a small boy attended the Roxbury Grammar School. Later when his family removed to the city, his education was continued at the Sullivan School in Boston. He is remembered by his schoolmates there as a serious lad, but one glowing with vigor and at times full of fun and jollity. The most vivid impression was of his mechanical ingenuity and dexterity: that at the age of nine or ten he was able to take his watch carefully to pieces. Watches were rare possessions among school children in those days. Although in the course of time the memory of this circumstance has grown into the legend that he was likewise able to reassemble the parts, the amplification appears to be a kindly myth, his own remembrance being that the reconstruction was beyond his power. Nevertheless his technical dexterity was marked, and grew with years, developing particularly during his vacation life. For following in the footsteps of his maternal grandfather Jeremiah Mason, who started life as a Connecticut farmer, James Crafts spent most of his summers on a farm in New Hampshire and turned his hand to many a job. Close contact with out-of-doors developed another trait — also to characterize his



life — a passionate love of nature in all its varying manifestations of beauty. Moreover, he emulated his grandfather in becoming a leader: Jeremiah Mason became an influential person (finally as United States Senator) while the grandson, though taking an entirely different path in life, likewise attained high rank among contemporaries in his own field.

When the boy outgrew the range of the Sullivan School, he entered the Boston Latin School, and there, as well as under the private tuition of Dr. Samuel Eliot, he completed the excellent training in mathematics with which he entered the then recently founded Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University in 1856. There he pursued the study of chemistry under Professor Horsford, and graduated with the degree of S.B. in 1858.

The following winter Crafts spent as a graduate student of engineering at Harvard, whence he went (at the age of twenty) to the Bergakademie at Freiberg in Saxony to continue the study of the science to which he was to devote his life work. In 1860 he migrated to the University of Heidelberg to study under Robert W. Bunsen, then and for many years afterwards director of the chemical laboratory there. Crafts's sojourn in the picturesque old-fashioned town in the valley of the Neckar must have been highly stimulating, for Bunsen (in collaboration with Kirchhoff) had just devised the spectroscope, and with it had discovered the previously unknown elements cæsium and rubidium. In the following year the young chemist left Germany for Paris, where he came under the influence of Wurtz, and for four years continued his studies at the École de Médicine. Ever afterwards his European interest centered in France rather than in Germany.

Returning to America in 1865 he became a mine examiner in Mexico during 1866–67 — a task involving courage and resourcefulness as well as expert knowledge, since the country was alive with bandits and filled with difficulties. In the narration of his experience there his modesty prevented him from doing full justice to the inevitable adventures, which were often thrilling.

In the following autumn (1867) Crafts became professor of chemistry and dean of the chemical faculty at Cornell University, a position which he retained for three years. During this time he

gave occasional addresses as University Lecturer (1866–69) at Harvard. From Ithaca he was soon called to a professorship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as successor to Professor F. H. Storer. Perhaps partly because of excessive devotion to his congenial tasks, signs of an obscure weakness of the arterial system began to develop, from which, in varying degrees, he was to suffer the rest of his life. Complete change and rest were ordered, and in 1874 he turned again to Paris. Here in collaboration with Professor Charles Friedel, he discovered the important organic reaction which will always bear his name. After 1880, when he resigned even the non-resident professorship at the Massachusetts Institute, he spent most of the succeeding decade in France, and it was not until 1898 that he returned to America as a permanent abiding-place. Then once more he became connected with the Institute of Technology in Boston, conducting research there, and for several years filling the chairmanship of the chemical department and the professorship of organic chemistry. As a teacher he was inspiring and effective.

From October, 1897 to June, 1900 he was first acting president and then president of the Institute. Although deeply interested in this great technical school (which he rightly felt to be one of the important organizations of the kind in the world) and anxious to help to the extent of his ability, he again found limitations of health standing in the way. Therefore, after successfully guiding the institution over a difficult time of uncertainty, he resigned — to the great regret of the Trustees and his colleagues. President Pritchett, his immediate successor, speaks with gratitude of the trouble and time which ex-President Crafts spent in initiating the new incumbent into the duties which had just changed hands. There is no question that administrative work was less to the chemist's taste, and therefore more wearing, than independent investigation in the laboratory. Returning with happiness to the study of new problems of organic and physical chemistry, he still worked in the old Walker Building of the Institute near Copley Square.

On June 13, 1868, he was married (while a young professor at Cornell) to Miss Clémence Haggerty of New York, who died in

1912. Her gayety of spirit, unselfishness, and courage helped greatly to carry him to high attainment through years of suffering and periods of discouragement. It was an unusually happy marriage, marked by sincere and lasting affection. Four daughters survive: Mrs. Russell S. Codman, Mrs. Gordon K. Bell, Miss Elizabeth Crafts, and Mrs. James T. Colburn.

Among his friends of the Saturday Club those still living all remember Crafts as delightful in conversation, although rather reserved and reticent. Like Isaac Newton he was chary of too large an acquaintance. His simplicity, sturdy honesty, clear intelligence, and freedom from pretence were highly appreciated by his intimates. To a keen sense of humor he added quick wit; he had also a happy knack for versification, but this last talent was reserved for family gatherings. History, literature, the drama, and all forms of art (except music, which he could not abide) were all absorbing and delightful pastimes to his versatile mind. His interest in the politics of the old world was keen, but his great affection was for his own country. An enthusiastic and rather adventurous traveller, he went even to Herzegovina and Bosnia in 1891, when tourists were practically unknown in those parts. Of course towards the end of his life such excursions were limited, and finally he divided his time between the Boston residence on Commonwealth Avenue and the beautiful country place at South Salem, New York (near Ridgefield, Connecticut), where he had a small laboratory well fitted for his researches, and where he enjoyed quiet and seclusion, always more to his taste than publicity or the whirl of city life.

As already suggested, his scientific work divides itself naturally into two groups of researches: those in organic and those in physical chemistry. A summary of the details would be out of place in this volume, because of their somewhat recondite nature.[1] The biography, however, would not be complete without renewed emphasis upon the importance of his discovery of the method of organic synthesis by means of aluminum chloride (the Friedel-Crafts

[1] More complete reports of Professor Crafts's scientific work are to be found in the *Biographical Memoirs* of the National Academy of Sciences, Vol. 9, p. 159, and in the *Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, Vol. 53, p. 801. The former gives a complete bibliography of his publications.

reaction), as this has had a remarkable effect upon the growth of organic chemistry, and was one of the early important examples of catalytic action involving carbon compounds. Later appeared a series of papers upon accurate thermometry, which also had important influence on the progress of science.

These, and other noteworthy contributions to the sum of human knowledge, gained for him recognition on all sides. In 1885 he received the Jecker prize of the Paris Academy of Sciences, and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. In 1898 he was awarded the honorary degree of LL.D. by Harvard University, and in 1911 the Rumford Medal by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences 'for his researches in high temperature thermometry and the exact determination of fixed points on the thermometric scale.' Crafts was first elected a fellow of the American Academy in 1867, and was reëlected to resident membership in 1891 after the prolonged absence in France. As long ago as 1872 he had become a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and was later corresponding member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, foreign member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain (1904), as well as fellow of many other learned academies and chemical societies.

In viewing collectively the outcome of Professor Crafts's varied work, one may note that much of it, both physical and organic, had as its object the providing of means and methods for further advance, useful to others in many fields. Those whose labor is thus lightened, broadened, and simplified by important contributions of his scientific imagination and persistent, effective research in the laboratory are deeply grateful for the indispensable aid. The outcomes of his investigations will be of permanent value, either in their present form, or as a stepping stone to yet further progress.

To the end, his vigorous mental powers were retained, although during the last few years he was somewhat restricted in physical activity. The well-rounded and highly useful life of over seventy-eight years was finished at his country place near Ridgefield on June 20, 1917, when he succumbed to a sudden attack of angina pectoris. On his tombstone at Lenox, Massachusetts, are inscribed

the following words, which well represent his own endeavor: 'If thou criest after knowledge, and seekest her as silver and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then shalt thou understand righteousness and judgment, yea and every good path.'

His intimates remember James Mason Crafts as a generous, loyal, high-minded friend, whose thought and deed were always directed towards noble ends.

THEODORE W. RICHARDS

WILLIAM GILSON FARLOW

1844–1919

William Gilson Farlow was born in Boston on December 17, 1844, and died in Cambridge on June 3, 1919, having been an active botanist for a half-century, a professor at Harvard for forty-five years, and a man of wit and learning his whole life long.

His career, like many in the academic world, was outwardly uneventful. From the public schools of Boston he entered Harvard College in 1862, where he seems to have had no difficulty in choosing a profession. It is probable that the decision was made easy by the example, the influence, and the advice of his great teacher Asa Gray, yet Farlow was never at a loss to know his own mind. Music, indeed, shared with botany his early interests, and it remained a great resource throughout his life, but when he graduated from Harvard in 1866 there were no important decisions to be made. At Gray's suggestion he next studied anatomy for a year under Jeffries Wyman, and then went on to the Harvard Medical School, where he graduated in 1870. His medical education came to an end with a service as surgical interne at the Massachusetts General Hospital under Henry J. Bigelow. There is no better sign of intelligence in a young man than his choice of masters. Farlow chose three men of eminence and strong personality, Gray, Wyman, and Bigelow. This was the first decisive step along the path that he was to follow and that his penetrating intelligence enabled him to keep with never a false step.

In the summer of 1870 he became assistant to Asa Gray, and began the study of cryptogams, a subject, like many other departments of science, at that time undeveloped in America. For this reason, after two years, he made his way to the Strasburg laboratory of De Bary, which was devoted to the study of fungi. During two years in Europe he also worked at Geneva on lichens and at Antibes on algæ.

When he came home in 1874 Farlow was probably the only skillful cryptogamic botanist in America. He had become one of that

small body of men who, during the second half of the nineteenth century, by their own efforts transplanted European science to America. The nature of this important process is not generally understood, but it is almost perfectly illustrated by the career of Farlow. It depends upon the fact that in the natural sciences, as in some of the fine arts, special technical methods are hardly to be learned except by practice under a master. Hence the number of scientific specialties is almost as great as the number of laboratory techniques, if this term may be used to represent a complete specialized scientific method. In order to complete the development of American science, it was necessary, though of course not sufficient, to import each of these techniques, for until lately none has been worked out in this country. In 1874 Farlow brought back with him to America in the form of habits and acquired skill the science of cryptogamic botany.

He was at once made assistant professor at Harvard, and five years later, in 1879, he was elected Professor of Cryptogamic Botany. The early scientific work of Farlow was done at the Bussey Institution. There he laid the foundation of American phytopathology, a branch of science of immense economic importance, in which this country has surpassed the old world. Upon receiving his professorship he transferred his activities to Cambridge. Here he built up his splendid herbarium and his private library which remain in the possession of the University as monuments to his labors. Here too he taught his subject with singular felicity, skillfully formed a body of distinguished pupils who have transmitted his influence throughout the country, and prosecuted the researches which have made for him a great name throughout the scientific world.

Farlow's fame rests upon solid foundations. His first-hand knowledge of cryptogams was greater than that of any other botanist, and he was probably the most learned man of his profession. His scientific judgment matched his learning, and his standard of work was nearer to perfection than it is commonly possible to attain. Thus, especially in later life, his productions were somewhat fewer than those of lesser men, but they were permanent and finished contributions to science. Scrupulous precision, exhaustive

study, and clear presentation, when informed by intelligence and guided by skill, produce the highest type of work in the descriptive sciences. These are the qualities of Farlow's work.

The foil to these sober qualities was a wit almost Voltairean in its power to expose shams and pretensions. With this were associated a love of clarity and a hatred of dullness which suggest traits of the French, and perhaps explain Farlow's sympathy with the French people. He was also singularly vivacious. This quality was conceivably a result of his slight figure and small stature, with which it perfectly harmonized. His face, expressing all these qualities, bore the mark of a highly individual and harmonious character. His conversation was wise, witty, and exceedingly agreeable, but it eludes description, and very little of his wit has been preserved. His comparison of certain scientists with the squid who 'progresses backward discharging a large amount of ink' will, however, not be forgotten. Such wit he directed tirelessly and vigilantly against the 'Idols of the Market-Place.'

Farlow's great personal influence on colleagues and students alike would have been impossible without other qualities. Indeed, his more striking traits, just described, were but the counterfoil to his sincerity, kindness, and warm appreciation of true merit. He was ever the stanchest of friends and the wisest of councillors. His presence enlivened every society of which he was a member, while his sense of reality, his intelligence, and his integrity contributed greatly to the growth of the University and of American science.

In 1900 Professor Farlow was married to Miss Lillian Horsford, who survived him until the summer of 1927. When he died he was the senior member of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University.

LAWRENCE J. HENDERSON

ROGER WOLCOTT

1847–1900

Roger Wolcott was preëminently a patriot. Service of his state and country was his heritage.

Henry Wolcott, Esq., of Galdon Manor House, Tolland, Somersetshire, England, who settled in Dorchester in 1630 and later made his home in Windsor, Connecticut, was a member of the first General Assembly in Connecticut, and later a member of the House of Magistrates. Roger Wolcott, his grandson, was Chief Justice of the Superior Court, Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of Connecticut, and, with the rank of Major-General, was second in command to Sir William Pepperell in Cape Breton. His son, Oliver, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Major-General, and Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of Connecticut. His son, Oliver, succeeded Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, and was later Governor of Connecticut.

The strain of Huntington blood, which in the first half of the nineteenth century mingled with that of Wolcott, reinforced this heritage of public service. Joshua Huntington Wolcott came from Connecticut to Boston, entered the office of A. and A. Lawrence, merchants, and married Cornelia Frothingham. Two sons were born to them, Huntington in 1846, and Roger on July 13, 1847. During several months of the year their home was in Milton at the foot of Blue Hill, and in the wilds of the woods as well as on the farm these two boys walked, played, and worked togther. Their winter home on Boylston Street, Boston, was close to Dixwell's School, where they prepared for Harvard College.

The Civil War broke out: regiments paraded on the Common, and Huntington and Roger marched beside them to wharf or station. Huntington, who was the stronger, handsomer, and more popular of the two, begged his parents to allow him to enlist. He served for a year as nurse under the Sanitary Commission; then in 1864 permission was given him by his parents to enter the army, and he received a commission as second lieutenant. Schoolmates

gave him his sword. Hardly more than a boy, Huntington joined his regiment, the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, in the Shenandoah Valley. War ended, he marched in the great review in Washington while typhoid fever was beginning its fatal work; and within a few weeks his schoolmates gathered with Roger about his bier. This story is told because of its vital relation to the development and career of Roger Wolcott. His brother's patriotism was Roger's inspiration throughout life; his own ambition was that of his forbears — to serve his state and country.

Graduating with high rank from Harvard in 1870, he was the orator of his class; he also had a commencement part. After serving as tutor in French at Harvard, he entered the Law School and took his degree in 1874; he was then admitted to the Suffolk bar. In the same year he married Edith Prescott, granddaughter of the historian, William H. Prescott, an early member of the Saturday Club.

Having an adequate fortune, Roger Wolcott was free to accept such opportunities as were most congenial, and soon after the opening of his law office he found himself immersed in public duties as director of business and charitable enterprises, of banks and trust companies, and of historical and educational societies. From 1877 to 1879, three years, he was a member of the Common Council of Boston, and in 1885 was elected an Overseer of Harvard College. To each position he brought such intelligence, sincerity, industry, and acceptability as to gain wider notice, while his patriotism kept him alert to conditions in public life.

His political career opened when in the Republican National Convention of 1884, to which he was a delegate, Blaine was nominated for the Presidency. Roger Wolcott, feeling that a moral issue was involved, declined to support the ticket, and voted for Mr. Cleveland, thereby jeopardizing any chance that he might have for preferment by the Republican Party, a member of which he still claimed to be. He was, however, recognized by the party the next year, and sent as a delegate to the State Republican Convention.

The strength of the Democratic Party, the well deserved popularity of Governor William E. Russell, Democrat, and the dubious

Roger Wolcott

characters of some leaders in the Republican Party moved a few young men to form the Young Men's Republican Club, to the presidency of which Roger Wolcott was elected, who went before the people urging higher moral standards in political life, gold currency, and civil service reform.

In 1892 he was nominated by the State Republican Party for Lieutenant-Governor, and for the first time the people of the Commonwealth had an opportunity to see, hear, and know Roger Wolcott.

He was tall, straight, of handsome, regular features, with black hair which silvered early, thereby adding to his dignity. He had presence, vitality, and force. Upon entering any group or company, he quickly became the centre, for he gave out enthusiasm, intelligence, and charm. His voice and diction were clear; he respected his audience; he never descended to tricks of eloquence, but gave the people of his best. He was an aristocrat in manner and appearance, with a reserve which forbade over-familiarity, and which sometimes hampered his comradeship and popularity. The people, however, felt his sincerity, his democratic sympathies, his loyalty, and his single-hearted determination to stand for justice and the right.

There were occasions when his mere physical beauty dominated the scene. A few years later, for instance, when he was Governor, and with his staff represented the Commonwealth at the dedication of Grant's Tomb in New York, he led the Massachusetts contingent up the boulevard. Dressed in severe civilian garb of black coat and tall hat, while brilliant uniforms were before and about him, he rode his horse with such dignity, and he himself was of such brilliance, that the cheers of the people of New York rose to a roar as he passed.

Governor Russell's popularity gave him a reëlection as Governor, while Roger Wolcott as Lieutenant-Governor led the rest of the Republican ticket to victory. The courtesy and public spirit of the two men, Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, of opposite parties, carried the year through without undue friction.

Although it was thought expedient by the Republican Party to nominate Mr. Greenhalge, a Congressman and of wider political

experience for Governor, and Wolcott for Lieutenant-Governor, the latter again ran ahead of the ticket.

In his third year Governor Greenhalge died; and exactly a century from the time in which Oliver Wolcott, then Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, notified President Washington that on account of the death of Governor Samuel Huntington he had entered upon the office of Governor of Connecticut, Roger Wolcott, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts entered upon the office of Governor of Massachusetts.

Nominated for Governor in 1896, Roger Wolcott appealed to Democrats as well as Republicans to support the gold standard, and swept the State by a greater majority than had ever been given to any Massachusetts Governor, carrying indeed every city and town but one in the Commonwealth. His administration of the office was conscientious, thorough, intelligent, and, when necessary, courageous. He met each problem with tact and decision, and won the confidence of the whole people for his good judgment and sane leadership. That he carried his honors modestly is revealed in this anecdote. A teacher at Mrs. Quincy Shaw's kindergarten, upon asking the children who was the Governor of Massachusetts, heard no response. Turning to Oliver Wolcott she put the question to him: and upon his confession of ignorance she told him to ask his father and bring back the answer. The next morning the teacher, having asked Oliver what his father had said, received this response: 'Father says that he is the Governor, but he jokes so much that I can't exactly tell.'

When war with Spain was threatening, he anticipated events and began preparations months in advance. On April 15, 1897, four days after President McKinley had asked Congress to give him power to intervene, Governor Wolcott asked the Legislature for $500,000 to defray the military and naval expenses; and in twenty-five minutes from the time that the request was made the bill was passed by both Houses, engrossed, and signed by the Governor.

On April 26, the day after war was declared by Congress, the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery regiment equipped for war marched through Boston (the Governor's eldest son, Roger, in the ranks) to garrison Fort Warren. One by one the regiments of the

Massachusetts Militia went into camp at Framingham and were mustered into the United States volunteer army. When on May 11 the Secretary of War asked how soon the Governor could send a regiment to Tampa, Florida, the answer went back 'The Second Regiment of Infantry awaits orders.' The regiment started the next day, and arriving at Tampa was the first volunteer regiment to report in a United States camp. With similar promptitude the Governor carried through all his war duties, and enabled Massachusetts to have a larger proportion of her troops in Cuba and Porto Rico than any other State in the Union.

His loyalty and enthusiasm, the eloquence of his farewells as the troops went off, confirmed the devotion of soldiers and sailors. The thought and strength which he gave to all efforts at relief, especially to the Volunteer Aid Association, won the affection of the people. And his speech of welcome on Boston Common upon the return of the flags won for him such personal devotion as few Governors have enjoyed. During seven years, three as Lieutenant-Governor, one as Lieutenant-Governor and Acting Governor, and three as Governor, Roger Wolcott served the Commonwealth, and upon his own motion retired from office.

In seriousness of character, religious faith, and high endeavor, he was a worthy representative of New England; in good judgment and intelligence, he was held in high regard by universities and nation. A great future seemed to be before him. President McKinley almost immediately offered him high offices. Returning from a few months' rest in Europe, he was suddenly laid low by typhoid fever, and died on December 21, 1900, Forefather's day, at the age of fifty-three, leaving a people mourning deeply a Puritan who was also a chivalrous Cavalier.

William Lawrence

1900

WILLIAM THOMAS SAMPSON

1840–1902

WILLIAM THOMAS SAMPSON was born in Palmyra, New York, on February 9, 1840. He entered the United States Naval Academy in 1857, was graduated at the head of his class in 1861, served through the Civil War in the blockading fleet, and was one of the few survivors of the Patapsco, destroyed by a mine at Charleston Harbor. Advancing steadily through the grades of the Navy, he was commissioned Commander in 1874. He was several times stationed at the Naval Academy in the physics department, and from 1886 to 1890 was superintendent of the Academy; but before assuming the last duty he had been successively in charge of several naval plants, and employed as representative in conferences of national importance. He was made Captain in 1889. In 1892–93 he was in charge of the Washington Navy Yard and Gun Foundry, and the following four years was Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance at the Navy Department. As president of the Court of Inquiry investigating the destruction of the U.S.S. Maine in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898, he exhibited a calm and dispassionate poise which will never be forgotten by those who remember that critical period.

While still a captain he was appointed to the command of the North Atlantic Squadron a month before the outbreak of hostilities with Spain; and on the day the blockade of Cuba was declared he was assigned acting rank of Rear Admiral. He was in supreme command of our naval forces in American waters, a command which numbered 125 vessels, the strongest fleet ever until then organized for hostile purposes. The fleet blockaded Cuba and Porto Rico, and accomplished the destruction of Spanish sea power in the western hemisphere. After the battle of Santiago Sampson was designated to command a fleet to devastate the coast of Spain; but when it was on the point of sailing, Spain sued for peace. In September, 1898, he was appointed one of three commissioners to Cuba, and three months later he resumed command of the North Atlantic Fleet. He had been commissioned Commodore in July,

1898, and in March, 1899, he was made Rear Admiral. The following October he was at his own request detached from the command of the fleet and was ordered to the Boston Navy Yard as Commandant, his last office. Some of the tokens of esteem bestowed upon him were the Order of the Bust of Bolivar, by Venezuela; the degree of Doctor of Laws by Harvard College in 1899; and an honor sword by the State of New Jersey in the same year. He was married in 1863 to Miss Margaret Sexton Aldrich, and again in 1882 to Miss Elizabeth Susan Burling. He died on May 6, 1902.

To the reader of these bare facts little need be said in comment upon the quality of Sampson's professional career. Park Benjamin's assurance of the 'implicit reliance by the government on his judgment,' and the same writer's description of him as an 'almost ideal servant of the Republic'; Secretary Long's declaration that 'his deserts from his country are inestimable'; Professor Ira N. Hollis's judgment of his 'untiring industry and patience' and 'fitness for large responsibility,' become at once self-evident. But back of the service is the man; and if it is true, as Sampson himself said in his fine tribute to Dewey, that 'one of the most valued possessions which a nation can have is a national hero,' the life and character of William T. Sampson are of high importance.

He came from hard-working people, and owed his place and prominence to his own abilities. Benjamin describes a significant incident in 1864 at Goat Island, Newport Harbor, when young Sampson first undertook to drill some sailors at infantry tactics, which, being sailors, they hated. Twice the manœuvre was performed perfunctorily, and the new officer explained it again in greater detail, with a slight look of anxiety in his eyes as though the fault might have been with his teaching. Seeing that their officer intended to do his duty, the men finally did theirs. This incident touches the note which rang with increasing clearness through Sampson's career, the note of duty inflexible above all else. Perhaps it may also suggest his infinite pains in doing his own work thoroughly, as was later shown by those 'physics experiments at the Academy which somehow never went wrong with him as with other men,' and the perfect planning for all contingencies at

the mouth of Santiago Harbor, so that 'the smashing of Cervera's fleet was as much his work as if he had fired every gun that day.' Perhaps too the anxiety in his eyes did not indicate what some observers have called his lack of humor, and he may not have been merely tactless years later, as has been implied, when to Schley's signalled congratulations immediately after the battle of Santiago, he replied briefly, 'Report your casualties.'

Sampson's natural leaning was towards the scientific branches of a naval officer's profession, as his return to the Academy as an instructor in physics indicates; and his most creative efforts were at the gun shops of the Washington Navy Yard. His four years of management at the Academy were marked by the smoothness with which the school functioned, in contrast with the continual 'reforms' of the past; his discipline ruled automatically, as it did in later years in the fleet, where many of his old scholars and friends served under him. Sometimes those who suffered from his rigid ideas of duty may have thought him unjust; he was in manner simple, kindly, diffident, serious-minded, and intent on duty only; and though he inspired affection, he possessed little of what is called personal magnetism or bonhomie. Perhaps, therefore, though he was admired and respected by all his associates, it is not entirely strange that when he became the passive victim of a controversy for which he was in no way responsible he should have been vituperated by the smaller men who could not appreciate him; but his election to the Saturday Club in 1900 may certainly be regarded as a significant vote of confidence. His brave nature bore the attacks in silence; and Secretary Long remarked that he died not of, but with, a broken heart. We do not know whether or not he liked popular applause; but it is certain that he never courted it.

Time has silenced the accusations brought against Sampson in the famous, or infamous, 'controversy.' According to Professor Ira N. Hollis there were two things that the public seemed to hold against Sampson; the telegram announcing his victory,[1] and an

[1] 'The fleet under my command offers the Nation, as a Fourth of July present, the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet. No one escaped. It attempted to escape at 9.30 A.M., and at 2 P.M. the last, the Cristobal Colon, had run ashore sixty miles west of Santiago, and has let down her colors.

'The Infanta Maria Teresa, Oquendo, and Vizcaya were forced ashore, burned, and

endorsement upon the application of a warrant officer to be promoted to commissioned rank. The telegram was sent when he was inundated with work that could not be delayed, and was written by a junior officer — behind whom, however, he never attempted to shelter himself later. As for the endorsement, it ought not to have been given to the public: it was written solely for the information of the Secretary of the Navy, and not couched in terms especially agreeable to a public easily swayed by a fancied reflection upon the social equality of American citizens. The Admiral was unquestionably thinking of the possible opening of the Navy to political appointments; and he was certainly prompted by nothing but an earnest desire for the good of the Navy.

As a young man Sampson was in appearance alert, soldierly, of an unusually fine complexion, with brown eyes and regular features, and a pointed beard. Though responsibility sat easily on him, and his anxiety to do his duty did not overrun the bounds of reasonable precaution, his devotion to his work tired him to such a degree that even at the outbreak of the Spanish War he was barely fit physically for the task. Early in 1899 Charles Eliot Norton, who had been lunching with him, described him as follows. 'The Admiral is a very quiet, silent gentleman, — quite simple and pleasant but entirely lacking in social animation. He has a very fine forehead, a dark brow and deep-set, dark almost black eyes. . . . His nose is small and refined, the nose of an artist, not Dante's *naso maschio;* the mouth and chin are hidden by a well-kept, well-trimmed beard, under which one can make out that the chin is not broad and solid enough to be in fine proportion with the forehead. The poor man looks thoroughly tired out, and his

blown up within twenty miles of Santiago; the Furor and Pluton were destroyed within four miles of the port. Loss, one killed and two wounded. Enemy's loss probably several hundred from gun-fire, explosions, and drowning. About one thousand three hundred prisoners, including Admiral Cervera. The man killed was George H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the Brooklyn.

'SAMPSON'

It will be remembered that when the Spanish fleet ran out of the harbor Sampson had gone to the eastward in his ship for a conference with Shafter, who was ill, and returned when the engagement was almost over, firing his guns most of the way. The telegram was immediately followed by a detailed report of the facts, in which the Admiral's modesty was conspicuous.

eyes have a pathetic look of weariness amounting almost to sorrow. His bearing is eminently that of a gentleman who means to do his part well, but has no zest in doing it.'[1]

If Sampson longed only for repose at the end, he had lived under the guidance of duty, and his memory is safe from wrong.

[1] *Letters of Charles Eliot Norton*, II, 281.

FRANCIS CABOT LOWELL

1855–1911

Born in Boston on January 7, 1855, in a house at the top of Mt. Vernon Street still standing and then occupied by his father George Gardner Lowell, a stone's throw from the State House, Francis C. Lowell seems, in this very neighborhood, to have found a significant part of his work in life marked out for him. An unusually large part of his boyhood was passed at Cotuit on Cape Cod, for his family went there early in the spring, returning late in the autumn, and thus he learned the sea, another forecast of his career as judge in Admiralty. He early became an expert in swimming, fishing, and boat-sailing. In fact he had throughout his life a sailor's knowledge of wind and weather, with almost an instinct for channels and shoals. In 1866 he went to the school of Mr. George W. C. Noble which opened that year, and remained there until prepared for college. Having grown very rapidly, he was not well fitted at this time for the rough games of schoolboys, and took little part in them; but in studies he was easily first among his comrades, and many years later Mr. Noble spoke of him as the best scholar ever in the school.

In 1872 he passed the Harvard entrance examinations with all the honors that could then be attained, but, owing to doubts about his physical vigor, he did not enter until the next year as a sophomore. This placed him at an initial disadvantage, but in time his qualities so won the respect and confidence of his classmates that in the senior year he was selected to preside over a not improbably stormy meeting to choose the class officers. He graduated with honors in history, and a few days before Commencement he was asked to deliver a part, Professor Child remarking that he would have trusted no one else to do so on such short notice.

After graduation he spent a year in Europe travelling with his family, and he never lost the interest in art he then acquired. On his return he went to the Law School, for he had long intended to enter the bar. Needless to say, he was one of the leading members

of the School, taking part daily in the class discussions, for such they had come to be under the method of teaching introduced by Professor Langdell. In fact, this being the first class to have a three-years course, it was small, and the discussion was almost wholly carried on by a group of a dozen men, for the most part members of the Pow Wow Club. Not caring for a degree he left the School after two years, spent a year in the office of Charles P. Greenough, and then he and I set up our shingle together. Neither of us had the art to attract clients, and we did not acquire a considerable practice, even after we were joined in 1891 by Frederic J. Stimson who had fared better than we had.

Not a man to be idle, Frank Lowell, as he was usually called, occupied his spare time with energy in three quite different fields: literature, Harvard University, and politics. His first book was a novel entitled 'Simply a Love Story.' It had something of the quality of Jane Austen; but it was published anonymously, and, whatever its merits, it did not attract attention enough to have any considerable sale. He then turned to a subject on which he had long been greatly interested, the history of Joan of Arc. He ransacked everything to be found about her, and in 1896 published an excellent biography. Except for articles in magazines he was able for many years to do little more writing owing to heavy duties cast upon him at this time. Towards the end of his life he was again at work on historical studies, no doubt with a view to publication, but death came before he had made much progress.

His interest in Harvard University had always been strong, and at Commencement, 1886, he was elected for one year to fill a vacancy on the Board of Overseers. Reëlected in 1887 for the full term of six years, he served until it expired in 1893. According to the custom that had been universally followed since their election by the alumni in 1866, that Overseers should not be renominated immediately after their first two terms, he was not again elected to the Board until 1894. The next year, much to his own surprise, he was chosen a member of the Corporation, and continued there throughout the rest of his life, a period of sixteen years. The duty of an Overseer may be considerable; that of the Fellows is exacting. Recognizing that the essential work of a university is

done by its professors and students, he expressed his views of the function of the Governing Boards when at a meeting of the Associated Harvard Clubs in 1908, taking the place of President Eliot who was kept at home by a cold, he said, in allusion to the seven deacons of the Apostolic church, that he was one of those who served tables.

Public life had a powerful attraction for him from childhood, and as a boy his ambition had been the Senate of the United States. Beginning, as a good citizen, at the foot of the ladder, he sat for three years in the Common Council of Boston soon after he entered the bar. Later he went to the Legislature of the Commonwealth: — a more congenial place, where he soon made himself the most weighty member of the House, exerting a quiet but decisive influence on much of the work done. He served there during the years 1895–97, and became one of the notable figures in the Republican party. Although not much gifted with the expansive art of the local candidate, he was particularly qualified for success and usefulness in the higher grades of public life, for he had an obvious integrity, good judgment, and an open mind which inspired confidence in all men with whom he came in contact. He seemed likely to go far, and in fact he had already been mentioned as a future candidate for Governor. When, therefore, in the summer of 1898 he told me of the proposal to appoint him United States District Judge, it seemed doubtful whether he would be wise to accept. But he had no question himself, and was appointed in the autumn of that year.

His wide knowledge of the law, his sound sense, his courtesy and patience fitted him well for the bench, and he proved to be a model judge. Following the steps of his cousin, and great-great-grandfather — both named John Lowell — who had held the same place before him, he was, like them, promoted in due time to be a Circuit Judge. This came in 1905, and he filled the position until his death. Some of the questions that came before him involved much more than legal principles; and in the Halladjian case he made an elaborate study of ethnology to determine whether Armenians were included in the term 'white' as used in the statute limiting naturalization; a question which he decided in their favor.

Thorough in all his work, painstaking in his opinions, considerate of counsel, Ezra Thayer said of him, at the meeting of the bar held after his death, that he wanted never to go into that court room again since Judge Lowell was no longer there.

Firm in his own convictions, and with a belief in working through existing institutions, he was an active Unitarian in religion and a Republican in politics. In fact, he once remarked that if Emerson had been more of a conformist by nature he would have remained in his church. But he was extremely tolerant, fair minded and respectful, nay even sympathetic, towards those who differed from him in these things. His serene and friendly nature made him think well of those with whom he worked even when he had not previously esteemed them so highly. Affectionate to his friends, just to all, his temperament was, indeed, a happy one for himself, as well as for his family, his associates, and the community he served.

His marriage, in 1882, with Miss Cornelia Prime Baylies, of New York, who survived him, held a vital place in this fortunate career. His philosophy of life was an unobtrusive optimism. He never fretted over what could not be helped, or worried about his own past actions. He had done what he believed to be right at the time, with the knowledge he then had, and that was enough. Full of information on many subjects, ready to express his views and not averse to argument, he was an agreeable companion on all occasions. Yet modern as were his knowledge, his attitude, and his interests, he bore about him something of the spirit of the older worthies who made New England what it is. It might be said of him as he said of the grandfather for whom he was named, that he had the fortunate combination of a strong will and weak appetites. The strength never deserted him, and his calm fortitude remained through many months of increasing weakness from anæmia that ended in his death on March 6, 1911.

A. Lawrence Lowell

1904

SAMUEL WALKER McCALL

1851–1923

SAMUEL WALKER McCALL was born in East Providence, Pennsylvania, on February 28, 1851, the son of Henry McCall and Mary Ann Elliot. On his father's side he was of Scotch descent through a line of McCalls who had been for many generations in Pennsylvania. His mother was of Pennsylvania-Dutch extraction. Some idea of the vigor of the stock is gleaned from the fact that Samuel's four grandparents averaged over ninety years of age at the time of their deaths, and he was one of a family of eleven children, seven of whom were sons.

His father moved from Pennsylvania to Mount Carroll, Illinois, when Samuel was only two, and his early years were spent on a farm among the rolling hills and fertile open plains of Illinois, where he attended the public schools, helped his father on the farm, and became familiar with the great character-building pastime of training and riding horses. His biographer, Lawrence B. Evans, tells us that he was often seen riding without either saddle or bridle about the countryside.

For a time he attended a co-educational seminary at Mount Carroll, which he had to leave when it was changed into a school exclusively for girls. Then he went to New Hampton, New Hampshire, in 1867, to attend school, and later entered Dartmouth College with the Class of 1874. At college he rose rapidly to leadership and attained distinction in the matter of scholarship. He graduated second in a class of sixty, was president of the boat club, and editor-in-chief of his college paper. Among his fellows in college, as throughout his later life, he was noted for the absolute independence of his judgment and his readiness to follow his own conviction, even if it caused a dissent from the opinions of others, no matter how influential the majority that ran against him.

He studied law in Nashua, New Hampshire, and later in Worcester, Massachusetts, with Samuel E. Powers, afterwards his partner in Boston for a brief period. In 1881 he married Ella Esther

Thompson, and made his home in Winchester; they had five children.

His genius for public service soon found expression. He was elected a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1888, and representative in the Massachusetts legislature in the following year. In 1890 he was appointed ballot law commissioner by Governor Russell, a Democrat; in 1892 he was again elected to the Massachusetts legislature, and the same year was elected to the House of Representatives in Congress. In the Massachusetts legislature he distinguished himself by drafting and securing the adoption of the first corrupt practices act ever enacted in this country. He also secured passage of a poor debtors' law, said at the time to have been the 'most beneficial measure of the whole session.' Its effect was to abolish imprisonment for debt in Massachusetts except in case of fraud.

This bare outline of McCall's earlier activities gives no conception of the richness of his life, nor the greatness of the influence which he exerted, not only upon those who had the privilege of his acquaintance, but on the welfare of the people of his State in particular and the people of the country in general.

The range of his activities in Congress was very wide; he served on many committees. His characteristic independence of thought and action made him a marked man. He was devoted to principle and conviction to a degree that made him by no means a solidly party man, as he was ready at any time to vote for the opposition if he thought the other side was right. He was one of the six members of Congress who cast their vote against going into war with Spain, and he did this in the firm belief that it was going to cost him his political head, as he told his wife when he got home.

Although he had voted against our entrance into war, once in, Mr. McCall gave, to use his own words, 'prompt, ungrudging, and generous support.' He was vehemently opposed on moral grounds to the conquest of the Philippine Islands by the United States. He held, however, that once the United States had entered into possession of the Islands they came under the provisions of the Constitution. In this, however, he found himself at variance with the majority of the Supreme Court, which, by a vote of five to four,

decided that the Constitution did not extend to these newly acquired territories. While not objecting to the annexation of Porto Rico, and approving the manner in which the Platt Amendment had given an almost complete measure of autonomy to Cuba, he felt that a declaration of some similar purpose in regard to the Philippines was incumbent upon our people, and repeatedly urged it in his public utterances. He also felt that the relationship into which we had entered with the Philippine people made it our duty to give them the advantage of coming within our tariff wall, and supported the bill to bring this to pass, denouncing the opposition of those who argued that this might prove disadvantageous to sundry interests in our country. In his speech on this measure he took occasion again to urge that Congress should make frank declaration of its intentions as to the ultimate disposition of the Islands.

He was equally outspoken in regard to our obligation to Cuba. While supporting the view that the United States, by reason of the propinquity of Cuba and the common interests which bound us to it, should control its foreign relations and maintain a protectorate, yet he felt that that very fact gave Cuba a claim to favorable reciprocal trade arrangements, and so argued firmly on the floor of the House.

One of the great services which he rendered was as a member of the National Committee on Fine Arts. McCall's appreciation of art was as keen as his appreciation of literature; he introduced and secured the adoption of the bill that resulted in the establishment of the National Commission on Fine Arts. The country thus secured the services of a group of eminent architects and artists who served on this commission, including, among others, Daniel C. Burnham of Chicago, famous for his city planning activities, and Frederick Law Olmsted, the celebrated landscape architect. Through this enlightened action McCall did his country a service of incalculable value in preserving and enhancing the dignity and beauty of our national capital. He also improved a further opportunity in the same direction by serving on the Lincoln Memorial Committee.

During McCall's incumbency as Chairman of the Committee on

Elections in the House of Representatives in Congress, it is noteworthy that the report of his committee was followed by the House in every case of contested election that came before them. Such was the confidence in McCall's character and fairness that he was called upon by his fellows in Congress for many other unpleasant duties. In the words of his biographer, 'he had the uncommon distinction of having served on nearly every committee appointed by the House for the investigation of the conduct of its own members.'

It was natural that when McCall ran up against a man as powerful and autocratic as 'Uncle' Joe Cannon, the Speaker of the House, there should be clashes, and there must have been a good many times when Cannon, an orthodox party man, regretted the utter independence of the gentleman from Massachusetts. One of the Washington correspondents describes this situation in the following vigorous terms. Speaking of McCall he says: 'He is an intellectual thoroughbred, with the pernicious vices, from a party point of view, of jumping fences, biting and striking at his trainers, and running away with those who try to drive him. So he is put in a stall by himself, and whenever Uncle Joseph Cannon approaches with a bridle or a measure of oats, he carries a pitchfork and halloas "Whoa!"'

Nevertheless McCall served for fourteen years as a member of the most important committee of the House — that of Ways and Means — an appointment which Cannon insisted on giving him term after term in spite of the fact that McCall, although coming from a high tariff state, was an advocate of lower customs duties.

Right in the midst of this Congressional service came an opportunity to accept the presidency of Dartmouth College, an institution from which he had graduated with such distinction. This was an opportunity well calculated to appeal to his scholarly tastes and interests. That he was greatly tempted is evident from his correspondence, for many warm friends, advisers, and admirers wrote to him urging variously that he take the position or that he stay in the House. These letters are filled with words of admiration, and clearly reveal the appreciation in which he was universally held. He finally decided to decline, and in his letter giving his reasons we find an interesting expression of his feeling about his

own function in life: 'I may be accomplishing little of value, but I happen to be on the battle-line, and I should, indeed, be a sorry soldier nicely to weigh causes and to decide at this moment to step out of the ranks.'

When in 1912, after twenty years' service in the House, Governor McCall decided not to run again, he was yielded the floor of the House by unanimous consent of his colleagues and gave a valedictory address from which it is worth while to cull the following cogent words: 'In my twenty years of service here I have voted against a great many measures that finally became laws; and if I had any particular regret to-night in that respect, it would be that I had not voted against more of them, because I believe there is much truth in what Mr. Burke said, that repeal is more blessed than enactment. We are acquiring a facility for passing laws; we are making such encroachments upon our own freedom that I trust those of you who remain here will do what you can to postpone the day, now threatening to come speedily, when a multiplicity of statutes shall mar the fair image of our liberties.'

Once more his own master, McCall again opened his law office in Boston, but he was not long allowed to remain in private life. He was candidate for Senator in 1912 — the last year in which Senators in Massachusetts were elected by legislature — and, although on certain of the earlier ballots he received the largest number of votes, failed of election. On one occasion, when the question of his election as Senator was under consideration, one of Mr. Taft's friends was surprised to hear Mr. Taft, then President of the United States, supporting the candidacy of McCall to the Senate. He was asked whether McCall's known position in regard to our retention of the Islands would not possibly jeopardize the whole of Mr. Taft's programme for the Philippines. 'Well,' said the President, 'we might get some other Senator won over to our side to offset that, but we ought to have McCall in the Senate, he is such a good man.'

In 1914, McCall ran for governor of Massachusetts at a time when the Republican party was still badly split by the defection of the Progressives, but went down to defeat before the very popular Democrat, David I. Walsh. Although defeated, Governor

McCall had raised the Republican vote from 116,000 of the previous year to over 198,000. The ensuing year, 1915, he ran again, and this time was elected, and had the distinction of serving three successive terms as Governor, beginning with 1916. Thus he served throughout the period of the World War, and showed remarkable foresight in making adequate preparations. Long before the entrance of the United States into the war he secured an appropriation of a million dollars to provide the necessary equipment for the National Guard of Massachusetts. He gave special consideration to the equipment of troops, and took pride in the fact that Massachusetts troops were among the first to land in France. By a special message to the Legislature he secured an increase in pay for Massachusetts soldiers serving with the United States Army in advance of the increase in pay granted by the national government.

He was a pioneer in the appointment of a Committee of One Hundred for national defense, an example followed by many other states, and secured from the Massachusetts Legislature the passage of the Commonwealth Defense Act under which he was able to exercise unusual control, and did, as a matter of fact, appoint food and fuel administrators before the national Government had adopted similar measures. He also took steps to make proper provision for people dependent on soldiers at the front.

At the time of his death, which occurred on Sunday, November 4, 1923, he was working on a life of Daniel Webster. He had just prepared a speech on the subject: 'Can a nation be a hermit nation?' In this he gives powerful expression to one of the strongest of the many convictions with which he was actuated. He felt very keenly the position held by those statesmen who, having passed beyond the age of war service, voted to plunge a nation into a war which must necessarily involve the sacrifice of the flower of the nation's young manhood.

'War,' he said, 'in its essence is a species of pagan worship which is pursued by the sacrifice of the youth of the race. Study the history of all wars and you will find that the boys who are offered up as victims — hundreds of millions of them, probably, from the beginning of civilization — have been thus sacrificed. These boys have nothing to do with bringing on wars. That is done by the

wise old men holding public office, pursuing their own ambitious schemes, and who are certain to survive any war that they may bring to pass.'

Pointing out how a week's delay might have averted the breaking out of the World War, he asks why our country cannot 'cooperate with other nations to strike down war.'

He was the author of two vigorous articles published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, both dealing with the problem of disarmament and incidentally with war. In these he voices the need for some international organization designed to deal with the disputes between nations, to eliminate the causes leading up to war, and as far as possible prevent any nation from entering upon a war of conquest or spoliation.

McCall was of medium stature, of spare figure, but well formed and closely knitted, so that he always gave the impression of a man of great vigor and power of body and mind. His clean-shaven, alert face was finely chiselled and carried the impress of his sterling character, keen incisive thought, and scholarly and lofty mind. He was the ideal choice for the positions which he held, representing Massachusetts in Congress with great force and dignity in all the years he was there, and as Governor presiding over the destinies of his adopted state of Massachusetts with wisdom and single-minded devotion to the public interest.

In the midst of these political activities, Governor McCall did not neglect the embellishment of his mind. An ardent student of the classics, he was familiar with the best writings of masters of Greek, Latin, and English literature. His daughter tells me 'his memory was amazing, and nearly all of the most beautiful English poets' works he knew by heart. Of the classics he had the highest opinion, and always in his coat pocket could be found a copy of Horace or Virgil or Homer or Plato or Æschylus in the original.' His keen, retentive mind stored apt and appropriate quotations from the works of these masters upon which he could draw to lend readiness, force, and distinction to his speeches and writings.

He was distinctly the scholar in politics, and the list of scholastic honors he received is a long one. He received the degree of LL.D.

from no less than nine colleges and universities, and in addition to his political activities he was the author of many magazine articles, and published five notable volumes — the lives of Thaddeus Stevens and Thomas B. Reed for the American Statesman series, an illuminating book on 'The Business of Congress' comprising the Blumenthal lectures delivered at Columbia University, and another on 'The Liberty of Citizenship,' a collection of essays he delivered in a series of lectures at Yale. In 1922 appeared 'The Patriotism of the American Jew,' with a foreword by President Eliot of Harvard. Besides these there was published in 1902 a small volume containing his address delivered at the Webster Centennial at Dartmouth. He was constantly in demand to deliver orations, and gave other series of lectures at universities.

Of his Phi Beta Kappa oration at Tufts College in 1903, William James said: 'It seems to me, both for form and matter, to belong to the very best type of oratory embodying political thought. Its wisdom is as deep as its epigrams are sharp; it is a memorable utterance, and I hope it may become classical.'

The following year he delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard in which he made the following comment on the newspapers of the day: 'Gross exaggeration as a daily mental diet helps to engender a condition of mind in the American people which is only satisfied by the constant employment of superlatives — a condition which finds its consummate flowering-out in our national conventions, where to the incredible laudation of words is added a noisy pow-wow, running thirty minutes by the clock, from which nothing is lacking but enthusiasm and paint to make it a reproduction of the war-dance of the savage.'

The spirit of McCall on the battle-line of which he speaks and on which he found himself fighting was the motif which runs through all of his public activities. He fought the fight of individual liberty against the constant tendency to encroachment on the part of the government, whether national, state, or local. He fought against a multiplicity of laws; a multiplicity of rules; too great a concentration of power in the government. He believed in the freedom of the individual, that he should be allowed full liberty, but without license, to pursue his usual avocations without inter-

ference. He believed that that unit was best in which the self-expression of the individual had fullest play, and that only such limitations should be imposed upon it as were necessary for the public weal and the proper development of the Republic. Thus we find him always on the firing line, his trenchant mind, powerful and charming personality, and vigorous tongue ready to resist the encroachment of the statutes and an undue centralizing tendency of the government whether by statute or by executive action. In his vigorous debates in defense of principle McCall always avoided personalities, and numbered among his closest friends and warmest admirers some of those whose principles he opposed with argumentative force. Although he was a staunch Republican — a member of the party which he had always represented and from which he had received marks of high distinction — where political activity impinged upon what he regarded as individual rights, he did not hesitate to go counter to the policy of his party.

W. Cameron Forbes

JAMES FORD RHODES

1848–1927

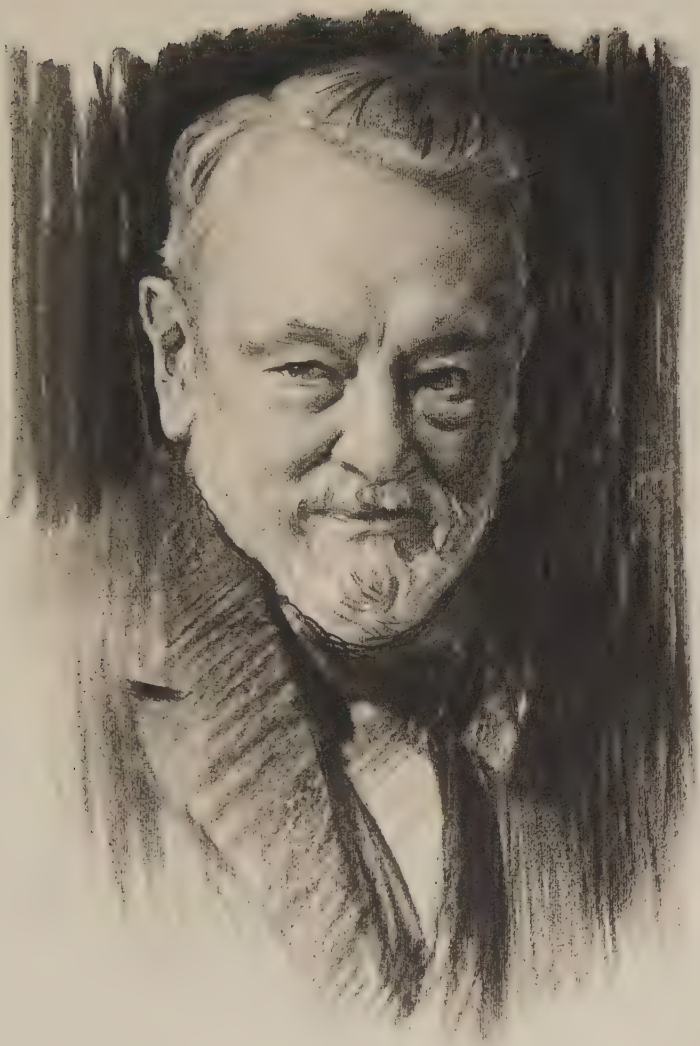
During that unsophisticated period of American life of which Mark Sullivan writes so entertainingly, the male Clevelander who amounted to anything, or thought he did, frequented a particular barber-shop to be trimmed, shaved, and made presentable. What is more, he sought the attentions of a particular one of the many negro barbers who held chairs in that tonsorial academy — the proprietor, in short, whom James Rhodes and some others had once upon a time set up in business.

Largely because coal, iron-ore, and petroleum found the mouth of the Cuyahoga River a convenient meeting-ground for their smoky purposes, the descendants of the aforesaid Clevelanders have come to display their monograms on limousine doors; but in those simpler times it was no less a mark of distinction to have one's insignia on a private shaving-mug in George Myers's personal rack, and to receive his addresses, both intra- and extracephalic.[1]

This high distinction, I hasten to add, was not for those lambs like myself of a later generation who presented themselves periodically merely to be shorn, and whose chins, destitute of adornment, were unworthy of attention. However this may be, it came about that once, when living in Baltimore and on a visit to Cleveland, I promptly repaired to the place where all the news of births and burials, of engagements and weddings, of who was in town and who wasn't, of events social, theatrical, and political, would be softly poured into your ears by the melodious voice of a colored gentleman who meanwhile dextrously separated you from your untidiness.

It was not long to wait. There soon arose from the favored chair a distinguished-looking person whose beard, then becoming streaked with grey, had just been properly Van Dyked; and I was signalled to take his place. There we stood, my predecessor before

[1] In the footnote of acknowledgments on the final page of the last of his printed volumes Mr. Rhodes has said, 'I am indebted to George A. Myers of Cleveland for useful suggestions.'



one mirror buttoning his collar, I before another unbuttoning mine, when the barber observing that we were unacquainted, with gentle reproof promptly introduced us, using in each instance our Christian names.

Mr. Rhodes was then in his fifties, old enough to be my father, and there was no possible reason why he should have known of my existence; but we shook hands over the intervening chair, and I stammered something to the effect that I should have recognized him, as I had seen him given an LL.D. at New Haven shortly before. Whereupon our friend the barber interjected: 'Oh, yes, I know all about that. That was for writing those books. But Mr. Rhodes, he did the easy work on 'em and I did the heavy. Every morning when I went out to his house on Euclid Avenue to shave him I had to stop at the Case Library so's to tote a big bundle of things he wanted. I did the heavy work on those histories and should have shared the LL.D. with my partner.'

Such was my introduction to Mr. Rhodes, and not only his friendly greeting but the deep-voiced chuckle with which he met the barber's recital made a lasting impression on me. That generous, whole-hearted, and sympathetic laugh, the laugh of a good listener, was no less an unforgettable characteristic of the man than his unfailing courtesy.

Although James Rhodes was a most delightful companion and conversationalist, there were certain things he never talked about. One of them was himself. In consequence, his early life is almost a closed book even to those who might be regarded as the intimates of his later years in Boston. To this reticence may possibly be ascribed the myth that paternal constraint had forced him out of a youthful bent towards literature. For this myth — other than that he did not seriously begin his career in letters till middle age and after his father's death — there is no foundation. His interest in contemporary history was cumulative — a slow process of saturation which fortunately did not spill over before it was well assimilated. He might have pursued any career to which he inclined, but he grew up in a puritanical community where honest people were supposed to earn a livelihood which neither art nor letters was likely to provide. Hence it was natural enough that both he and

his brother Robert should have taken it for granted that they were to follow their father's footsteps into business.

Neither of them went through college, nor did their brother-in-law and future partner, Marcus Alonzo Hanna, that somewhat maligned person, who in later years got his political nickname of 'Uncle Mark' from the selfsame George Myers I have mentioned. Nor, now that I think of it, were many of those who in the Middle West rode on the tide of financial prosperity just after the Civil War college-bred men. The hard-scrabble school of experience had to suffice.

The father, 'Dan' Rhodes as he came to be widely known, had migrated as a lad from Sudbury, Vermont, to the Western Reserve in the days shortly after the completion of the Erie Canal. He was a Democrat, as was his cousin Stephen A. Douglas, who, leaving Vermont at about the same time, had drifted still farther west to pick up his first job in Winchester, Illinois. In years to come, during James Rhodes's boyhood, the speeches of the upholder of popular sovereignty, as reported each week in the *Congressional Globe*, must have been read with avidity by his Ohio cousins. And since 'The Little Giant' was a frequent visitor at their hospitable home, it may be that these contacts with Lincoln's political opponent and the conversations overheard were what served to plant in the boy's mind the seed so slowly to mature.

For the future historian of the anti-slavery movement no better time or place could have been chosen in which to be born — in Cleveland, on May 1, 1848. The *Liberator* was perhaps more eagerly read in Ohio than in Massachusetts. Dwellers in the East could hardly have realized the intensity of the feeling which existed in the states so recently split off from the Northwest 'free-soil' Territory. This was particularly true of Ohio and of its Western Reserve, through which ran one of the main branches of the Underground Railroad. And possibly the very fact that Daniel P. Rhodes became a Copperhead, the synonym for a Democrat in the particularly trying autumn of 1862, may have been another factor which enabled his son in later years to take a dispassionate and judicial view of such episodes as that which centred around Vallandigham and his followers. It was to stem this

treasonous movement for peace that the Union League Clubs throughout the country were formed. Strange chance that the very house of the Union Club at No. 8 Park Street — the meeting-place of the Saturday Club — which was opened on October 15, 1863, as a place 'where gentlemen may pass an evening without hearing Copperhead talk,' should have come, in after-years, to welcome at its board the son of an Ohio Copperhead and the cousin of the man who is said to have precipitated the Civil War through the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise.

The early sixties in the then Middle West were not favorable years for a lad to get a thorough educational foundation. The stirring events of the war were too absorbing. Even at the public high school which Rhodes attended, the principal each morning read to the assembled pupils the political and military news of the day and discoursed upon it. This for the future purposes of one at least of the students may not have been time altogether wasted, but it was no preparation to fit him for entering college. So in the fall of 1865, with his seventeenth birthday behind him, he was admitted as a special student in the University of the City of New York, where for a year he worked on the physical sciences under the Drapers, John and Henry, and took a course in history with Benjamin N. Martin, meanwhile reading far ahead of his classmates. Then in obedience to his father's request a change was made to the original University of Chicago, where for another year he studied rhetoric and metaphysics and became addicted to Herbert Spencer. He mentions somewhere in one of his addresses that the Professor of Literature at the time introduced him to the *Nation* as a substitute for the *Round Table* which he had been reading, and he pays tribute to the influence Godkin's cogent columns had upon the direction of his thoughts. As the weekly *Tribune* had been the political Bible of the Middle West before the war, so the *Nation* came to be in the *post-bellum* years.

Ostensibly in preparation for a business career, there followed a period of study abroad: in Paris he attended lectures at the Collège de France,[1] studied the political institutions, and acted as cor-

[1] It is interesting to note that they were by Edouard Laboulaye on Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*.

respondent of the Chicago *Times;* in Berlin he took a course in iron metallurgy; and he subsequently made a tour of inspection of the iron and steel works of Germany and Great Britain, inquiring into the process of making Bessemer steel which was coming to replace rolled iron. After two years of this, which gave him a good reading knowledge of French and German, if nothing more, he returned to Cleveland in 1870 to learn the practical side of business with the firm of Rhodes and Card, producers and dealers in coal, iron-ore, and pig-iron.

The James Rhodes of heavy figure we have known so well at the Saturday Club table is said to have been at this time a dapper young man with the fashionable flowing side-whiskers he had cultivated in Piccadilly; and it is evident that coal and iron did not wholly engross him, for he shortly won the hand of Miss Ann Card, the charming daughter of his father's partner, and the young couple took up housekeeping, handsomely and happily, in a large house directly opposite that of his parents, who lived at a fashionable place known as Franklin Circle in West Cleveland. There their only child was born and received his paternal grandfather's name.

These interruptions seemingly had no ill effects on the coal-and-iron industry, for the business prospered, and in 1874 the name of the firm was changed to Rhodes and Company, at, or approximately at, which time Robert and James Rhodes, M. A. Hanna, and George H. Warmington were taken into partnership. But as the years passed there was one member of the firm who, when friends dropped in for a smoke or some business gossip, was apt to be found secluded in a back room absorbed in the works of Macaulay or some such bookish fellow who could not possibly have known much about the coal and iron that were being turned into steel in the Cleveland mills. So we may presume that the others chiefly attended to the firm's business, and that as time went on the youngest member was allowed to pursue his studious and sedentary devices unmolested.

It was during his brief student days in New York that he first encountered and read with enthusiasm Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' the three-volume edition of which had just appeared. This

may have provided the leaven which for the next twenty years subconsciously worked in his mind and directed the course of his reading. And if we will overlook Buckle's unsociability, his nerves, his addiction to chess and tobacco, there are recognizable parallels in the lives of the two men as self-made historians whose writings, born of their middle age, had, to the confusion of lifelong historical scholars, an amazing and instantaneous success. But this was to come. He had not yet grown round-shouldered digging historical data out of newspaper files.

Just when his 'design to write the history of the United States from the introduction of the Compromise measure of 1850 down to the final restoration of Home Rule in the South twenty-seven years later' began to take such shape as to compel composition, is not apparent. Some of the associations and incidents that attracted him to this period and particularly fitted him to deal with it are obvious, but whether he had the gifts essential to his chosen task might well have been doubted.

To be sure, his pen had not remained wholly unexercised. He was a regular contributor to a trade paper known as the *Iron Age*, and for which he wrote 'business barometer' articles of a sort so unusual for such a publication that they attracted attention. There were also occasional book reviews, one of which at least, written in 1885, did not happen to get published. It dealt with Woodrow Wilson's 'Congressional Government,' and was forwarded to the Editor of the *Atlantic;* but T. B. Aldrich gave preference to a rival contribution in which Professor Wilson's volume had received sufficient attention. It was entitled 'Ministerial Responsibility and the Constitution,' and was written, as it happened, by another who was to become a member of the Saturday Club.[1]

The return of this particular manuscript may not have caused him so much entertainment in 1885 as it did in later years. Whatever its effect may have been, the episode coincided with the decision that, if he were really to succeed in his 'design' of writing effectively, he would have to retire from business in order to prepare himself more fully; and, though his membership in the firm

[1] A. Lawrence Lowell.

was not yet officially severed, he pulled up stakes and with his family went abroad for nearly two years of study and travel. On his return in the latter part of 1887 he set diligently to work on his task.

Not only had he been an inveterate reader during the twenty years past, but he had been a methodical note-taker, and, with the aid of what he called his *Index rerum*, a series of commonplace books with notes and clippings which he had persistently kept, he made during the next four years rapid progress with the first important decade of his projected story, which brought it up to Lincoln's election. But for such precisely documented writing as he had come to engage in, even with George Myers doing the heavy work on the newspaper files, more favorable surroundings than Cleveland then afforded were essential. Consequently in 1891 the partnership of Rhodes and Company was dissolved, to be resumed under the name of M. A. Hanna and Company; and with his first two volumes already well in hand he departed bag and baggage for Cambridge, influenced partly by the fact that his son at the early age of fifteen had just entered Harvard.

Largely a self-taught man, and fully aware of the defects of his early schooling, James Rhodes was possibly almost as much surprised as his former Cleveland associates at the reception accorded his first two volumes on their appearance two years later. The chances had been a hundred to one against him. But what is regarded as 'adequate preparation' for a given task may inhibit rather than stimulate productiveness; and with no pretensions to fine writing he had come in due course to engage in his researches with a fresh mind, an exceptional memory, a capacity for sustained literary effort, and a passion for historical truth which more than atoned for any presumed educational deficiencies. He had studied thoroughly the best of his predecessors, ancient and modern, and was not staggered by the accomplishment even of those he felt were the four greatest, Thucydides, Tacitus, Herodotus, and Gibbon — with Tacitus at the top.[1] 'To preserve from decay the

[1] It is curious that the contemporary record by Tacitus covered twenty-eight years and the reign of six emperors, while that by Rhodes covered twenty-seven years and six presidents.

remembrance of what men have done' was, after all, but a modest enterprise in Rhodes's estimation, and he went about his task in his own independent and original way, with candor, sincerity, and thoroughness. Literary style alone never gave any one a niche in the temple of history.

The impulse to break with relations and friends at forty-three years of age in order to pursue his historical researches in a new community where he was utterly unknown must have taken determination and courage. Cleveland, not yet afflicted in those days with the smoke of prosperity, was a delightful place of residence, more New England than New England itself, a town of individual homes, of elm-shaded streets, and of sufficient repose, so that people knew one another well. To these associations James Rhodes, even after spending half of his life elsewhere, remained to the end devotedly loyal, and it is fitting that there among his own people his ashes should in the end have come to rest. He says in one of his letters:

'Of course you have heard the variation of Shakespeare:

> Some are born great.
> Some achieve greatness.
> And some are born in Ohio.

This, as I remember it, was stated during the Hayes administration. Dear old Howells, Sloane, and I were one night at dinner at Carl Schurz's, and on comparing notes we found that the native place of all three was Ohio. Howells was born at Martin's Ferry; Sloane near Steubenville.'

But this loyalty to his people and place of birth does not mean that he could not and did not enter enthusiastically and warm-heartedly into the new life, where his sterling qualities and breezy geniality could not long go unappreciated. As Bliss Perry has so well said:

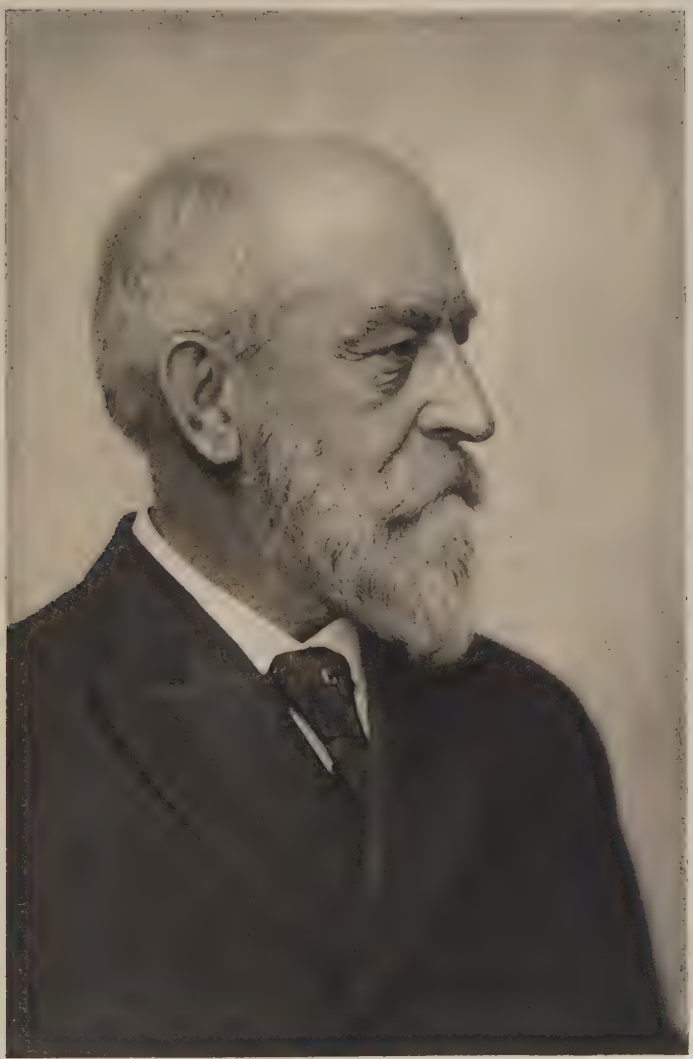
'No man who ever became a Bostonian in middle life conquered that difficult city more easily and completely. . . . A singularly modest scholar, he hated publicity, and was not one of the men who like to be seated upon the platform. Yet for nearly thirty years, and up to the period of his final invalidism, he was despite of himself a very well-known personage. His heavy figure, shrewd

HENRY PICKERING BOWDITCH

1840–1911

THE physiologist Henry Pickering Bowditch was born in Boston on April 4, 1840. Grandson of Nathaniel Bowditch, whose 'Practical Navigator' and translation of the 'Mécanique Céleste' bear witness to scientific ability and to initiative of the highest order, nephew of the physician Henry I. Bowditch and a cousin of Pickerings and Pierces, it seems probable that his preference for a scientific career was due to inherited traits. His environment also was favorable to the development of positive rather than speculative tastes, and to this environment, so far as known without hesitations and without youthful trials and errors, he became well adapted.

Bowditch's scientific interests did not early declare themselves; his choice of the profession of medicine was belated, and it was after his graduation from Harvard College in 1861 that he began in the Lawrence Scientific School the study of chemistry and of natural history. Two months later the pursuit of his own interests had become intolerable, and in November he entered the army as second lieutenant in the First Massachusetts Cavalry. He served throughout the war, saw heavy fighting, was shot through the arm while leading a charge at New Hope Church in 1863, and finally entered Richmond with Weitzel on April 3, 1865. He was then just twenty-five years old and had been for more than a year major in the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry (colored). Like many of the best volunteer officers he possessed the qualities but lacked the tastes of the soldier. Major Higginson has described him during this period as 'a handsome, refined, and homebred looking youth, with a fondness and faculty for keeping face clean and clothing neat when those attributes were a rarity, . . . an upright and fine officer, often reserved and even unbending in his manner, but unflagging in his faithfulness and unflinching in his courage.' Bowditch was finally discharged from the army in the summer of 1865 and eagerly returned to the scientific studies which he had



not ceased to regret during the four years of fighting. He was then beyond the normal years of elementary studies, yet barely at the beginning of his education. His work, however, progressed rapidly, especially under the influence of the great comparative anatomist Jeffries Wyman; the medical curriculum presented small obstacles; and in 1868 he was graduated Doctor of Medicine from Harvard.

Three years of European life and study followed, which determined his vocation and his career. During his first winter, at Paris, he turned towards scientific medicine and presently, abandoning all thoughts of practice, he took up definitively the study of physiology. Bowditch reached this decision while working in the laboratory of Claude Bernard, a man of genius, who was perhaps the greatest of physiologists. But the organization of the German universities, and the peculiar talent of the German professors of that day to build up a 'school' in which investigators were formed, soon drew him to Leipzig where Carl Ludwig was performing this duty with incomparable mastery. Here for two years Bowditch lived in a physiological atmosphere with comrades from all over the world, and performed physiological researches. When he came home in 1871 to become for five years Assistant Professor of Physiology in the Harvard Medical School, he was a professional physiologist and had acquired an understanding of the needs of medicine and of medical education in America which few men shared.

For the rest of his active life Bowditch remained at the Harvard Medical School, from 1876 until 1906 as Professor of Physiology, prosecuting his researches, contributing to the rapid and almost revolutionary development of American medicine, and bearing more than his share of the burdens of the community. From 1883 to 1893 he was Dean of the Medical School; he greatly promoted the American Association for the Advancement of Science; he was one of the principal founders of the American Physiological Society, and a valuable supporter of the *Journal of Physiology* and later of the *American Journal of Physiology* during their first years of existence. His researches extended beyond the boundaries of physiology into the fields of psychology, anthropology, and

hygiene. He seems to have been the first person in America to understand the importance of Galton's biometrical methods and to apply them.

The important work of Bowditch's career was, however, his leadership in the development of scientific medicine in America. When he began his active life as professor in 1871, the best American medical school hardly merited a place in the university, and medical science hardly existed outside Europe. When he died, forty years later, the medical schools and medical science alike had risen to their full responsibilities. During the first half of this critical period he was one of the very small group of men who were qualified by experience and judgment to shape the course of events. Well knowing from personal experience the limited objectives that were attainable, endowed with an imagination which concerned itself with ingenious combinations and with the real world, he cheerfully assumed responsibility, and, acting with sober good sense, realized his aims. His achievements were indispensable to medicine and to the University. In no small part the new Harvard Medical School is his monument.

Bowditch was married in Leipzig in 1871 to Miss Selma Knauth. With her he lived forty years. He died on March 13, 1911, survived by five daughters and two sons.

LAWRENCE J. HENDERSON

1906

WILLIAM EVERETT

1839–1910

WILLIAM EVERETT was born in Watertown, Massachusetts, on October 10, 1839. His father, Edward Everett, the orator, at the age of nineteen was made pastor of the Brattle Street Church in Boston; he was appointed professor of Greek literature at Harvard before he was twenty-one; he was four years editor of the *North American Review;* he was five times elected to Congress; he then became Governor of Massachusetts; he was four years American Minister at the Court of St. James's; he was president of Harvard from 1846 to 1849. In 1852 he was for a short time Secretary of State, and before leaving that office with the close of Fillmore's administration he had already been elected to the United States Senate. In 1860 he ran for vice-president on the Bell and Everett ticket. Few Americans have had a career of such varied distinction. As an orator he was regarded as in the class just below Clay and Calhoun, and he was long commemorated by a statue in the Public Gardens, now fortunately removed to Everett Square in Dorchester.

The son, with natural abilities perhaps greater and certainly more many-sided than those of his father, with a gift of eloquence if not superior at least more suited to our modern taste, with a burning ambition to distinguish himself in many branches and particularly in public, with much knowledge and a marvellous memory, after four years as a student in our Cambridge and four more in the English one, where his friends hoped great things of him in the future, returned to this country, studied law but never practised it; he tried in vain for the legislature; he failed of success as assistant professor at Harvard; he was a preacher all his life but never had a parish (having wisely refused a call to a church in Charlestown); and he was head master at Adams Academy from 1877 to 1893, and again from 1897 to 1907, when the school, which from being one of the best known boarding-schools in this part of the country had declined to the position of a Quincy day school,

and finally had to be closed as the lack of support made its further continuance impossible.

In 1893 after three unsuccessful attempts, William Everett was elected to Congress, but before his first term was over he saw that it was useless to stand for renomination. His electoral committee not only accepted his withdrawal, but did not pass a vote of thanks for his services. He was admitted into this Club in 1906 His last years were sad enough. He had lost most of his property or spent it on the school; his beloved library, inherited from his father, was in great part destroyed in 1908 by a fire due, if I am right, to his own carelessness; his health broke down in England in the middle of a course of lectures he had been invited to give in Cambridge, an invitation which was a great joy to him; and though at the Lowell Institute in the following winter he was able to repeat and finish what he had to say, his disappointment, the last of a very long series, must have been intense. He died, lonely and almost penniless, on February 16, 1910. Truly, as his cousin Charles Francis Adams said of him, 'His life was a tragedy.'

The chief reasons for this tragedy were only too obvious. Edward Everett may have been, as some of his critics declared, more or less of a pompous mediocrity, but he was a stately figure and a polished man of the world. William Everett was far from handsome, and was popularly known not only by his school boys but outside as 'Piggy.' I can't say when the title was given him, but he must have been well aware of it. Much more fatal was the fact that his nerves were so frayed that one never felt quite sure that the slightest provocation, or perhaps even something in his own thoughts, might not produce an outbreak of uncontrollable violence. The storm might soon be followed by sunshine and perhaps apology, but this did not prevent its recurrence. He told me once that he had recently consulted an aurist and had been informed that he heard sounds at a key or two higher than did other people. I have often wondered, supposing this to be true, if the fact that voices and other noises were shriller to him than to the rest of us might not help to explain his ever ready irascibility. The keenness of his mind, which prevented him from saying stupid things, often gave his words more smart. One might respect,

Ever faithfully
William Everett

admire, and even love Dr. Everett as some of us schoolboys did, and laugh kindly at his oddities with superior youthful tolerance. Still it was trying to be brought into close contact with so uncertain a temper, even if it was not directed at one personally. Wherever he was, whether at a dinner party or at a meeting of a society, there was a chance of a characteristic outburst. All who had dealings with him had stories to tell, and I have no doubt members of this Club can narrate incidents which have happened at its meetings.

William Everett possessed the gift of real eloquence. His political orations were marked not only by passion and sincerity but by a splendid command of language, luminous reason, and trenchant wit. His discourses, such as his Lowell Lectures, where he was asked to speak seven different times (perhaps a record), were scholarly and finished productions which excited the enthusiasm of his audiences. It often seemed to me that he was at his best in the pulpit where his deep earnestness and lofty ideals found full expression, while the nature of the subject curbed his mannerisms and did not arouse his prejudices; and yet I have heard it said that there were people who when they saw that he was to preach left the church because they objected so much to his violent ways, though to one who had seen him under other conditions he appeared quite calm and peaceful.

In Congress, short as his period of service was, he made his mark; in fact he could hardly fail to do so, and at once, wherever he was. If he had remained longer, he might have become one of the famous members of the House whose memories and tradition lingered for generations. Samuel McCall, who went in at the same time, declared later after seventeen years of experience, 'Dr. Everett was as brilliant an orator as I have served with in the House. He had extraordinary animation and a faultless style of expression. The single Congress in which he served had also Bryan, Cockran, and Wilson[1] as members. I think that as an orator he would compare with any one of them.' This is a high tribute, and constituents might well be proud of such a representa-

[1] William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, for whom the Wilson Tariff Bill was named, was a member of this Congress.

tive; yet after all how could a man expect to retain his place who not only was unwilling to become a resident in his district but who, we are told, 'refused to have anything to do with patronage. He would give no advice on post offices, although his party then had the disposal of them. He refused to be consulted by the Department itself as to candidates. He would not help anybody to get any kind of an office under the Executive, maintaining that the legislative and executive branches should be entirely distinct, and that the merger of them through patronage was a subversion of the righteous intent of the founders of the republic.' Such a standard, however admirable, makes it difficult for a leader to retain a following who will work for him in the very practical game of American politics, especially as the Doctor's tone was not always gracious when he refused requests.

As may be imagined, he was not fond of newspaper men. We read in the obituary notice in the *Transcript* of February 17, 1910, 'The Doctor had an innate aversion to reporters, and the feeling was reciprocated. There is not an experienced reporter in Boston who would not rather have been sent into darkest Africa than to be sent to Quincy to interview Dr. Everett.'

For years the object dearest to his heart and alas! the crowning tragedy of his life, was his school, the Adams Academy. The Academy, though at one time a widely known and apparently flourishing institution, was never on a satisfactory financial basis. Dr. Everett was not the man to deal with the situation. Though he gave freely from his own means, he had not the persuasiveness and did not inspire the confidence that elicits gifts from others. The school suffered also from lack of grounds, from being too much in the heart of the town of Quincy, an increasingly urban community. As a teacher the doctor had brilliant qualities. Besides his knowledge, both wonderfully broad and deep, he possessed a fire of enthusiasm which sometimes, though not as often as it should have been, was catching; he could put things not only with real eloquence but with an incisiveness and even wit that made them hard to forget. That he understood boys he proved before he even came to Adams Academy by writing two or three excellent boys' books; and he could be and was a true friend to them. But the uncer-

tainty of his temper and the exaggeration of his manner made it impossible for him to secure the influence and respect that he should have had. And there was no telling at what tangent he would go off. For instance, it would happen that in the middle of a talk to a class on the early history of the American navy, after telling what certain presidents had done for our navy, he would then suddenly stop and point at one boy and shout so the whole school-room heard it, 'and it was your ancestor — so-and-so — yes, it was your ancestor who was responsible, etc., etc.' This may have been correct, but it was a little hard on the boy who had to bear an unexpected share of the responsibility.

During part of my stay at the Academy, I lived at the Doctor's house. It was an experience I have always been thankful to have had. At the time I did not realize how much he influenced me. It was only in the following years, when again and again some saying of his occurred as exactly expressing my opinion on a given point, that it dawned upon me what the source of the opinion was. But life with the Doctor was somewhat strenuous. When he was declaiming fiercely at me over the table with a torrent of angry words, although they might not have to do with any fault of mine, still I had a feeling of being under fire and could hardly enjoy the meal. Yet he treated me often with much kindness, indeed his life was full of such acts. There was no denying his generosity and the warmth of his heart. His bursts of temper really injured no one but himself.

All told he was a strange, pathetic figure, a man of rich gifts and lofty aspirations, one who in spite of his lack of balance it was a privilege to know, and whom we can look back upon with respect and admiration as well as with genuine affection.

Archibald Cary Coolidge

1909

ROBERT SWAIN PEABODY

1845–1917

THE atmosphere of the Saturday Club from its birth for many years was literary and scientific. There was a slight infusion of music contributed by John S. Dwight, but no art was admitted until 1864, when S. W. Rowse, a crony of Mr. Lowell's, and doubtless at his instance, was elected. He was a silent man, but he was reënforced in 1869 by William Hunt who was very fond of conversation and a most agreeable talker. William W. Story was elected in 1877, when he had abandoned the law and elected to become a sculptor, and six years later Richardson was the first architect to join the Club. No further representative of art joined us till in 1909 Robert S. Peabody became a member.

He was born in New Bedford, February 22, 1845, and fitted for College at Mr. Dixwell's school, in Boston. His father, the Rev. Dr. Ephraim Peabody, was born at Wilton, N.H., in 1807, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1827; he was a Unitarian clergyman settled at the time of his death, in 1856, at King's Chapel, Boston. Mary Jane Derby, R. S. Peabody's mother, was the daughter of John Derby, and the granddaughter of Elias Hasket Derby, a famous merchant of Salem. In college Peabody took good rank in scholarship and was a leader in all the college activities. He was a good oarsman, and was one of the victorious Harvard crew in the annual race with Yale at Worcester in his senior year. With a handsome face, fine figure and carriage, frank and winning manners, and unswerving integrity, he had the respect and affection of his classmates, and was chosen chief marshal with something approaching unanimity.

After graduating in 1866 he studied architecture for a short time in Boston and then went to Europe. There he pursued his studies in London, and later in Paris at the École des Beaux Arts. In 1870 he returned to Boston and began the practice of his profession, forming a partnership with John G. Stearns, a Harvard Bachelor of Science of 1863, under the firm name of Peabody and Stearns.

The firm achieved very unusual success, which it richly deserved, for it was a rare combination, to which Mr. Peabody contributed the taste and skill of the artist, while his partner was a master of construction, whose unflagging attention to details and thorough supervision insured the best results. Among the many buildings designed and constructed by the firm are Matthews Hall and the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard, the Boston Custom House tower, the Exchange Building on State Street, the old Park Square Railroad Station, Simmons College, and Wentworth Institute, all in Boston, the State House at Concord, N.H., the Union League Club in New York City, the State Mutual Life Building in Worcester, and the Worcester City Hall, the Antlers at Colorado Springs, the Tip Top House at Pike's Peak, Machinery Hall at the World's Fair at Chicago, the Massachusetts Building at the San Francisco Exhibition, and numerous private houses at Newport, Lenox, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and elsewhere which are among the finest of the period. He was a prophet, honored both at home and abroad.

Peabody was wrapt up in his profession, and his practice called him into so many distant localities that he spent many days and nights in traveling, incurring a steady fatigue which only his great physical vigor enabled him to bear. But the moment the strain was relaxed and he took a vacation, he did not lay his pencil aside, but rejoiced in the opportunity to sketch the scenes which appealed to him, or to draw pictures which his imagination suggested.

Descended as he was from ship-owners and men who loved the sea, it was perhaps not strange that yachting was his favorite amusement, and in his sketch book will be found alternate pictures of stately buildings and of marine scenes with all kinds of craft. There is quite a series of his books. The first is the report made in December, 1906, to the Boston Society of Architects on the Municipal Improvement of Boston. Peabody was the chairman of the committee, which contained some sixteen other architects, and which made a very thorough and interesting report with a great many pictures and suggestions of all sorts for the improvement of the city. Had the recommendations been adopted, Boston would

have been a more beautiful city than it is to-day. His contribution to the work was large, but exactly how large as compared with those of his associates only they could tell us.

In 1908 'A Holiday Study of Cities and Ports,' by Mr. Peabody, was offered to the Commission on the improvement of Metropolitan Boston and published by the Boston Society of Architects. Peabody was proposing to take a vacation in Southern Europe, but upon the appointment of the Commission he decided to visit the northern part of Europe and study the cities there. He made an extended study, and the report was in itself very valuable and most profusely illustrated. In its pages the author imagines the German emperor approaching a port like Boston and considering what should be done in order to make the city what it ought to be. The whole thing is extremely well written, and a very valuable contribution to our constantly changing problem. It deals with Hamburg, Cologne, Berlin, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and many other cities.

In 1912 he published 'An Artist's Sketch Book,' in which there is a variety of essays, one entitled 'A Venetian Day,' with a very delightful discussion of the Venetian buildings and art, others discussing the Italian Renaissance, rural England, the cathedrals and churches of France, and finally Massachusetts, Marblehead, the coast of Maine, and the sea. The illustrations are beautifully drawn and extremely delicate, and the whole book is charming.

Finally in the last years of his life, when he was lying in the hospital at Baltimore and suffering intensely from treatment, as he lay in bed his eyes fell upon the clouds, and his imagination constructed a town in England, another in France, with scenes in Italy and in Greece; and he illustrated these creations by a series of charming pictures, and accompanied them by passages from prose authors and poets. It is quite amazing to see how appropriate these quotations are, and it shows the courage and vitality as well as the extended cultivation that enabled an invalid like him on a bed of pain to produce so charming a little book.

In addition to Peabody's constant and active work in his profession, his unceasing energy found vent in other fields. He was an Overseer of Harvard from 1888 to 1899, and from 1907 to 1912,

and for many years was a member of the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1909 he became chairman of the Boston Park Commission, and continued on this Board, except between 1914 and 1916, until his death.

In 1871 he married Annie, daughter of John P. Putnam of Boston. She died in 1911. In 1913 he married Helen Lee, daughter of the late Charles Carroll Lee of Washington, D.C. Mrs. Peabody survives her husband, and there are three children of the first marriage living: Katherine Putnam, wife of W. Rodman Peabody, Mary D., wife of Henry R. Scott, and Robert E. Peabody.

When he died there passed from among us a man of rare character and ability who brought to the work of his life unflagging energy and enthusiasm with exceptional physical ability. At college he was one of the few men who excel in everything. A member of the Harvard crew, a good scholar, and the chief marshal of his class, he won distinction in every walk of college life. He was fitted for his chosen profession by all his tastes and his instincts as well as by his ability. He loved all that was beautiful in nature or art, and labored constantly to bring beauty into the daily life of his fellows. Whether as park commissioner or as adviser on questions of civic improvement, he has left behind him many proofs of his wisdom and many suggestions which a wiser generation may hereafter adopt. His profession accorded to him its highest honors and recognized his leadership.

Yet it is not as an architect, but as a man that he endeared himself to all. From his boyhood to the hour of his death he won all hearts. Every one who met him felt his attraction, and no one ever spoke or thought unkindly of him. Simple and unassuming, a man in whom there was no guile, he was the embodiment of a frank and generous nature; but behind his pleasant manner lay a strong character and a resolute will which inspired respect and warm regard even in men who did not sympathize with his high ideals or recognize his standards. They knew that he wanted only what was right; and dominated by his character they yielded to him without perhaps knowing why. His brilliantly successful life is a fresh proof, if proof were needed, that 'corruption wins not more than honesty.'

Of unbending integrity, and with untiring industry, he pursued the tenor of his way for half a century, doing whatever his hand found to do with his might, not seeking notoriety, for he was very modest, never quarreling, never overbearing, but instinctively regarding the feelings of others, winning them by courtesy and the native simplicity which men love, and at the end leaving behind him only friends and a stainless name, with the monuments of his art.

MOORFIELD STOREY

1910

RICHARD COCKBURN MACLAURIN

1870–1920

RICHARD COCKBURN MACLAURIN possessed three obvious distinctions: he was a scientist, a jurist, an administrator. He was an original mind in science, and in law, and he became a great administrator of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Inheritance was an evident force in Dr. Maclaurin's mental constitution. He was a biological blend, as his name shows, of at least two great Scottish families, the Cockburns and the Maclaurins. The Cockburns were jurists, the most eminent of the line being Sir Alexander James Edmund Cockburn, lord chief justice of England from 1859 to his death at the age of seventy-eight in 1880. The Maclaurins were inclined toward science and theology, the most famous members of this family being Colin Maclaurin, the great Scottish mathematician of the eighteenth century, and his brother John, who was equally eminent as a theologian, a correspondent of the Rev. Thomas Prince of Boston, a benefactor of Princeton College, and of Jonathan Edwards. The father of these two men was an Argyllshire minister; thus illustrating a frequent remark of Josiah Royce, that the families of ministers and the vocation of the ministry were the chief recruiting camps for metaphysics and a contributing source for science of considerable importance. It is not without interest to note in passing that Clarinda, to whom Burns wrote what is perhaps the greatest of all his songs, beginning 'Ae fond kiss and then we sever,' was the daughter of the Rev. John Maclaurin, showing again that theology and love may together inspire the greatest of lyrics.

Richard C. Maclaurin was born at Lindean, Scotland, June 5, 1870, and as he died January 15, 1920, about five months under fifty, he again repeats in himself the persistence of inheritance; the Maclaurins, as a rule, dying under fifty years of age.

His father, Robert Maclaurin, was a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and at the same time a devoted student of the

science of botany. He was a free-thinking mind, and it became impossible for him to continue to sign honestly the creeds of his church. He resigned, and with his two oldest sons, went to New Zealand where he was appointed by the Board of Education a school master, with a salary resembling Kipling's '*'arf o' nuthin' paid him punctual once a week.*' Undismayed, this husband and father sent for the remainder of his family, of whom all told, there were twelve, and himself and his wife. His wife was Martha Joan Spence, a highly intellectual woman with the best sort of biological pedigree, born in Lerwick, Shetland, endowed with a gift that was little short of miraculous of providing a respectable and easy life for her family upon her husband's small income. So well was this done that her son Richard has recorded that it never occurred to him and his brothers and sisters that they were poor. This mother exercised a decisive influence over Richard both in his ideals as a student and in regard to the religious views which she inspired and which he later found entirely compatible with his knowledge as a man of science. He frequently spoke of her, and always with reverence and tenderness.

Maclaurin was born in Scotland, but spent his boyhood and youth in New Zealand. The history of his education in the colony is a record of swift and solid attainments. He was the first scholar in his class in Victoria College, Wellington; in a fourth year of study he added to the Bachelor's degree that of Master of Arts with first class honors in mathematics and in mathematical physics.

In 1892, at the age of twenty-two, he entered the University of Cambridge, England, where he held a foundation scholarship in St. John's College. At Cambridge he took two degrees, that of Bachelor of Arts in 1895, and that of Master of Arts in 1896. Maclaurin took the highest rank in the most advanced mathematical examination, being bracketed with the senior wrangler in the first division of the first class in Part II of the mathematical tripos. He was elected upon graduation a fellow of St. John's College over several hundred competitors. After this he studied at McGill University, Montreal, and at Leland Stanford University.

Returning to Cambridge University, England, he became a student of law, and in furtherance of his studies in law he spent con-

siderable time on the continent of Europe, particularly in Germany. His thesis, 'The Title of Realty,' brought him more honors, and was the foundation of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred upon him later by Cambridge University. When he was only twenty-eight years old he was appointed professor of mathematics in the University of New Zealand; four years later came his appointment as professor of mathematics and physics in Columbia University; and in 1908, at the age of thirty-eight, he was appointed President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In 1905 Prof. Maclaurin was married to Margaret Alice Young, of New Zealand. Miss Young was born in the suburbs of Glasgow, and till the age of fourteen lived in Scotland, having had her early days at school in Greenoch, where the schools are of unusual excellence. The married life of Dr. Maclaurin and his wife was of only fifteen years' duration, and it was for both a supremely happy and influential union. Two sons were born to them — Rupert in 1907, and Colin in 1914.

One of the loveliest traits in the character of Dr. Maclaurin was his marvellous understanding heart with children. With his sons he was a boy and at the same time a man. They spoke their thoughts to him with the utmost frankness. One of the boys told his father one day that God was a 'nut.' The father expostulated, and the boy reasoned. The moon was setting while the sun was climbing the sky; the boy protested that God should be satisfied with one sun, and because He made and wanted two, He was a 'nut.' The other boy fell into some statements upon one occasion not in exact accord with fact. When confronted with this discordance the boy admitted the whole affair, but added the defensive statement that every one lies at times; 'Mother lied the other day when she said to me, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"; every one knows that that is a lie.' A dialectical parent was met by dialectical associates in his two boys. A deeper, more confidential, more affectionate relation never existed between father and sons than between Dr. Maclaurin and his two keen-witted boys. Sometimes the family minister would come in for his castigation. One Sunday at dinner it was reported that the minister had said that he sometimes thought that Christians were about the

silliest people that the Almighty had sent into the world; whereupon one of the boys remarked, 'That was a very untactful remark; there might have been a Christian present at the service today.'

President Maclaurin's home was the key to the student life at the Institute. He never forgot that these young men came from homes, that a vast investment of affection had been made in them; and he could appeal to them as few others were able to do, to endeavor to meet every reasonable expectation of their parents, as students and as young men. His understanding of youth was wonderful — his attraction for youth and his quiet power over their life. The Maclaurins were happy in their home, and in their fellowship in the service of the life of the students in the Institute.

The briefest sketch of Dr. Maclaurin's service to the American community would be incomplete without reference to his work in the Great War. He had, with full consent of mind and heart, become a citizen of the United States; when America entered the war he was appointed director of education, the object of this office being to train college men for officers. In an incredibly short time he was in communication with two hundred and fifty colleges, and in six months after he assumed the office of director of education two hundred and fifty thousand college men were in training camps. An able subordinate, Professor Munro of Harvard, has given eloquent testimony to the wisdom, patience, and devotion of Dr. Maclaurin, and of the privilege it was to serve with a leader so clear in mind and of so much charm in character. Like many others in similar service to the nation, he was almost worn out by his heavy labors.

Dr. Maclaurin's aptitudes for science and law were developed inheritances; his great gift for administration, unsuspected by himself, unsuspected by his friends, was an original endowment. His power here consisted in the clear vision of possibilities, a courage that could be dismayed by no array of difficulties, a way of making his ideas prevail by their reasonableness, both with his faculty and with the friends of education, and in the confidence which he inspired in men of wealth as to the undoubted soundness of his views. In all these respects Dr. Maclaurin was unique. The bruised reed

he did not break, the smoking flax he did not quench, but he sent forth judgment to victory. He thought much; he spoke seldom and little; his manner was one of habitual respect and urbanity towards those with whom he was associated in educational work; when he did speak, his thoughts and plans seemed the images of the minds of his wisest associates, and they were at once accepted and put into action. The equipment in building and in endowment which he left the Institute of Technology in his brief term of ten years must forever stand as a notable achievement in American education, and an impressive monument to his character and power.

The combination in Dr. Maclaurin of the keen and thoroughly disciplined scientific intellect and the humanist cannot be passed without remark. When a boy the English Bible had fascinated him as literature; the English classics were as precious to him as to any special scholar in that department; the great Greek writers had his homage; all writings that exalt the imagination and feeling of educated men were dear to him; as a man of culture no less than as a man of science he led the great Institute over which he presided.

His humor was one of the striking forces of his mind. This gift made it easy for him to get on with some seriously difficult persons. Professor Sayce, the Egyptologist, appealed to his sense of humor during his life in Cambridge. He described this scholar to the writer on one occasion at the table of the Saturday Club in unforgettable terms. 'Sayce,' Maclaurin remarked, 'sold out all his stock in Egypt at a low figure, and invested it in the Amorites; losing faith in the Amorites, he again sold out, investing the proceeds this time in the Hittites.' Maclaurin enjoyed telling a good story at his own expense. He was known as a deeply although unconventially religious man, and being a guest with many others at dinner, he was, without previous notice, called upon abruptly by a rather strident hostess, to say grace. He reported that owing to his shyness his mind became a complete blank; he knew not what to do, but being in the habit of worshiping in Anglican churches, certain phrases from the Anglican ritual kept running through his mind in this dire emergency; he could do no better than utter this

combination of two phrases: 'From what we are about to receive at this time Good Lord deliver us.'

This mere outline of a great career may fittingly close with Dr. Maclaurin's own words spoken at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Founding of the Old South Church in Boston:

'Let me touch in closing on the revival by the modern man of interest in the ancient doctrine that man is saved, if at all, by devotion to his church. It is a doctrine easily distorted to base uses. In the crude forms in which it has often been presented it has been the source of some of the gravest evils that history records. Needless to say that in such forms it is abhorrent to the modern man, and it is impossible to believe that it will ever again become acceptable. Devotion to the church in the sense in which it interests and attracts thoughtful men to-day means primarily devotion to the spiritual community of the Church Invisible. This is the community of all those who are loyal to the great ideals of Christianity, whatever be the form in which they choose to present those ideals, whether Catholic or Protestant, Orthodox or Heterodox, "old-fashioned" or "modern." There may be no relation at all between this spiritual community and the visible church of our daily experience, but if there be no such relation, then, of course, the visible church is a sham. Easy and cheap it is to point out how far this visible church falls below its ideal; easy and cheap to belittle its achievements and enlarge upon its failures. The only thing worth doing is to bring it nearer the ideal, and the modern doctrine to which I have referred suggests that man is saved, if at all, by his effort to do this. So this doctrine runs — devote yourself to your church with unwavering loyalty, strengthen it by all the means in your power, keep it from a mere conventional faith, and strive without ceasing to bring it closer into accord with the Invisible Church of which it should be the counterpart. There lies the great task and the great hope.'

GEORGE A. GORDON

1911

HENRY JAMES

1843–1916

AMONG the early members of the Saturday Club was the elder Henry James. Emerson speaks of him as that 'sub-soil plougher H. J.' This description would serve for both of his sons. They loved to delve in the sub-soil of consciousness. Even in their literary style they resembled their father, though they differed from each other.

It was in 1911 that Henry James, Jr. — born in New York, April 15, 1843, died in London, February 28, 1916 — was elected a member of the Club. He had returned to America with a pathetic desire to renew associations with the land of his birth. The death of his brother William destroyed the real link with his native land. But during his stay in Cambridge he attended the meetings of the Club and took part in its informal discussions. His impressions of the American scene were vivid, as he looked on with more curiosity than admiration. He shared with all thoughtful minds disquietude as to the future of the European culture that he loved. In the days before the war there was the vague sense of impending calamity. Henry James was conscious of the revolutionary forces that were destroying the social order which he had been observing and describing. He realized that his detachment was not as complete as he had supposed. He belonged to it, and had no desire to survive it. Europe was slipping away from him, and he realized how much he loved its old ordered life.

Henry James has forestalled the work of a biographer. With the utmost particularity he has told us all there was to tell about the influences which moulded him in childhood, his method of work, and his artistic ideals. To each one of his novels he prefixed a statement in regard to the circumstances of its inception and the way in which his characters developed. One is reminded of the painstaking way in which Wordsworth explained his poems.

Perhaps these elaborate explanations arose from a perception of his own limitations as a novelist. His books do not stand alone

— they need an interpreter. They have to be read in a certain way in order to be appreciated and enjoyed. The author's own voice, with its peculiar emphasis and modulation, is required to produce the effect which he desired. In this respect it is conversational rather than literary.

My most vivid recollection of Henry James is that of an improvisator, pouring out his tale to an astonished little company on the deck of a ship. We had left Boston on a slow steamer on the morning of the San Francisco earthquake. It was before the days of the radio, and when we entered the Mersey we were unaware of the stupendous tragedy that had taken place while we were on the water. Henry James, knowing that his nephew was on board, came out to break the news, and to assure him that his father, William James, who had been in the earthquake zone, was safe.

He stood upon the deck and poured out, not the news, but the impressions which the catastrophe made upon his sensitive mind. We were made to see it all as he saw it in his imagination. The fear, the uncertainty, the vastness, all were reproduced. It was like hearing of the destruction of Babylon the Great from a contemporary. We saw the events as if they were happening before us. The narrator was eager to let each fact make its own impression upon us. We did not interrupt him, but he was continually interrupting himself, as some new fact occurred to him. Everything was related, not logically, but chronologically. It was a 'tale that was told,' not one that was written. It was in the strict meaning of the word 'extemporaneous.'

After hearing Henry James tell the story of the San Francisco earthquake, I was enabled to read his later works more understandingly. What had seemed if not an affectation, at least the result of conscious art, seemed natural. The long involved sentences, the lingering over details, the too frequent parentheses, belonged to a style that was really addressed to the ear rather than to the eye.

Henry James loved to talk about his art. He had a love of perfection, and lavished time and thought upon his work. He had a delight in words that expressed delicate shades of meaning. Yet he

Emery Walker, photo. In National Portrait Gallery

H. James

had not the spirit of the literary craftsman who having found the inevitable word rejects the rest. He poured out one after another in a superfluity of riches. What he placed on exhibition was not a finished work of art, but himself as an artist in the midst of his creative activity. We see him in the act of composition and we share his artistic uncertainties. We watch the sequence of his sensations. We see him within the compass of a single sentence modifying his views. He starts to say one thing and it suggests to him something else. This is the charm of extemporaneous speech. Conversation is parenthetical. It is only in writing down our thoughts with the fear of the unimaginative reader before us that we cut out everything that appears like a digression. We achieve clarity at the expense of vivacity.

The charge of obscurity brought against Henry James, as against Browning, can be answered by the test of reading aloud. If the reader has any degree of dramatic appreciation, the listener can follow without the least difficulty. James Russell Lowell, in characterizing the earlier stories of Henry James, says, 'They are not the overflow of shallow talent for improvisation too full of self to be contained, but show everywhere the mark of intelligent purpose and of the graceful ease that comes only of conscientious training. Undoubtedly there was a large capital of native endowment to start from — a mind of singular subtlety and refinement, a faculty of rapid observation, yet patient of rectifying afterthought; senses daintily alive to every æsthetic suggestion; and a frank enthusiasm, kept within due bounds by a double-consciousness of humor. But it is plain that Mr. James is fortunate enough to possess, or to be possessed by that finer sixth sense which we call the artistic, and which controls, corrects and discontents. His felicities, therefore, are not due to a lucky turn of the dice but to forethought and afterthought. Accordingly he is capable of progress.'

That Henry James was capable of progress was evident in his later work, but it was not altogether in the line which Lowell anticipated. His was never 'a shallow talent for improvisation,' but his manner suggested more and more the inspired improvisator. Doubtless his felicities were many, but it is doubtful whether after his first period they were the result of forethought or afterthought.

They convey the impression of a demonic urge to express what was at the moment uppermost in the author's mind. There is something illuminating in his admiration for H. G. Wells, whose literary themes were so different from his own. He writes to Wells, 'Your big feeling for life, your capacity for chewing up the thickness of the world in such enormous mouthfuls, while you fairly slobber, so to speak, with multitudinous taste — this constitutes for me a rare and wonderful and admirable exhibition on your part.' He delights in the first half of Wells's book. 'It is so alive and kicking — and sprawling, so vivid, rich and strong.'

No one would say this of James's work. He didn't take such big mouthfuls, but his appetite was as insatiable. He had a big feeling for life. There was a sharp contrast between his choice of a subject and the way he treated it. He would choose an incident or character of the tiniest proportion. One would expect his treatment of it to be meticulous, but it was not. The word 'meticulous' is defined as 'timid, over-careful.' It expresses our usual attitude toward small and fragile things. We touch them gently because we are afraid they may break under our hands. Henry James seemed to have no such fear. To him they seemed big and able to stand the severest handling. They were the stuff that life is made of. He wrote just as he talked of the things that most interested him. Mrs. Humphry Ward in her 'Recollections' speaks of his characteristic way of expressing himself. 'This involution, this deliberation in attack, this slowness of approach toward a point that in the end was generally triumphantly rushed always seemed to me more as Mr. James used it in speech than as he employed it — some of us would say to excess — in a few of his latest books.'

The attempt has been made to treat the life of Henry James as an example of thwarted genius. He has been pictured as an expatriated American suffering from a divided allegiance and the victim of emotional conflicts. Once starting with this theory, it is easy to collect any amount of illustrative material. But why take his 'expatriation' so seriously? It was a purely voluntary act, and he enjoyed himself in the land of his adoption, which was, after all, the land of his fathers. 'The Pilgrimage of Henry James' was not through a vale of tears. He would rather say, 'The lines have

fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage.' In fact, he chose out a pleasant place to live and continued therein. He had been educated largely in Europe, and he became not so much a cosmopolitan as a loyal Englishman.

The political cleavage brought about in the eighteenth century did not make Great Britain a foreign land to him. London was nearer to his heart than New York. There was something touching in his local attachments. There may have been times when he realized that he was not completely at home in English society. But who is? Thomas Carlyle in London was still a Scotchman, and Bernard Shaw likes to think that he is after all an Irishman. Such detachment from his immediate environment has always been esteemed an advantage by the man of letters. It amounts to nothing more than what Milton declared to be desirable, 'a brotherly dissimilitude not vastly disproportional.' Henry James enjoyed these brotherly and sisterly dissimilitudes. They were a part of his literary stock in trade.

Time was when an ordinary laborer was a serf tied to the soil. He was supposed to have no right to choose his own residence and carry his muscle power to the best markets. It is curious to see the survival of this notion in the case of the literary worker. It is assumed that in order to be happy and productive he must be tied to the land of his birth. The American-born writer must choose contemporary America as his theme, or be doomed to perpetual disappointment. It is supposed that there are certain psychological laws which are violated when literature ceases to follow the flag.

After listening to the evidence in the case of Henry James, I confess that I am unconvinced. His life strikes me as having been an unusually happy one, and the outlines of it were simple. The lines of Sir Henry Wotton apply to him:

> 'How happy is he born or taught
> Who serveth not another's will.'

His career was not determined by external compulsion. He chose his career, and he chose wisely. His childhood was idyllic. His father and elder brother were both rarely gifted men. He appre-

ciated their gifts. Spiritual and intellectual freedom formed the very atmosphere of his early home. The best educational advantages of Europe and America were at his disposal. He chose literature as an art, and was never compelled to practise it as a trade. He did not allow his liberty to lessen his industry. He was enabled to make his home where his heart already was.

To him England offered not only a congenial home but a fascinating subject for study. It satisfied something in his nature. His taste was not for the primeval. Civilization might have its seamy side, but it had also what he called its 'historical iridescence.' It had intricate patterns that he loved to trace. There were fundamental injustices, but there was a leisured society which had learned to make innumerable little adjustments. The world, the flesh, and the devil were still there, but under many curious disguises. To penetrate these disguises was interesting. Here was a society mature and still confident of itself. It had its roots deep in the past. Just as a lawyer likes to deal with legal fictions, smiling at them and at the same time treating them as necessities, so James liked to deal with social conventions, or rather with the people who were enmeshed in them. They were a part of the established order.

Then suddenly came the Great War. It seemed the end of that society which had so long interested him. He had been a 'sub-soil plougher,' but here was a convulsion that reached far below the subsoil. It was an earthquake shock.

The declaration of war revealed to Henry James how deep were his loyalties and how completely he had become an Englishman. After forty years' residence he took out his naturalization papers. It was the ante-bellum England to which he declared his attachment. The changes that were to take place in the life of the people, as the result of the war, he was not destined to see. He died at the end of an era of which he was one of the historians.

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS

1912

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

1859–1923

THAYER was at the top of his fame when, in 1912, he was elected to membership in the Saturday Club. His most important book, 'The Life and Times of Cavour,' had been published in October 1911. '"Have you read Thayer's new book?" was the common inquiry,' said Mr. Rhodes in his 'Commemorative Tribute' to Thayer before the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Thayer himself wrote to a friend in Italy at the end of 1911 that Barrett Wendell had just said to him, 'No book has made such a stir in Boston in twenty years.' The bulk of the two volumes seemed not at all to impede the demand for the work. At the Boston Public Library the many copies supposed adequate for circulation purposes were so constantly 'out' as to give rise to the report, convincingly denied, that a tone of hostility in the book towards the Roman Church had excluded it from the Library's shelves. For whatever reason, all the world — throughout America and abroad — was reading what Thayer had written.

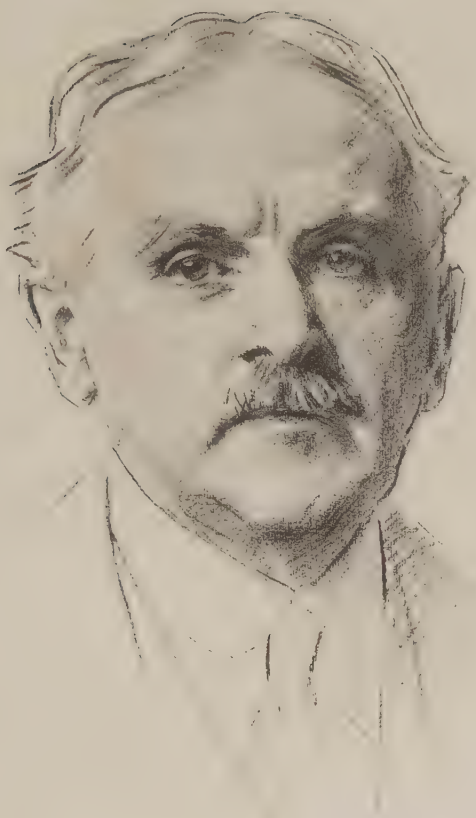
His preparation for this work had been of the best. His father, who died when his third son — born in Boston, January 16, 1859, and named for the banker-historian, William Roscoe — was only three years old, belonged to the shipping firm of Thayer, Train and Warren, to which the Warren Line of steamships traces its origin. Europe and its affairs consequently seemed less remote to his family than to many other Americans. William Thayer himself, after three years at St. Paul's School, Concord, spent more than two years in France and Italy before entering Harvard College in 1877. In Capri at seventeen, he is said first to have thought of writing a life of Cavour. Early in this visit to Europe Thayer's mother learned that the substantial fortune accumulated by her husband had vanished. Fortunately her own resources, though less abundant, were such that her children could continue their education.

At Harvard Thayer won no special distinctions in scholarship,

but took an important part — including the presidency both of the *Lampoon* and of the Hasty Pudding Club — in the most agreeable social and literary life of the college. His tastes and aptitudes seemed to qualify him, on graduation, more exactly for journalism than for anything else — and into journalism he went, first for a few months, in Boston, and then for more than three years, in Philadelphia. Literary, musical, and dramatic criticism fell within his scope. On politics he was silent in print, for the Blaine campaign made a thoroughgoing 'Mugwump' of him, and the *Evening Bulletin*, with which he was connected, afforded no outlet for his political ideas. Poetry was indeed his chief interest, and his first published book, 'The Confessions of Hermes' (1884) was a volume of poems. So was his second, 'Hesper' (1888) — the single year of his teaching at Harvard, in the Department of English. From 1885, when he abandoned newspaper work, to the end of his life his home was in Cambridge, and his occupation was that of a man of letters.

As early as 1881 he had written to a friend, 'My especial study at present is Italian history from 1848 to 1870 — an era which forms one of the noblest episodes in the history of any country. I mean to make myself master of it sooner or later.' In January, 1893, the first fruits of this study, apart from contributions to magazines, appeared in his book, 'The Dawn of Italian Independence.' In November of the same year he married Miss Elizabeth Ware, and began his most happy domestic life of thirty years. One daughter was born of this union. Before his marriage he had revisited Europe twice, as he was to do twice more in later years.

It was eighteen years after his marriage that his 'Cavour' was published. His qualifications for the masterly achievement of this task have been suggested — but not the obstacles that impeded his triumphant performance. Between the appearance of his first historical work and his 'Cavour,' says Mr. Rhodes in the 'Tribute' already quoted, 'he had an attack of nervous prostration which unfitted him for work on Italy for a number of years. He could not walk from his house to Harvard Square, a distance of less than half a mile, without being perturbed at some trifling affair which, when he was well, would have been looked upon as



Wm. R. Thayer.
March 25, 1920.

utterly commonplace. When his devoted wife went upon some errand, he would give her twenty minutes, and, were she not back within the appointed time, he would have a nervous attack. He could not pursue his chosen work on the Risorgimento without such mental suffering as caused him to desist.'

In the years between 1893 and 1911 he had nevertheless produced four other books — one of verse, three of prose, including his 'Short History of Venice.' This bespoke a high measure of determination for one in Thayer's sensitive state. It bespoke too the intensity of his intellectual interests, always quickened by the artistic impulse which made poetry his first expression and kept it constantly before him as the mode of utterance nearest to his heart. To the poet in him the vitality of his prose surely owed much. With this quality also went his scorn of dry-as-dust methods in history and biography, his aversion from many implications of the Ph.D. degree, and that warm espousal of men and measures which interfered with a calm, judicial attitude of mind in portions of his historical writing.

That he was capable at the same time of long-sustained impartiality appeared in his conduct of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, of which he was the creator and the only editor for the first twenty-three years of its existence. The conductor of a university publication is confronted with as many occasions to temper his independence with discretion as the editor of a metropolitan journal. Throughout his long editorship of the Harvard quarterly Thayer had good reason to pride himself on the hospitality of the pages under his control. He never let it become an administration organ, but, with positive views of his own on all manner of educational problems, gave freely to the holders of opposing views their day in court. Only once did he get himself into serious trouble — when he published in an anonymous section of the *Magazine* an article on Yale nicely calculated to give grave offence in New Haven and to outrage the Harvard sentiment which always favors the maintenance of the amenities between the sister institutions. Not until the appearance of Thayer's 'Letters,' edited by Professor Hazen of Columbia, did it become apparent that the offending article was written not by Thayer, who silently

accepted all the blame for it, but by a contributor whose name he never revealed.

There is another instance of anonymity — with Thayer himself as the person to be disclosed at this late day. In 1914 I happened to be the editor of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*. In September of that year, as I was planning for the first issue of the periodical to appear after the outbreak of the war, I received from Thayer, still editing the *Graduates' Magazine*, a communication to be used, anonymously in the *Bulletin*, as I might wish. The forms of the September *Magazine* had presumably been closed too early for its inclusion, and I took the offer as the friendly act it was on the part of an older editor. Thayer's communication chanced to relate itself so closely to the editorial article, 'The New Year,' with which I was preparing to open the number that, with Thayer's knowledge and consent, I incorporated it in that unsigned paper, the final paragraph of which thus became entirely his. The dual origin of the article is of not the slightest present moment, but, in the light of Thayer's later attitude towards the war, it is of interest that his portion of it read as follows:

'Yet it cannot be superfluous to suggest that Harvard should be kept free from unseemly propaganda in behalf of any of the belligerents in the present war. The University enrolment includes members of every one of the nations involved, and its obvious part is to observe the strict neutrality which President Wilson has urged upon all Americans. Open meetings in behalf of one side or the other would involve many difficulties. While actual war, in which millions of men are engaged, is in progress, there can be no dispassionate discussion here. Even the "language clubs" — the Cercle Français, the Deutscher Verein, and the rest — will surely do well to refrain from demonstrations. Harvard is a great centre of neutrality, an oasis of peace and concord, to which the sons of twenty different races and countries repair. Here they should both find and practise their mutual toleration and good-will for lack of which Europe has been turned into a slaughter-house at which the world stands aghast.'

In all sincerity it must be added that Thayer's authorship of this passage is made known, after thirteen years, not with any

wish to point out an inconsistency with the strong personal sympathy with the cause of the Allies which all his later course revealed. Indeed, the risk of an inference to this effect seemed almost to forbid any mention of the matter. But, as an episode in the history of war-time sympathies, and for its revelation of Thayer himself, the story ought to be told. It speaks for his instinctive feeling towards the questions which he knew to be coming, even before they took concrete form. In September of 1914, six weeks after the war began, this form was so indeterminate and confused — with many of the wisest of mankind predicting a conclusion of the conflict within three months — that none can be held to strict account for his anticipations. Thayer's best friends, I believe, will like to think of him at the first as an advocate of temperate judgments in a great university.

The war had been in progress more than a year when Thayer's second biographical work of wide popularity, 'The Life and Letters of John Hay,' confirmed the eminent place among American biographers which his 'Cavour' had made for him. As his work on the 'Hay' was nearing an end, he lost completely the use of his right eye. Not only was he obliged to resort to dictation for the revision of the final chapter of this book, but for the rest of his days, under the fear of total blindness, he was obliged to proceed as best he could with the remaining half of normal vision. As bravely as he triumphed over his serious disorders of earlier days, he faced the physical handicap that beset him, gaily likening himself to Polyphemus and Horatius Cocles, and achieving seven further published books, including his 'Theodore Roosevelt' and 'Life of Washington,' before his work, and with it his life, came to an end. Five of these books had to do directly with the war, and were written at a heat which caused him to say afterwards that when he wrote he 'had to wear an asbestos shirt.' In public speaking and every other possible war-activity, he spent himself equally without stint. The vehemence of his feelings against the conduct of our national affairs brought him into political affiliations and sympathies which before 1914 would have been utterly alien to him. But where he stood, he stood — as unmistakably in the final as in the earlier years. If his later work as a writer had possessed

all the merits of the best productions of his prime, we should have found ourselves again in the age of miracles. Yet there was something in the spirit and courage with which he went on waging his fight against overpowering odds, something in his unchangeable relations with his friends, which recalled at least the age of heroes. Honors had come to him in abundance from his own and other American universities. As his physical disabilities increased, he was cut off more and more from one of his keenest enjoyments — his meetings with associates in such bodies as the Saturday Club. His intimates continued to see him at his house in Cambridge, gallant to the last. There he died on September 7, 1923.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe

GARDINER MARTIN LANE

1859–1914

If it is true that the boy is father to the man, it may not be unprofitable to glance at the conditions in which young Gardiner Lane grew up. It would be hard to imagine a better environment for the healthy development of an intelligent boy. His father was the *doyen* of the Latin department at Harvard. In those days Cambridge was little more than an overgrown village scattered about the College Yard, which was bounded by Quincy Street on the east. This, with its tributaries, Kirkland and Oxford Streets, was flanked with the houses of the professors. Out of these simple homes of plain living and high thinking poured vigorous boys and girls — Lanes, Eliots, Agassizs, Nortons, Childses, Shalers, and many others, who shared the day's work and play happily together. Even their play was sometimes tinged with the atmosphere about them. For instance, stored away in the Lane house was a plaster model of the buildings of the Campo Santo at Pisa. On festive occasions the children and their young friends dragged it forth and set it on the parlor table. Lighted candles were placed in the Leaning Tower and the lesser known members of the group, and there was a grand illumination, and great rejoicing.

One of Professor Lane's closest friends was fittingly the holder of the sister chair in the classics, a learned and shaggy Greek, who rejoiced in the unbelievably suitable name of Sophocles. In a deep and solemn voice he would hold spellbound the wide-eyed 'Gardie,' his two little sisters, and any small visitor who happened to be about, with some hair-raising tale of modern Greece.

An even more cosmopolitan tinge was given to the Lane fireside by the frequent calls of the Chinese gentleman who taught Mandarin. This benign Celestial, but lately made acquainted with the American joke, basked in unending delight in the play of the elder Lane's genial humor.

As the years passed the boys *en masse*, and many of the girls, flocked every morning up Broadway, and over Dana Hill to the

high school on the edge of the 'Port.' There, mingling with the children of the lesser known citizens in a perfect democracy, they received a thorough grounding in classics and mathematics under the efficient if uncouth Bradbury, and his competent staff.

The boys stretched telegraph wires along the trees that lined the Cambridge roads; collected somehow a supply of ramshackle instruments, set up their own batteries, and conversed freely in the Morse code. They built their own double-runners, which were shod at the village blacksmith's, made famous by Longfellow; and they took the girls coasting on crisp afternoons, or moonlight Saturday nights. The *rendez-vous* was 'Shady Hill.' The coast started from Charles Eliot Norton's front door and led across his lawn and down the sweeping meadow to the adjacent wood.

On stormy afternoons they kept themselves out of mischief in friendly rivalry in a well-equipped gymnasium over Mr. Agassiz's stable. The 'Game Club' met twice a month in the unpretentious houses of Professorville. There was a short play, followed by a simple supper, and an informal dance.

In the eighteen-seventies one slipped as naturally from the Cambridge High School to Harvard, as one had slid into long trousers a few years earlier. Once safely settled in Harvard with the Class of 1881, Lane's inherited ability became evident, and he made for himself a notable place among undergraduate scholars, while mingling freely in the social life of the college. He graduated fifth in his class, with a *summa cum laude* in classics, and delivered the Latin oration at Commencement.

Immediately on leaving college he was offered a position on the teaching staff of the Latin department. The way lay open for him to a career for which he appeared especially suited; down a sheltered and congenial path, with a professorship in some great University in the distance. But he decided otherwise, for he foresaw that a number of people were likely to be dependent on his support, and he could not bring himself to accept such financial limitations as an academic life entailed. So he obtained, through his father's friendship with Major Henry Higginson, a position with the brokerage firm of Lee, Higginson and Company, the doorway through which so many young men have had their first glimpse

of the world of affairs. Lane's brains proved as capable in business matters as they had been in classical studies. And before many years he held as high a position on the staff of the firm as the partners had to offer. At that time Charles Francis Adams was interested in railroad management, and had become President of the Union Pacific. In search of an executive secretary, Adams consulted Higginson, who recommended Lane. It is amusing that Adams should have chosen him; for at the moment the former, with the characteristic family vehemence, was holding the floor on the uselessness of a classical education as a preparation for business. Starting as Adams's confidential assistant, Lane made himself indispensable to the administration and became a Vice President of the Road, in charge of the finances.

In writing of this period afterwards, Adams spoke in the highest terms of Lane's ability and efficiency in unravelling the snarl of indebtedness in which the Union Pacific had entangled itself in its early life; a feat all the more remarkable from a cultivated scholar in the humanities. Adams also dwelt with deep feeling on their association, which had resulted in a warm friendship, resting on mutual respect and affinity.

When Adams retired from the presidency, Lane followed him, and returned to Lee, Higginson's, but this time as a partner, where he remained for the rest of his life — upwards of twenty years. There his good judgment and clear brain were an influential factor in the growth and highly successful development of the concern, noted in the community and beyond for its influence and fair dealing. His partnership in the firm naturally drew him into many and varied connections with large business interests. At his death one of his closest friends wrote of him, 'In his business relations, those who were brought in contact with him testify to the high sense of honor and integrity which characterized his dealings. His intimate associates know that conscience was as real and instinctive a guide in his public as in his private life. He was one of the hardest worked men in State Street and his activities led well beyond the sphere of finance and into the domain of art and philanthropy.' For not only was he an important guiding hand in a flourishing enterprise, but the office was seething with broader in-

terests than those usually found in similar localities. Major Higginson was running the Symphony Orchestra, giving Harvard its Union and Soldiers Field, and serving on the Corporation of the University; Storrow was improving the civic life of Boston; and Lane as member of the Visiting Committee was shaping the policies of the classical department at Harvard, and was President of the Boston Art Museum, which had lately moved from its rococo home in Copley Square to more spacious quarters on the outskirts of the growing town. There he was enriching its collections, augmenting its resources and bringing many influential groups in the community to take an interest in its welfare. Charles W. Eliot said of Lane's relations to the Museum: 'He had a strong sympathy for scholars, artists, and collectors whose means were narrow in proportion to their capacities and visions, and with all persons whose earnings were small. He enjoyed and heartily embraced opportunities to come to the aid of such persons, and was never weary of such well-doing.'

He had married Emma Gildersleeve, daughter of the eminent Greek scholar, one of the handful of remarkable men who started Johns Hopkins, and gave it its unique distinction. Here for years he filled a small stream of brilliant young men with a genuine love of classical culture. Both Lane and his wife had a rare social gift, and the knack of establishing pleasant contacts with all kinds of people. And most distinguished strangers in Boston drifted to their hospitable board. It might be the dignified Tagore, with his son and daughter-in-law, their flowing robes contrasting strangely with the bare shoulders and starched bib-and-tuckers of Boston's best, while the finished Oriental held forth in stately periods on Eastern mysticism to the puzzled Puritans. Or on some other occasion, Reisner, fresh from his excavations in Egypt, finding himself seated next to a world-renowned chemist, would start a discussion of the possibility of the Egyptians' possessing a lost art of tempering copper.

Great and varied as was Lane's influence in the community, it was curtailed by his death at fifty-five, which occurred shortly after the outbreak of the World War, when he was already immersed in Red Cross work. Most relief funds started in Boston

found in Lane a treasurer and liberal subscriber. Gifted with a rare power of concentration, he was never too busy to give his attention, his time, and his money to a worthy cause, or to draw deeply on his fortune in relief of distress. Many young men received his help and advice at times that proved the turning points in their careers.

He could be stern and uncompromising in upholding his ideals, although he had a broader outlook on life than most men — the result of the combination of two qualities not often found in the same person. For he joined a rare ability in business to a wide classical culture. Cheerful and debonair, sociable, fond of his kind and devoted to his intimates, it was hard to realize that this genial man of the world was never free from the heavy responsibilities of one of wide affairs. Outstanding among his many lovable qualities were loyalty and affection. It is justly said of him that he never lost a friend.

G. R. Agassiz

1920

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

1856–1925

IF any one had predicted that a great American artist would be born at Florence in the middle of the nineteenth century, the chances would have been against the fulfillment of the prophecy.

The beautiful city of Florence is one of the few spots on the surface of the earth which has produced an extraordinary number of great artists. These men, painters, sculptors, architects, and poets, were born during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. By the middle of the nineteenth century the tide had long since run out, and Florence was the monument, not the home, of genius. Moreover, there seemed to be little reason to suppose that a great American artist would be born there or anywhere else. America has produced, perhaps fortunately, thousands of great business men for one great artist. In fact there have been three or four American artists of really high rank. Nevertheless, on June 12, 1856, the unlikely event happened.

Fitzwilliam Sargent, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, whose ancestors had come from Gloucester, England, went to Philadelphia to study medicine. Later, while practising there, he married Miss Mary Newbold Singer, who was of an old Philadelphia family. On account of their grief at the death of their first child they went to Europe and settled in Florence. Thus the loss of the first infant was perhaps the determining element in the destiny of the second.

John Singer Sargent was born at the Casa Arretini on the Lungarno Guiccuardini. Those who have lived near the place know how beautiful is the prospect of the noble dome of the great Duomo in the changing lights of the sun and moon as seen across the Arno, with the mountains in the distance.

During Sargent's childhood the family lived at various times in Nice and Rome and Dresden, and occasionally returned to Florence. Mrs. Sargent was fond of sketching in water color, and her son followed her example, and took lessons in drawing in Florence in the winter of 1873–74. The family travelled a great deal, and

Sargent once told a friend that it was at Mürren in 1870 that he first became fascinated with the idea of painting landscapes.

In the year 1874 he began to study art in the studio of Carolus Duran in Paris. At that time Ingres, the last great figure in the Classical School, had been dead for seven years, and Delacroix, the Romanticist, for eleven years. The painters of the Barbizon School were old men and about to die. Corot, Millet, and Diaz had but a short time to live, and Courbet, Couture, and Daumier died soon afterwards. Manet was about forty-two years old, Degas about forty, Boudin and Bougereau and Pissarro were a little older, and Cézanne, Monet, and Renoir a little younger. The days when Corot had been an innovator, subjected to the jeers of the conservatives, had passed, and he was accepted as a master. Courbet also had weathered the disapproval and anger of those who saw with the eyes of past generations. His exhibition in 1850 of the pictures representing the ordinary people about him in their ordinary clothes was condemned by those who were used to the classical tradition. In 1863 a number of the artists whose pictures were not allowed in the Salon got up an exhibition called the 'Salon des Refusés.' Manet and Whistler were represented in this group. The ridicule with which this exhibition was received caused Whistler to move to London. Manet continued to paint in Paris, and a number of men surrounded him, including Zola, Forain, Degas, Monet, Cézanne, and others. When a group exhibition of these men was decided upon in 1874 the same thing happened. Pitiless laughter and contempt greeted their canvases. It happened that in this group was a picture by Monet of a rising sun, entitled 'Impressionism.' One of the sarcastic critics of this exhibition picked on that picture as his target, and thus the word 'Impressionism' became the accepted name of this new movement, and signified, in the minds of those who used it, ignorance and incompetence.

It was at this moment that Sargent arrived in Paris to study art. He chose the middle course between the old lifeless academic style of Cabanel and Bougereau and the more modern style of the radicals. Carolus Duran, his master, represented the conservative, academic element. Sargent had been industrious from the

first, and had formed the habit of drawing carefully. Though called brilliant by some of his fellow students, it is more probable that in those early days at least, he was an example of the well-known saying that genius means 'the transcendent capacity of taking trouble.' He was genial but shy and silent, and watched from the side the exuberant frolics of his fellow students.

He first exhibited in the Salon of 1878 the picture now in the Corcoran Gallery known as the 'Oyster Gatherers of Cancale,' for which he received honorable mention.

In 1879 his portrait of Carolus Duran attracted a great deal of attention. Soon after this he went to Spain and made a series of fine copies or interpretations of the Spanish masters. Some of these have recently attracted the attention of the world on account of the enormous prices which they brought in the Sargent Sale in 1925 in London, and a few have found a home in the collection of Governor Fuller in Boston.

Sargent's splendid picture of the Boit Children was shown in the Salon of 1883. In 1884 he painted the striking portrait of Madam Gautreau which is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This woman was politically important, and the picture was attacked by many as a caricature. Sargent was so disgusted by the great publicity which he received on account of the controversy over this picture that he moved to London. His first studio was in Kensington, but in 1885 he was established at 33, Tite Street, Chelsea. Later he bought the adjacent house to give him more room, and here he lived and died. His successes continued. In 1887 his 'Carnation Lily Lily Rose' was bought by the Tate Gallery. Many distinguished people began to flock to him to have their portraits painted.

The Royal Academy honored him and itself in 1894 by making him an associate, and in 1897 a full member. Many universities offered him honorary degrees and he gradually grew in the estimation of his contemporaries, so that undoubtedly at the time of his death a great many competent judges thought of him as the leading artist of the world.

Even in the last century he became so overwhelmed with requests to paint portraits that he refused hundreds of them. Yet he

painted so many portraits that by the year 1910 he was thoroughly tired of it and after that time seldom would paint one, though he consented to make portraits in charcoal occasionally. These he usually did in three hours or so. He executed four or five of these of his fellow members in this Club. He painted oil portraits of at least four — President Lowell, President Eliot, Mr. Higginson, and Mr. Henry James.

He took up water-color painting again during the later years of his life and painted with extraordinary facility a number of beautiful landscapes. There are critics of standing who feel that perhaps his greatest claim to enduring fame will be through these splendid spontaneous sketches.

Sargent crossed the ocean a great many times. His first visit to America, his own country, was in the year 1876. While he was here in the year 1890 the Trustees of the Boston Public Library gave the commission to him and his friend, Edwin A. Abbey, to paint some mural decorations for their handsome building recently finished. Mr. Abbey had at this time a large studio in his house at Fairford, Gloucestershire. He invited his friend to stay with him there, and for the better part of four years Sargent spent a large part of his time at Fairford. Abbey's subject was the Holy Grail, and Sargent's the various religions of the world.

Sargent studied the literature of his chosen subject and travelled in 1891 to Egypt and Greece to gather material and ideas for his first wall decoration, with its symbolic representation of the ancient pagan religions. This painting executed on canvas was first exhibited in 1894, in London, where it aroused great interest, and in 1895 it was placed in its final home in Boston, at one end of the upper hall of the Library. His painting at the other end of this hall was placed in its present position in 1902. That was the year in which he painted one of his masterpieces, the portrait of Major Henry L. Higginson, now in the Harvard Union.

In 1912 Sargent moved to Boston and finished his work on the Boston Public Library decorations. Later he accepted the commission to decorate the entrance to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and also painted two large panels for the Widener Library of Harvard, to commemorate the sacrifice of the Harvard soldiers

who went to the war. During these last years he spent most of his time in London and in Boston at work on these commissions. He had just finished the last paintings for the Boston Museum and was on the point of sailing for America to install them in their place when death came to him in his sleep in his home in London, April 15, 1925.

Many people admire Sargent's wall decorations, while others think he was far greater as a portrait painter, and still others think that in years to come the world will admire most of all his beautiful landscapes. It would be interesting to know what the final verdict of posterity will be, if there is any such thing as a final verdict in this world of moving tides and growth and change. But I believe that the great majority of intelligent criticism will rank him highest as a portrait painter.

The National Gallery did him the unprecedented honor of hanging his paintings during his lifetime. He was in turn praised and attacked for his almost uncanny gift of presenting some hidden attribute of the characters of those whom he painted. On one occasion he painted a portrait of a woman who was suffering from some obscure malady. The doctor, who had tried in vain to diagnose her trouble, after seeing Sargent's portrait at once realized the nature of the complaint, a serious one, and told her husband. Not long afterwards when the illness developed, it became evident that the doctor's prediction was true.

Sargent in this and in many other cases where his extraordinary power of observation came into play was probably not fully aware of the exact nature of the discoveries which he made. He painted what he saw. When accused of being satirical once, he replied: 'I chronicle; I do not judge.' It is impossible for any one who knew him well to believe that he took a sinister delight in exposing the weakness of his fellow beings. He was kindness and thoughtfulness itself to friends and to other artists. Such generosity does not keep house with any disagreeable motives.

Professor Mather calls him an academic impressionist. He steered a middle course. The bold, flowing brush stroke appealed to him, but he was a conservative in color and design. He knew so well the great masterpieces of such men as Titian, Tintoretto, Van

Dyck, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Sir Joshua, and Gainsborough that he adopted their standards of composition, and painted in the grand manner. So of all modern men he is probably the nearest to the classical masters, at least from some points of view, and he holds his own with many of the great men of past centuries.

During the first years when Sargent lived in Boston he came once or twice as a guest to the luncheons of the Club. I remember his enjoyment at hearing one of the lives read by Dr. Emerson which he had written for the 'Early Years of the Saturday Club.' On January 31, 1920, he was elected to membership. After that he was not in Boston very much, and when he was here he was apt to have engagements, and so he attended only one or two of the luncheons as a member.

Sargent was earnest, honest, hard-working, and direct. He wanted to deal with beauty, goodness, and truth, that trinity which it is so difficult to separate. He did not like sham. Mr. Downes in his Life of Sargent quotes a newspaper article written many years ago which described Sargent's unmistakably expressed aversion to the painted cheeks and frizzed hair of Carmencita whose portrait he was painting at the time. In like manner I once heard him tell of an outrage perpetrated by a director of a well-known European gallery. The director told Sargent that he had some skill with a paint brush, and that he had such an affectionate regard for the pictures in his care, that on Sundays he went round to beautify these Madonnas, remarking, 'Je donne les becquets à mes petits' — which meant, Sargent said, that he daubed some peppermint pink color on the cheeks of the Madonnas. I greatly enjoyed and quite sympathized with his vehement resentment as he told this story.

Sargent was a tall, powerful man with large and somewhat prominent blue gray eyes and a full beard. It was characteristic of him that when at the beginning of the war he was caught in Austria with an English friend, he refused to leave the country until his friend was allowed to go with him. Later, when the war was in full swing, he was asked by the British government to go to the front and paint some pictures. The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston now has one of the paintings of marching troops which he executed at that time.

He was exceedingly fond of music, and played the piano well. Moreover, he was a great reader and delightful companion. His friends tell stories of his generous thoughtfulness and unfailing kindness to artist friends who needed help.

His character was lofty. It is impossible to think of anything mean or small in connection with him. Praise and flattery affected him not at all. Though he was impulsive, yet he was deliberate in his movements and did not give the impression of being in a hurry. When he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Arts from Harvard, he was nervous and wanted to be reassured more than once that he would not be called upon to speak. In answer to a letter from Professor Palmer asking him to appear at Harvard as a Phi Beta Kappa orator, he once wrote: 'It is an honor . . . that I would be proud to accept if I had the least right to hope that a miracle would happen in my favor. The miracle of overcoming something like panic when asked to speak has never happened to me yet and never will, and the spectacle of panic, instead of a speech, is the entertainment I have afforded and long since resolved not to inflict again.'

Some instruments are made for delicate work, and some for rough, coarse work. Here the hand of the Creator fashioned a sensitive instrument of great delicacy, which was driven by a vast motive force. This power, combined with great industry and with the spark of genius, caused him to stand above his fellows.

One of Sargent's masterpieces of portraiture is his picture of Major Higginson in the Harvard Union. It is said that in the portrait of Polyxene by Polygnotus people could read in her eyelids the fall of Troy. Perhaps some one sentimentally inclined might say that in Sargent's portrait of Major Higginson we can see not only the scarred face of the veteran soldier but also the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His admiration for Mr. Higginson was deep. After the funeral of this great benefactor in Appleton Chapel I remember Sargent's saying that the setting was not equal to the importance of the man. Later, when I saw Sargent walking down the aisle of Westminster Abbey with other notables after the beautiful service for Ambassador Page, I felt that he must have been better satisfied with the beauty and dignity which London could afford on a solemn occasion.

This beauty and dignity awaited him — and were witnessed by a member of this Club who was present at the noble service held in Westminster Abbey at the request of the Royal Academy a few weeks after Sargent's death. This was a repetition of a ceremony at which he had himself been present not long before, and had found admirable in its music, prayers, and readings. Thus the last formal tribute of respect and affection to this great spirit was paid in the beautiful aisles of the most revered and sacred church in Great Britain, the land where he lived and which he loved.

EDWARD W. FORBES

THE END

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